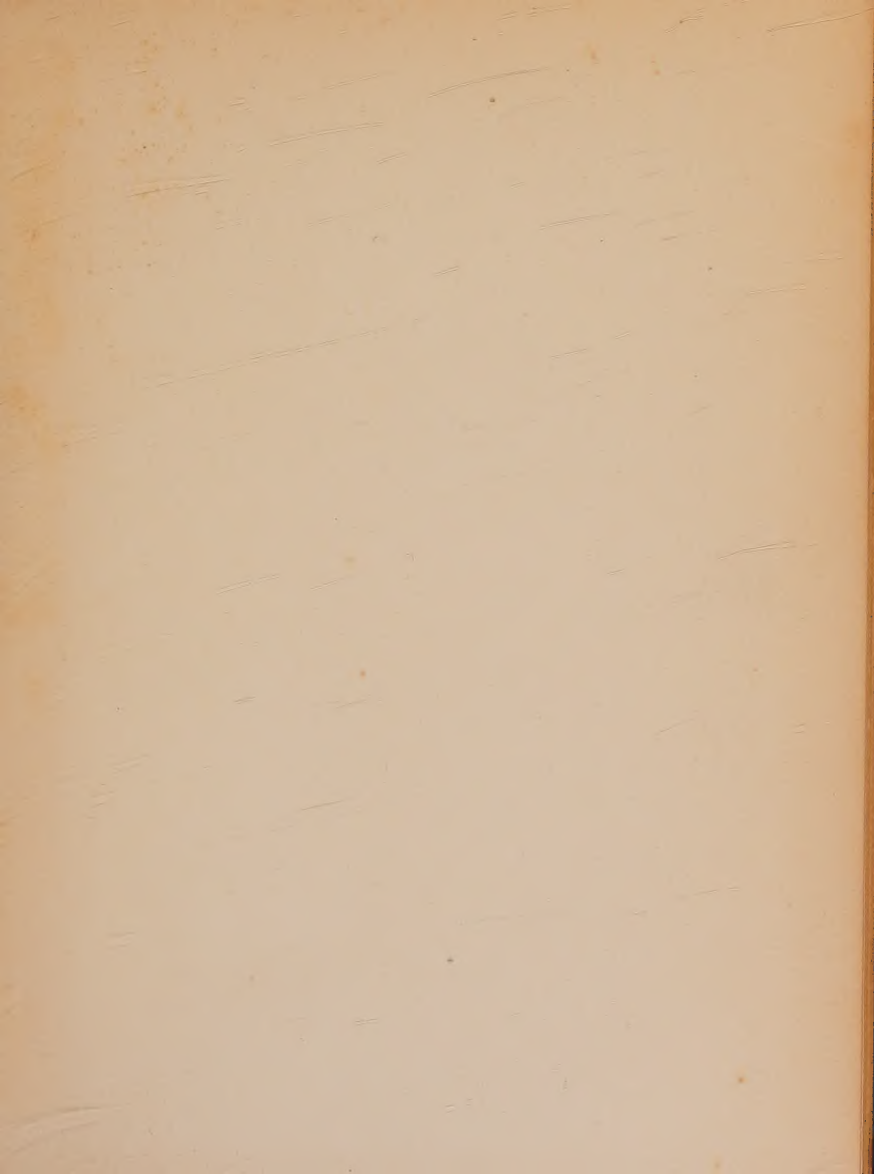




THE FRIENDLY EDITION.

SHAKESPEARE'S WORKS.

EDITED BY
WILLIAM J. ROLFE.

VOL. XIV.
MACBETH.
OTHELLO.

THE FRIENDLY EDITION.

SHAKESPEARE'S WORKS.

EDITED BY WM. J. ROLFE.

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MRS. SIDDONS AS THE TRAGIC MUSE (SIR J. REYNOLDS).

SHAKESPEARE'S

TRAGEDY OF

M A C B E T H.

EDITED, WITH NOTES,

BY

WILLIAM J. ROLFE, LITT. D.,

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WITH ENGRAVINGS.



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P R E F A C E.

IN this edition of *Macbeth* the text is the result of a careful collation of the Folio of 1623 with all the modern editions that are of any critical value.

In the notes I have been under special obligations to Mr. Horace Howard Furness, who has kindly allowed me to make free use of his "New Variorum" edition of the play (Philadelphia, 1873), in which much of my work was already done to my hand, and who has given me other help which I could hardly have got elsewhere. My indebtedness to him is acknowledged on almost every page, but I do not know how to state it in full.

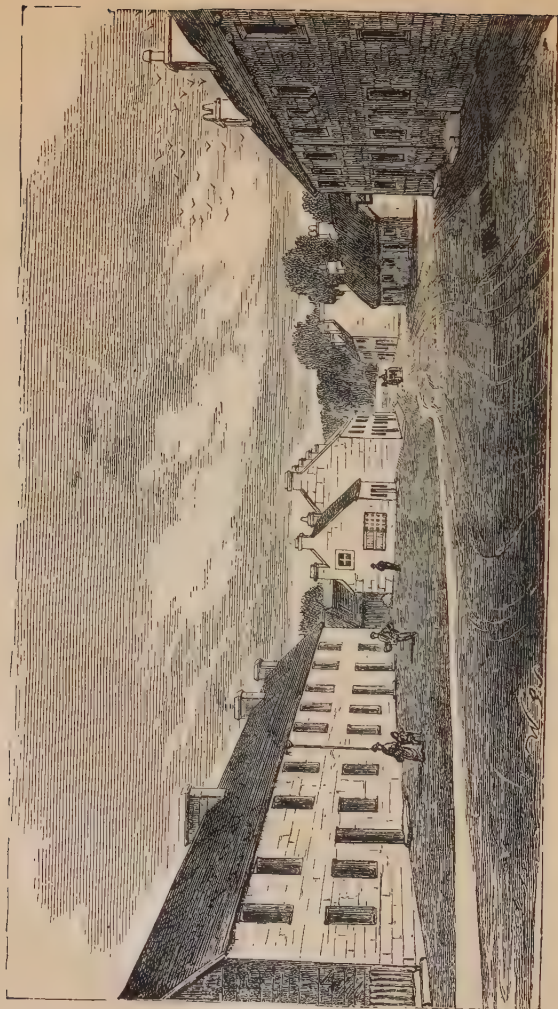
So much has been written on *Macbeth* that the main difficulty has been in selecting and condensing from it; but, as in former volumes of the series, I have preferred to give too much rather than too little, bearing in mind that the great majority of readers and students have not access to a full Shakespearian library. The *teacher*, whether he have that privilege or not, will find Mr. Furness's edition invaluable for reference. It is a complete *apparatus criticus* compressed into a single volume, presenting in the most convenient form what one would else have to "turn o'er many books" to find, some of them so rare and costly as to be within the reach of only a favored few.



THE HARMUIR, OR HEATH.

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THE VILLAGE OF GLAMIS.



GLAMIS CASTLE.

INTRODUCTION TO MACBETH.

I. THE HISTORY OF THE PLAY.

Macbeth was first printed in the folio of 1623, where it occupies pages 131 to 151 inclusive, in the division of "Tragedies." It was registered in the books of the Stationers' Company, on the 8th of November, 1623, by Blount and Jaggard, the publishers of the folio, as one of the plays "not formerly entered to other men." It was written between 1604 and 1610; the former limit being fixed by the allusion to the union of England and Scotland under James I. (iv. i. 120), and the latter by the MS. Diary of Dr. Simon Forman, who saw the play performed "at the Globe, 1610, the 20th of April, Saturday."* It may then have been a

* This MS. is preserved in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. The passage referring to *Macbeth* is as follows, the spelling being modernized:

"In Macbeth, at the Globe, 1610, the 20th of April, Saturday, there was to be observed first how Macbeth and Banquo, two noblemen of

new play,* but it is more probable, as nearly all the critics agree, that it was written in 1605 or 1606. The accession

Scotland, riding through a wood, there stood before them three women, fairies or nymphs, and saluted Macbeth, saying three times unto him, Hail, Macbeth, king of Codor, for thou shall be a king, but shall beget no kings, etc. Then said Banquo, What, all to Macbeth and nothing to me? Yes, said the nymphs, Hail, to thee, Banquo; thou shall beget kings, yet be no king. And so they departed, and came to the Court of Scotland, to Duncan king of Scots, and it was in the days of Edward the Confessor. And Duncan bade them both kindly welcome, and made Macbeth [*sic*] forthwith Prince of Northumberland, and sent him home to his own castle, and appointed Macbeth to provide for him, for he would sup with him the next day at night, and did so. And Macbeth contrived to kill Duncan, and through the persuasion of his wife did that night murder the king in his own castle, being his guest. And there were many prodigies seen that night and the day before. And when Macbeth had murdered the king, the blood on his hands could not be washed off by any means, nor from his wife's hands, which handled the bloody daggers in hiding them, by which means they became both much amazed and affronted. The murder being known, Duncan's two sons fled, the one to England, the [other to] Wales, to save themselves; they being fled, they were supposed guilty of the murder of their father, which was nothing so. Then was Macbeth crowned king, and then he for fear of Banquo, his old companion, that he should beget kings but be no king himself, he contrived the death of Banquo, and caused him to be murdered on the way as he rode. The next night, being at supper with his noblemen, whom he had bid to a feast, to the which also Banquo should have come, he began to speak of noble Banquo, and to wish that he were there. And as he thus did, standing up to drink a carouse to him, the ghost of Banquo came and sat down in his chair behind him. And he, turning about to sit down again, saw the ghost of Banquo, which fronted him so that he fell in a great passion of fear and fury, uttering many words about his murder, by which, when they heard that Banquo was murdered, they suspected Macbeth. Then Macduff fled to England to the king's son, and so they raised an army and came into Scotland, and at Dunsenanyse overthrew Macbeth. In the mean time, while Macduff was in England, Macbeth slew Macduff's wife and children, and after, in the battle, Macduff slew Macbeth. Observe also how Macbeth's queen did rise in the night in her sleep, and walked, and talked and confessed all, and the Doctor noted her words."

* The Clarendon Press editors think it was, since otherwise Forman

of James made Scottish subjects popular in England, and the tale of *Macbeth and Banquo* would be one of the first to be brought forward, as Banquo was held to be an ancestor of the new king. A Latin "interlude" on this subject was performed at Oxford in 1605, on the occasion of the king's visit to the city; but there is no reason for supposing, as Farmer did, that Shakespeare got the hint of his tragedy from that source.

It is barely possible that there was an earlier play on the subject of *Macbeth*. Collier finds in the Registers of the Stationers' Company, under date of August 27, 1596, the entry of a "Ballad of Makdobeth," which he gives plausible reasons for supposing to have been a drama, and not a "ballad" properly so called. There appears to be a reference to the same piece in Kemp's *Nine Days' Wonder*, printed in 1600, where it is called a "miserable stolne story," the work of "a penny Poet."

Steevens maintained that Shakespeare was indebted, in the supernatural parts of *Macbeth*, to *The Witch*, a play by Thomas Middleton, which was discovered in manuscript towards the close of the last century. Malone at first took the same view of the subject, but afterwards came to the conclusion

"would scarcely have been at the pains to make an elaborate summary of the plot." But that merely shows that the play was new to *him*, and that the story made a deep impression upon him.

The same editors find "an obvious allusion to the ghost of Banquo" in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, produced in 1611:

"When thou art at the table with thy friends,
Merry in heart and fill'd with swelling wine,
I'll come in midst of all thy pride and mirth,
Invisible to all men but thyself;"

and they think that "this supports the inference that *Macbeth* was in 1611 a new play, and fresh in the recollection of the audience." But Mr. Halliwell finds quite as obvious an allusion to Banquo's ghost in the *Puritan*, printed in 1607: "we'll ha' the ghost i' th' white sheet sit at upper end o' th' table."

that Middleton's play was the later production, and that he must therefore be the plagiarist. The Clarendon Press editors take the ground that there are portions of Macbeth which Shakespeare did not write; that these were interpolated after the poet's death, or at least after he had ceased to be connected with the theatre; and that "the interpolator was, not improbably, Thomas Middleton." Mr. F. G. Fleay also, in a paper read before the New Shakspeare Society, June 26, 1874, makes this statement: "*Macbeth* in its present state is an altered copy of the original drama, and the alterations were made by Middleton."*

These views have found little favour with other Shakespearian critics. A more satisfactory explanation of the imperfections of the play ascribes them to the haste with which it was written.† White, who refers its composition to "the period between October, 1604, and August, 1605," remarks: "I am the more inclined to this opinion from the indications which the play itself affords that it was produced upon an emergency. It exhibits throughout the hasty execution of a grand and clearly conceived design. But the haste is that

* The Clarendon Press editors and Mr. Fleay agree quite closely in regard to the portions of the play which they assign to Middleton. Their criticisms on most of these passages are mentioned in our notes. We may refer those who are interested in the literature of the subject to the C. P. ed. of *Macbeth*, p. viii. fol., Furness's "New Variorum" ed. of *Macbeth*, p. 388 fol., *Transactions of New Shakspeare Society*, 1874, p. 339 fol. and 498 fol., and Fleay's *Shakespeare Manual*, part ii., chap. x.

† Mr. F. J. Furnivall, in his introduction to Gervinus's *Commentaries on Shakespeare*, translated by Miss Bunnett (London: 1874), referring to Mr. Fleay's criticisms, says: "Mr. Hales thinks that the change to the trochaic metre* in Hecate's speeches, and their inferior quality, point to a different hand, perhaps Middleton's; but that is all of the play that he or I (who still hesitate) can yet surrender. The wonderful pace at which the play was plainly written—a feverish haste drives it on—will account for many weaknesses in detail."

* This is evidently a slip of the pen. Mr. Furnivall meant to write "to the *iambic* metre." The witches, as Mr. Hales remarks, always speak in trochaics, and Hecate always in iambs (*Trans. of New Shakspeare Soc.* 1874, p. 507).

of a master of his art, who, with conscious command of its resources, and in the frenzy of a grand inspiration, works out his composition to its minutest detail of essential form, leaving the work of surface finish for the occupation of cooler leisure. What the Sistine Madonna was to Raphael, it seems that *Macbeth* was to Shakespeare—a magnificent impromptu; that kind of impromptu which results from the application of well-disciplined powers and rich stores of thought to a subject suggested by occasion. I am inclined to regard *Macbeth* as, for the most part, a specimen of Shakespeare's unelaborated, if not unfinished, writing, in the maturity and highest vitality of his genius. It abounds in instances of extremest compression and most daring ellipsis, while it exhibits in every scene a union of supreme dramatic and poetic power, and in almost every line an imperially irresponsible control of language. Hence, I think, its lack of completeness of versification in certain passages, and also some of the imperfection of the text, the thought in which the compositors were not always able to follow and apprehend."

II. THE HISTORICAL SOURCES OF THE PLAY.

Shakespeare drew the materials for the plot of *Macbeth* from Holinshed's "Chronicles of Englande, Scotlande, and Ireland," the first edition of which was published in 1577, and the second (which was doubtless the one the poet used) in 1586-87.* The extracts from Holinshed in our notes will show that the main incidents are taken from his account of

* Rev. C. E. Moberly, in his edition of *Macbeth* (London: 1872), says that the whole story is told "in *Albion's England*, published just before Elizabeth's death." The first edition of *Albion's England*, containing thirteen "books" of the poem, appeared in 1586, but the story of *Macbeth* is in the "Fifteenth Book," which forms part of the "Continuance," first published in 1606.

As Shakespeare used the second edition of Holinshed in writing *Richard II.* (see our edition of that play, p. 14), there can be no doubt that he used it for *Macbeth*, which was written later.

two separate events—the murder of Duncan by Macbeth, and that of King Duffe, the great-grandfather of Lady Macbeth, by Donwald. It will be seen, too, that Shakespeare has deviated in other respects from the chronicle, especially in the character of Banquo.

Although, as Knight remarks, “the interest of *Macbeth* is not an *historical* interest,” so that it matters little whether the action is true or has been related as true, we may add, for the benefit of our younger readers, that the story of the drama is almost wholly apocryphal. The more authentic history is thus summarized by Sir Walter Scott :

“Duncan, by his mother Beatrice a grandson of Malcolm II., succeeded to the throne on his grandfather’s death, in 1033 : he reigned only six years. Macbeth, his near relation, also a grandchild of Malcolm II., though by the mother’s side, was stirred up by ambition to contest the throne with the possessor. The Lady of Macbeth also, whose real name was Graoch, had deadly injuries to avenge on the reigning prince. She was the granddaughter of Kenneth IV., killed 1003, fighting against Malcolm II. ; and other causes for revenge animated the mind of her who has been since painted as the sternest of women. The old annalists add some instigations of a supernatural kind to the influence of a vindictive woman over an ambitious husband. Three women, of more than human stature and beauty, appeared to Macbeth in a dream or vision, and hailed him successively by the titles of Thane of Cromarty, Thane of Moray, which the king afterwards bestowed on him, and finally by that of King of Scots ; this dream, it is said, inspired him with the seductive hopes so well expressed in the drama.

“Macbeth broke no law of hospitality in his attempt on Duncan’s life. He attacked and slew the king at a place called Bothgowan, or the Smith’s House, near Elgin, in 1039, and not, as has been supposed, in his own castle of Inverness. The act was bloody, as was the complexion of the times ;

but, in very truth, the claim of Macbeth to the throne, according to the rule of Scottish succession, was better than that of Duncan. As a king, the tyrant so much exclaimed against was, in reality, a firm, just, and equitable prince.* Apprehensions of danger from a party which Malcolm, the eldest son of the slaughtered Duncan, had set on foot in Northumberland, and still maintained in Scotland, seem, in process of time, to have soured the temper of Macbeth, and rendered him formidable to his nobility. Against Macduff, in particular, the powerful Maormor of Fife, he had uttered some threats which occasioned that chief to fly from the court of Scotland. Urged by this new counsellor, Siward, the Danish Earl of Northumberland, invaded Scotland in the year 1054, displaying his banner in behalf of the banished Malcolm. Macbeth engaged the foe in the neighbourhood of his celebrated castle of Dunsinane. He was defeated, but escaped from the battle, and was slain at Lumphanan in 1056."

Whether Shakespeare was ever in Scotland is a question that has been much discussed. Knight (*Biography*, ed. 1865, p. 420 fol.) endeavours to prove that the poet visited that country in 1589, but most of the editors agree that there is no satisfactory evidence of his having ever been there.†

III. CRITICAL COMMENTS ON THE PLAY.

[From Hazlitt's "*Characters of Shakespeare's Plays*."‡]

Macbeth (generally speaking) is done upon a stronger and more systematic principle of contrast than any other of

* As Rev. Mr. Moberly remarks, this view is confirmed by Mr. E. A. Freeman (*Norman Conquest*, ii. p. 55): "All genuine Scottish tradition points to the reign of Macbeth as a period of unusual peace and prosperity in that disturbed land."

† For a good summary of the discussion see Furness's *Macbeth*, p. 407 fol.

‡ *Characters of Shakespeare's Plays*, by William Hazlitt, edited by W. Carew Hazlitt (London, 1869), p. 17.

Shakespeare's plays. It moves upon the verge of an abyss, and is a constant struggle between life and death. The action is desperate and the reaction is dreadful. It is a huddling together of fierce extremes, a war of opposite natures which of them shall destroy the other. There is nothing but what has a violent end or violent beginnings. The lights and shades are laid on with a determined hand; the transitions from triumph to despair, from the height of terror to the repose of death, are sudden and startling; every passion brings in its fellow-contrary, and the thoughts pitch and jostle against each other as in the dark. The whole play is an unruly chaos of strange and forbidden things, where the ground rocks under our feet. Shakespeare's genius here took its full swing, and trod upon the farthest bounds of nature and passion. This circumstance will account for the abruptness and violent antitheses of the style, the throes and labour which run through the expression, and from defects will turn them into beauties. "So fair and foul a day," etc. "Such welcome and unwelcome news together." "Men's lives are like the flowers in their caps, dying ere they sick-en." "Look like the innocent flower, but be the serpent under it." The scene before the castle-gate follows the appearance of the witches on the heath, and is followed by a midnight murder. Duncan is cut off betimes by treason leagued with witchcraft, and Macduff is ripped untimely from his mother's womb to avenge his death. Macbeth, after the death of Banquo, wishes for his presence in extravagant terms, "To all, and him, we thirst," and when his ghost appears, cries out, "Avaunt and quit my sight," and being gone, he is "himself again." . . . In Lady Macbeth's speech, "Had he not resembled my father as he slept, I had done't," there is murder and filial piety together, and in urging him to fulfil his vengeance against the defenceless king, her thoughts spare the blood neither of infants nor old age. The description of the witches is full of the same contradictory principle;

they "rejoice when good kings bleed,"* they are neither of the earth nor the air, but both; "they should be women, but their beards forbid it;" they take all the pains possible to lead Macbeth on to the height of his ambition, only to betray him "in deeper consequence," and after showing him all the pomp of their art, discover their malignant delight in his disappointed hopes by that bitter taunt, "Why stands Macbeth thus amazedly?" We might multiply such instances everywhere. . . .

[From Mrs. Jameson's "*Characteristics of Women*."†]

In the mind of Lady Macbeth, ambition is represented as the ruling motive, an intense overmastering passion, which is gratified at the expense of every just and generous principle, and every feminine feeling. In the pursuit of her object, she is cruel, treacherous, and daring. She is doubly, trebly dyed in guilt and blood; for the murder she instigates is rendered more frightful by disloyalty and ingratitude, and by the violation of all the most sacred claims of kindred and hospitality. When her husband's more kindly nature shrinks from the perpetration of the deed of horror, she, like an evil genius, whispers him on to his damnation. The full measure of her wickedness is never disguised, the magnitude and atrocity of her crime is never extenuated, forgotten, or forgiven, in the whole course of the play. . . . Lady Macbeth's amazing power of intellect, her inexorable determination of purpose, her superhuman strength of nerve, render her as fearful in herself as her deeds are hateful; yet she is not a mere monster of depravity, with whom we have nothing in common, nor a meteor whose destroying path we watch in ignorant affright and amaze. She is a terrible impersonation of evil

* Mr. Furness, quoting this in his edition of *Macbeth* (p. 415), asks: "Is it not passing strange that Hazlitt should have forgotten that this line is none of Shakespeare's?"

† American ed. (Boston: 1857), p. 443 fol.

passions and mighty powers, never so far removed from our own nature as to be cast beyond the pale of our sympathies; for the woman herself remains a woman to the last—still linked with her sex and with humanity.

We must bear in mind that the first idea of murdering Duncan is not suggested by Lady Macbeth to her husband: it springs within *his* mind, and is revealed to us [i. 3. 130-137] before his first interview with his wife—before she is introduced or even alluded to.

It will be said that the same "horrid suggestion" presents itself spontaneously to her, on the reception of his letter; or, rather, that the letter acts upon her mind as a prophecy of the Weird Sisters on the mind of her husband, kindling the latent passion for empire into a quenchless flame. We are prepared to see the train of evil, first lighted by hellish agency, extend itself to *her* through the medium of her husband; but we are spared the more revolting idea that it originated with her. The guilt is thus more equally divided than we should suppose, when we hear people pitying "the noble nature of Macbeth," bewildered and goaded on to crime, solely or chiefly by the instigation of his wife.

It is true that she afterwards appears the more active agent of the two; but it is less through her preëminence in wickedness than through her superiority of intellect. The eloquence—the fierce, fervid eloquence with which she bears down the relenting and reluctant spirit of her husband, the dexterous sophistry with which she wards off his objections, her artful and affected doubts of his courage—the sarcastic manner in which she lets fall the word coward—a word which no man can endure from another, still less from a woman, and least of all from a woman he loves—and the bold address with which she removes all obstacles, silences all arguments, overpowers all scruples, and marshals the way before him, absolutely make us shrink before the commanding in-

tellest of the woman, with a terror in which interest and admiration are strangely mingled.

Again, in the murdering scene, the obdurate inflexibility of purpose with which she drives on Macbeth to the execution of their project, and her masculine indifference to blood and death, would inspire unmitigated disgust and horror, but for the involuntary consciousness that it is produced rather by the exertion of a strong power over herself than by absolute depravity of disposition and ferocity of temper. This impression of her character is brought home at once to our very hearts with the most profound knowledge of the springs of nature within us, the most subtle mastery over their various operations, and a feeling of dramatic effect not less wonderful. The very passages in which Lady Macbeth displays the most savage and relentless determination are so worded as to fill the mind with the idea of sex, and place the *woman* before us in all her dearest attributes, at once softening and refining the horror and rendering it more intense. Thus when she reproaches her husband for his weakness—"From this time such I account thy love." Again, "Come to my woman's breasts And take my milk for gall," etc. "I have given suck, and know how tender 'tis To love the babe that milks me," etc. And lastly, in the moment of extremest terror comes that unexpected touch of feeling, so startling, yet so wonderfully true to nature—"Had he not resembled my father," etc. Thus in one of Weber's or Beethoven's grand symphonies, some unexpected soft minor chord or passage will steal on the ear, heard amid the magnificent crash of harmony, making the blood pause and filling the eyes with unbidden tears.

It is particularly observable that in Lady Macbeth's concentrated, strong-nerved ambition, the ruling passion of her mind, there is yet a touch of womanhood: she is ambitious less for herself than for her husband. It is fair to think this, because we have no reason to draw any other inference

either from her words or her actions. In her famous soliloquy, after reading her husband's letter, she does not once refer to herself. It is of him she thinks : she wishes to see her husband on the throne, and to place the sceptre within *his* grasp. The strength of her affection adds strength to her ambition. Although in the old story of Boethius we are told that the wife of Macbeth "burned with unquenchable desire to bear the name of queen," yet in the aspect under which Shakespeare has represented the character to us the selfish part of this ambition is kept out of sight. We must remark also, that in Lady Macbeth's reflections on her husband's character, and on that milkeness of nature which she fears "may impede him from the golden round," there is no indication of female scorn : there is exceeding pride, but no egotism, in the sentiment or the expression ; no want of wifely or womanly respect and love for *him*, but, on the contrary, a sort of unconsciousness of her own mental superiority, which she betrays rather than asserts, as interesting in itself as it is most admirably conceived and delineated. Nor is there any thing vulgar in her ambition ; as the strength of her affections lends to it something profound and concentrated, so her splendid imagination invests the object of her desire with its own radiance. We cannot trace in her grand and capacious mind that it is the mere baubles and trappings of royalty which dazzle and allure her : hers is the sin of the "star-bright apostate," and she plunges with her husband into the abyss of guilt to procure for "all their days and nights sole sovereign sway and masterdom." She revels, she luxuriates, in her dream of power. She reaches at the golden diadem which is to sear her brain ; she perils life and soul for its attainment, with an enthusiasm as perfect, a faith as settled, as that of the martyr who sees at the stake heaven and its crowns of glory opening upon him. . . .

Lady Macbeth having proposed the object to herself, and arrayed it with an ideal glory, fixes her eye steadily upon

it, soars far above all womanish feelings and scruples to attain it, and stoops upon her victim with the strength and velocity of a vulture; but having committed unflinchingly the crime necessary for the attainment of her purpose, she stops there. After the murder of Duncan, we see Lady Macbeth, during the rest of the play, occupied in supporting the nervous weakness and sustaining the fortitude of her husband. . . . But she is nowhere represented as urging him on to new crimes; so far from it, that when Macbeth darkly hints his purposed assassination of Banquo, and she inquires his meaning, he replies, "Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck, Till thou approve the deed." The same may be said of the destruction of Macduff's family. Every one must perceive how our detestation of the woman had been increased, if she had been placed before us as suggesting and abetting those additional cruelties into which Macbeth is hurried by his mental cowardice.

If my feeling of Lady Macbeth's character be just to the conception of the poet, then she is one who could steel herself to the commission of a crime from necessity and expediency, and be daringly wicked for a great end, but not likely to perpetrate gratuitous murders from any vague or selfish fears. I do not mean to say that the perfect confidence existing between herself and Macbeth could possibly leave her in ignorance of his actions or designs: that heart-broken and shuddering allusion to the murder of Lady Macduff (in the sleeping scene) proves the contrary. But she is nowhere brought before us in immediate connection with these horrors, and we are spared any flagrant proof of her participation in them. . . .

Another thing has always struck me. During the supper scene, . . . her indignant rebuke [to her husband], her low whispered remonstrance, the sarcastic emphasis with which she combats his sick fancies, and endeavours to recall him to himself, have an intenseness, a severity, a bitterness, which

makes the blood creep. Yet, when the guests are dismissed, and they are left alone, she says no more, and not a syllable of reproach or scorn escapes her: a few words in submissive reply to his questions, and an entreaty to seek repose, are all she permits herself to utter. There is a touch of pathos and of tenderness in this silence which has always affected me beyond expression: it is one of the most masterly and most beautiful traits of character in the whole play.

Lastly, it is clear that in a mind constituted like that of Lady Macbeth conscience must wake some time or other, and bring with it remorse closed by despair, and despair by death. This great moral retribution was to be displayed to us—but how? Lady Macbeth is not a woman to start at shadows; she mocks at air-drawn daggers; she sees no imagined spectres rise from the tomb to appal or accuse her. The towering bravery of *her* mind disdains the visionary terrors which haunt her weaker husband. We know, or rather feel, that she who could give a voice to the most direful intent, and call on the spirits that wait on mortal thoughts to “unsex her,” and “stop up all access and passage of remorse”—to that remorse would have given nor tongue nor sound; and that rather than have uttered a complaint, she would have held her breath and died. To have given her a confidant, though in the partner of her guilt, would have been a degrading resource, and have disappointed and enfeebled all our previous impressions of her character; yet justice is to be done, and we are to be made acquainted with that which the woman herself would have suffered a thousand deaths rather than have betrayed. In the sleeping scene we have a glimpse into that inward hell: the seared brain and broken heart are laid bare before us in the helplessness of slumber. By a judgment the most sublime ever imagined, yet the most unforced, natural, and inevitable, the sleep of her who murdered sleep is no longer repose, but a condensation of resistless horrors which the prostrate intellect and the powerless

will can neither baffle nor repel. We shudder and are satisfied; yet our human sympathies are again touched; we rather sigh over the ruin than exult in it; and after watching her through this wonderful scene with a sort of fascination, we dismiss the unconscious, helpless, despair-stricken murderess with a feeling which Lady Macbeth, in her waking strength, with all her awe-commanding powers about her, could never have excited.

It is here especially we perceive that sweetness of nature which in Shakespeare went hand in hand with his astonishing powers. He never confounds that line of demarcation which eternally separates good from evil, yet he never places evil before us without exciting in some way a consciousness of the opposite good which shall balance and relieve it. . . .

What would not the firmness, the self-command, the enthusiasm, the intellect, the ardent affections of this woman have performed, if properly directed? but the object being unworthy of the effort, the end is disappointment, despair, and death.

The power of religion could alone have controlled such a mind; but it is the misery of a very proud, strong, and gifted spirit, without sense of religion, that instead of looking upward to find a superior, it looks around and sees all things as subject to itself. Lady Macbeth is placed in a dark, ignorant, iron age; her powerful intellect is slightly tinged with its credulity and superstitions, but she has no religious feeling to restrain the force of will. She is a stern fatalist in principle and action—"What is done, is done," and would be done over again under the same circumstances; her remorse is without repentance or any reference to an offended Deity; it arises from the pang of a wounded conscience, the recoil of the violated feelings of nature; it is the horror of the past, not the terror of the future; the torture of self-condemnation, not the fear of judgment; it is strong as her

soul, deep as her guilt, fatal as her resolve, and terrible as her crime.

If it should be objected to this view of Lady Macbeth's character, that it engages our sympathies in behalf of a perverted being, and that to leave her so strong a power upon our feelings in the midst of such supreme wickedness involves a moral wrong, I can only reply in the words of Dr. Channing, that "in this and the like cases our interest fastens on what is *not* evil in the character—that there is something kindling and ennobling in the consciousness, however awakened, of the energy which resides in mind: and many a virtuous man has borrowed new strength from the force, constancy, and dauntless courage of evil agents."

This is true; and might he not have added that many a powerful and gifted spirit has learned humility and self-government from beholding how far the energy which resides in mind may be degraded and perverted?

[From Fletcher's "*Studies of Shakespeare*."*]

Macbeth seems inspired by the very genius of the tempest. This drama shows us the gathering, the discharge, and the dispelling of a domestic and political storm, which takes its peculiar hue from the individual character of the hero. It is not in the spirit of mischief that animates the "weird sisters," nor in the passionate and strong-willed ambition of Lady Macbeth, that we find the mainspring of this tragedy, but in the disproportioned though poetically tempered soul of Macbeth himself. A character like this, of extreme selfishness, with a most irritable fancy, must produce, even in ordinary circumstances, an excess of morbid apprehensiveness; which, however, as we see in him, is not inconsistent with the greatest physical courage, but generates of necessity the most entire moral cowardice. When, therefore, a man

* *Studies of Shakespeare, etc.*, by George Fletcher (London, 1847), p. 109 fol.

like this, ill enough qualified even for the honest and straightforward transactions of life, has brought himself to snatch at an ambitious object by the commission of one great sanguinary crime, the new and false position in which he finds himself by his very success will but startle and exasperate him to escape, as Macbeth says, from "horrible imaginings" by the perpetration of greater and greater actual horrors, till inevitable destruction comes upon us amidst universal execration. Such, briefly, are the story and the moral of *Macbeth*. The passionate ambition and indomitable will of his lady, though agents indispensable to urge such a man to the one decisive act which is to compromise him in his own opinion and that of the world, are by no means primary springs of the dramatic action. Nor do the "weird sisters" themselves do more than aid collaterally in impelling a man, the inherent evil of whose nature and purpose has predisposed him to take their equivocal suggestions in the most mischievous sense. And, finally, the very thunder-cloud which, from the beginning almost to the ending, wraps this fearful tragedy in physical darkness and lurid glare, does but reflect and harmonize with the moral blackness of the piece. . . .

The very starting-point for an inquiry into the real, inherent, and habitual nature of Macbeth, independent of those particular circumstances which form the action of the play, lies manifestly, though the critics have commonly overlooked it, in the question, With whom does the scheme of usurping the Scottish crown by the murder of Duncan actually originate? We sometimes find Lady Macbeth talked of as if she were the first contriver of the plot, and suggester of the assassination; but this notion is refuted, not only by implication, in the whole tenor of the piece, but most explicitly in i. 7. 48-52. Most commonly, however, the *witches* (as we find the "weird sisters" pertinaciously miscalled by all sorts of players and of critics) have borne the imputation of

being the first to put this piece of mischief in the hero's mind. Yet the prophetic words in which the attainment of royalty is promised him contain not the remotest hint as to the means by which he is to arrive at it. They are simply "All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be king hereafter"—an announcement which, it is plain, should have rather inclined a man who was *not* already harbouring a scheme of guilty ambition to wait quietly the course of events. According to Macbeth's own admission, the words of the weird sisters on this occasion convey any thing rather than an incitement to murder to the mind of a man who is not meditating it already. This supernatural soliciting is only made such to the mind of Macbeth by the fact that he is already occupied with a purpose of assassination. This is the true answer to the question which he puts to himself in i. 3. 132-142. . . .

The first thing that strikes us in such a character is the intense selfishness—the total absence both of sympathetic feeling and moral principle—and the consequent incapability of remorse in the proper sense of the term. So far from finding any check to his design in the fact that the king bestows on him the forfeited title of the traitorous thane of Cawdor as an especial mark of confidence in his loyalty, this only serves to whet his own villainous purpose. The dramatist has brought this forcibly home to us in i. 4. 10-58. It is from no "compunctious visiting of nature," but from sheer *moral cowardice*—from fear of *retribution in this life*—that we find Macbeth shrinking, at the last moment, from the commission of his enormous crime. This will be seen the more attentively we consider i. 7. 1-25, and 31-35. In all this we trace a most clear consciousness of the impossibility that he should find of masking his guilt from the public eye—the odium which must consequently fall upon him in the opinions of men—and the retribution it would probably bring upon him. But here is no evidence of true *moral* repugnance, and as little of any religious scruple—"We'd

jump the life to come." The dramatist, by this brief but significant parenthesis, has taken care to leave us in no doubt on a point so momentous towards forming a due estimate of the conduct of his hero. However, he feels, as we see, the dissuading motives of worldly prudence in all their force. But one devouring passion urges him on—the master-passion of his life—the lust of power, i. 7. 26. Still, it should seem that the considerations of policy and safety regarding this life might even have withheld him from the actual commission of the murder, had not the spirit of his wife come in to fortify his failing purpose. At all events, in the action of the drama it is her intervention, most decidedly, that terminates his irresolution, and urges him to the final perpetration of the crime which he himself had been the first to meditate.

It is most important that we should not mistake the nature of Macbeth's nervous perturbation while in the very act of consummating his first great crime. The more closely we examine it, the more we shall find it to be devoid of all genuine compunction. This character is one of intense selfishness, and is therefore incapable of any true moral repugnance to inflicting injury upon others; it shrinks only from encountering public odium, and the retribution which that may produce. Once persuaded that these will be avoided, Macbeth falters not in proceeding to apply the dagger to the throat of his sleeping guest. But here comes the display of the other part of his character—that extreme nervous irritability which, combined with an active intellect, produces in him so much highly poetical rumination—and at the same time, being unaccompanied with the slightest portion of self-command, subjects him to such signal moral cowardice. We feel bound the more earnestly to solicit the reader's attention to this distinction, since, though so clearly evident when once pointed out, it has escaped the penetration of some even of the most eminent critics. The poetry

delivered by Macbeth, let us repeat, is not the poetry inspired by a glowing or even a feeling heart—it springs exclusively from a morbidly irritable fancy. We hesitate not to say that his wife mistakes, when she apprehends that the “milk of human kindness” will prevent him from “catching the nearest way.” The fact is that, until after the banquet scene, she mistakes his character throughout. She judges of it too much from her own. Possessing generous feeling herself, she is susceptible of remorse. Full of self-control, and afflicted with no feverish imagination, she is dismayed by no vague apprehensions, no fantastic fears. Consequently, when her husband is withheld from his crime simply by that dread of contingent consequences which his fancy so infinitely exaggerates, she, little able to conceive of this, naturally ascribes some part of his repugnance to that “milk of human kindness,” those “compunctious visitings of nature,” of which she *can* conceive. . . . The perturbation which seizes Macbeth the instant he has struck the fatal blow, springs not, we repeat, from the slightest consideration for his victim. It is but the necessary recoil in the mind of every moral coward, upon the final performance of any decisive act from which accumulating selfish apprehensions have long withheld him — heightened and exaggerated by that excessive morbid irritability which, after his extreme selfishness, forms the next great moral characteristic of Macbeth. It is the sense of *all* the *possible* consequences to *himself*, and that alone, which rushes instantly and overwhelmingly upon his excitable fancy, so as to thunder its denunciations in his very ears.

The following scene shows us Macbeth, when his paroxysm ensuing upon the act of murder has quite spent itself, and he is become quite himself again—that is, the cold-blooded, cowardly, and treacherous assassin. Let any one who may have been disposed, with most of the critics, to believe that Shakespeare has delineated Macbeth as a char-

acter originally remorseful, well consider that speech of most elaborate, refined, and cold-blooded hypocrisy, in which, so speedily after his poetical whinings over his own *misfortune* in murdering Duncan, he alleges his motives for killing the two sleeping attendants. Assuredly, too, the dramatist had his reasons for causing Macbeth's hypocritically pathetic description of the scene of the murder to be thus publicly delivered in the presence of her whose hands have had so large a share in giving it that particular aspect. It lends double force to this most characteristic trait of Macbeth's deportment, that he should not be moved even by his lady's presence from delivering his affectedly indignant description of that bloody spectacle, in terms which must so vividly recall to her mind's eye the sickening objects which his own moral cowardice had compelled her to gaze upon. His words draw from Lady Macbeth the instant exclamation, "Help me hence, ho!" And shortly after she is carried out, still in a fainting state. . . . Even her indomitable resolution may well sink for the moment under a stroke so withering, for which, being totally unexpected, she came so utterly unprepared. It is remarkable that, upon her exclamation of distress, Macduff, and shortly after Banquo, cries out, "Look to the lady;" but that we find not the smallest sign of attention paid to her situation by Macbeth himself, who, arguing from his own character to hers, might regard it merely as a dexterous feigning on her part. A character like this, we cannot too often repeat, is one of the most cowardly selfishness, and most remorseless treachery, which all its poetical excitability does but exasperate into the perpetration of more and more extravagant enormities. . . .

"But in them nature's copy 's not eterne" has been interpreted by some critics as a deliberate suggesting, on Lady Macbeth's part, of the murder of Banquo and his son. . . . The natural and unstrained meaning of the words is, at most, nothing more than this, that Banquo and his son are

not immortal. It is not she, but her husband, that draws a practical inference from this harmless proposition. That "they are assailable" may be "comfort," indeed, to him; but it is evidently none to her, and he proceeds to tell her that "there shall be done A deed of dreadful note." Still provokingly unapprehensive of his meaning, she asks him anxiously, "What 's to be done?" But he, after trying the ground so far, finding her utterly indisposed to concur in his present scheme, *does not dare* to communicate it to her in plain terms, lest she should chide the fears that prompt him to this new and gratuitous enormity, by virtue of the very same spirit that had made her combat those which had withheld him from the one great crime which she had deemed necessary to his elevation. It is only through a misapprehension, which unjustly lowers the generosity of her character and unduly exalts that of her husband, that so many critics have represented this passage ("Be innocent of the knowledge," etc.) as spoken by Macbeth out of a magnanimous desire to spare his wife all guilty participation in an act which at the same time, they tell us, he believes will give her satisfaction. It is, in fact, but a new and signal instance of his moral cowardice. . . . It is most important, in order to judge aright of Shakespeare's metaphysical, moral, and religious meaning in this great composition, that we should not mistake him as having represented that spirits of darkness are here permitted absolutely and gratuitously to seduce his hero from a state of perfectly innocent intention. It is plain that such an error at the outset vitiates and debases the moral to be drawn from the whole piece. Macbeth does not project the murder of Duncan because of his encounter with the weird sisters; the weird sisters encounter him because he has projected the murder—because they know him better than his royal master does, who tells us, "There is no art to find the mind's construction in the face." But these ministers of evil are privileged to see "the

mind's construction" where human eye cannot penetrate—in the mind itself. They repair to the blasted heath because, as one of them says afterwards of Macbeth, "something wicked this way comes." In the next two lines—"I come, Graymalkin!—Paddock calls"—we perceive the connection of these beings with the world invisible and inaudible to mortal senses. It is only through these mysterious answers of theirs that we know any thing of the other beings whom they name thus grotesquely, sufficiently indicating spirits of deformity akin to themselves, and like themselves rejoicing in that elemental disturbance into which they mingle as they vanish from our view. . . .

In v. 3. 22–28, we have mere *poetical whining* over his own most merited situation. Yet Hazlitt, among others, talks of him as "calling back all our sympathy" by this reflection. Sympathy indeed! for the exquisitely refined selfishness of this most odious personage! This passage is exactly of a piece with that in which he envies the fate of his royal victim, and seems to think himself hardly used that Duncan, after all, should be better off than himself. Such exclamations, from such a character, are but an additional title to our detestation; the man who sets at naught all human ties should at least be prepared to abide in quiet the inevitable consequences. But the moral cowardice of Macbeth is consummate. . . .

There is no want of physical courage implied in Macbeth's declining the combat with Macduff. He may well believe that now, more than ever, it is time to "beware Macduff." He is at length convinced that "fate and metaphysical aid" are against him; and, consistent to the last in his hardened and whining selfishness, no thought of the intense blackness of his own perfidy interferes to prevent him from complaining of falsehood in those evil beings from whose very nature he should have expected nothing else. There is no cowardice, we say, in his declining the combat under such a con-

viction. Neither is there any courage in his renewing it; for there is no room for courage in opposing evident fate. But the last word and action of Macbeth are an expression of the *moral* cowardice which we trace so conspicuously throughout his career; he surrenders his life that he may not be "baited with the rabble's curse." So dies Macbeth, shrinking from deserved opprobrium; but he dies, as he has lived, *remorseless*. . . .

[From Hunter's "*New Illustrations of Shakespeare*."*]

Beside the main subject of the midnight murder of a king sleeping in the house of one of his nobles, and surrounded by his guards, the death and appearance of the ghost of Banquo, and the whole machinery and prophecy of the wayward sisters, with the interior view of a castle in which is a conscience-stricken monarch reduced to the extremity of a siege, the poet seems to have intended to concentrate in this play many of the more thrilling incidents of physical and metaphysical action. The midnight shriek of women; sleep, with its stranger accidents, such as laughing, talking, walking, as produced by potions, as disturbed by dreams, as full of wicked thoughts; the hard beating of the heart; the parched state of the mouth in an hour of desperate guilt; the rousing of the hair at a dismal treatise; physiognomy; men of manly hearts moved to tears; the wild thoughts which haunt the mind of guilt, as in the air-drawn dagger, and the fancy that sleep was slain and the slayer should know its comforts no more; death in some of its stranger varieties—the soldier dying of wounds not bound up, the spent swimmer, the *pilot* wrecked on his way *home*, the horrible mode of Macdonnel's death, the massacre of a mother and her children, the hired assassins perpetrating their work on the belated travellers—these are but a portion of the terrible circumstances attendant on the main events of this tragic tale.

* *New Illustrations of the Life, Studies, and Writings of Shakespeare*, by Joseph Hunter (London, 1845), vol. ii. p. 160.

He goes for similar circumstances to the elements, and to the habits of animals about which superstitions had gathered—the flitting of the bat, the flight of the crow to the rooky wood, the fights of the owl and the falcon, and of the owl and the wren, the scream of the owl, the chirping of the cricket, the croak of the prophetic raven, and bark of the wolf, the horses devouring one another; the pitchy darkness of night, the murky darkness of a lurid day, a storm rattling in the battlements of an ancient fortress—we have all this before we have passed the bounds of nature and entered the regions of metaphysical agency.

There we have the spirits which tend on mortal thoughts, the revelations by magot-pies, the moving of stones, the speaking of trees, and lamentings heard in the air, and almost the whole of the mythology of the wayward sisters—their withered and wild attire, their intercourse with their queen, their congregating in the hour of storms on heaths which the lightning has scathed, the strange instruments employed by them, the mode of their operations, and their compelling the world invisible to disclose the secrets of futurity.

[From Bucknill's "*The Mad Folk of Shakespeare*."*]

Evidently Macbeth is a man of sanguine nervous temperament, of large capacity and ready susceptibility. The high energy and courage which guide his sword in the battles of his country are qualities of nerve-force which future circumstances will direct to good or evil purposes. Circumstances arise soliciting to evil; "supernatural soliciting," the force of which, in these anti-spiritualist days, it requires an almost unattainable flight of the imagination to get a glimpse of. It must be remembered that the drama brings Macbeth face to face with the supernatural. What would be the effect upon a man of nervous sensibility of such appearances as the

* *The Mad Folk of Shakespeare*, by J. C. Bucknill, M. D. (London, 1867), pp. 7, 10, 44.

weird sisters? Surely most profound. We may disbelieve in any manifestations of the supernatural, but we cannot but believe that were their occurrence possible they would profoundly affect the mind. Humboldt says that the effect of the first earthquake shock is most bewildering, upsetting one of the strongest articles of material faith, namely, the fixedness of the earth. Any supernatural appearance must have this effect of shaking the foundations of the mind in an infinitely greater degree. Indeed, we so fully feel that any glimpse into the spirit-world would effect in ourselves a profound mental revulsion, that we readily extend to Macbeth a more indulgent opinion of his great crimes than we should have been able to do had he been led on to their commission by the temptations of earthly incident alone. . . .

To the Christian moralist Macbeth's guilt is so dark that its degree cannot be estimated, as there are no shades in black. But to the mental physiologist, to whom nerve rather than conscience, the function of the brain rather than the power of the will, is an object of study, it is impossible to omit from calculation the influences of the supernatural event, which is not only the starting-point of the action, but the remote cause of the mental phenomena. . . .

What was Lady Macbeth's form and temperament? In Maclise's great painting of the banquet scene she is represented as a woman of large and coarse development: a Scandinavian Amazon, the muscles of whose brawny arms could only have been developed to their great size by hard and frequent use; a woman of whose fists her husband might well be afraid. . . . Was Lady Macbeth such a being? Did the fierce fire of her soul animate the epicene bulk of a virago? Never! Lady Macbeth was a lady, beautiful and delicate, whose one vivid passion proves that her organization was instinct with nerve-force, unoppressed by weight of flesh. Probably she was small; for it is the smaller sort of women whose emotional fire is the most fierce, and she herself bears

unconscious testimony to the fact that her hand was little. . . . Although she manifests no feeling towards Macbeth beyond the regard which ambition makes her yield, it is clear that he entertains for her the personal love which a beautiful woman would excite. . . . Moreover, the effect of remorse upon her own health proves the preponderance of nerve in her organization. Could the Lady Macbeth of Maclise, and of others who have painted this lady, have been capable of the fire and force of her character in the commission of her crimes, the remembrance of them would scarcely have disturbed the quiet of her after-years. We figure Lady Macbeth to have been a tawny or brown blonde Rachel, with more beauty, with gray and cruel eyes, but with the same slight, dry configuration and constitution, instinct with determined nerve-power.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—In a foot-note, Dr. Bucknill states that when he wrote the above he was not aware that Mrs. Siddons held a similar opinion as to Lady Macbeth's personal appearance. We append what Mrs. Siddons says on this subject in her "Remarks on the Character of Lady Macbeth :"

"In this astonishing creature one sees a woman in whose bosom the passion of ambition has almost obliterated all the characteristics of human nature ; in whose composition are associated all the subjugating powers of intellect, and all the charms and graces of personal beauty. You will probably not agree with me as to the character of that beauty ; yet, perhaps, this difference of opinion will be entirely attributable to the difficulty of your imagination disengaging itself from that idea of the person of her representative which you have been so long accustomed to contemplate. According to my notion, it is of that character which I believe is generally allowed to be most captivating to the other sex—fair, feminine, nay, perhaps, even fragile—

'Fair as the forms that, wove in Fancy's loom,
Float in light visions round the poet's head.'

"Such a combination only, respectable in energy and strength of mind, and captivating in feminine loveliness, could have composed a charm of such potency as to fascinate the mind of a hero so dauntless, a character so amiable, so honourable as Macbeth—to seduce him to brave all the dangers of the present and all the terrors of a future world ; and we

are constrained, even whilst we abhor his crimes, to pity the infatuated victim of such a thralldom."

Campbell, on the other hand, in his "Life of Mrs. Siddons," says of Lady Macbeth: "She is a splendid picture of evil, . . . a sort of sister of Milton's Lucifer; and, like him, we surely imagine her externally majestic and beautiful. Mrs. Siddons's idea of her having been a delicate and blonde beauty seems to me to be a pure caprice. The public would have ill exchanged such a representative of Lady Macbeth for the dark locks and the eagle eyes of Mrs. Siddons."

Maginn (*Shakespeare Papers*, 1860, p. 184) remarks: "Shakespeare gives us no hint as to her personal charms, except when he makes her describe her hand as 'little.' We may be sure that there were few 'more thoroughbred or fairer fingers' in the land of Scotland than those of its queen, whose bearing in public towards Duncan, Banquo, and the nobles is marked by elegance and majesty; and, in private, by affectionate anxiety for her sanguinary lord."

Fletcher (*Studies of Shakespeare*, cited on p. 24) says: "[Shakespeare] has combined in Macbeth an eminently masculine person with a spirit in other respects eminently feminine, but utterly wanting the feminine generosity of affection. To this character, thus contrasted within itself, he has opposed a female character presenting a contrast exactly the reverse of the former. No one doubts that he has shown us in the spirit of Lady Macbeth that masculine firmness of will which he has made wanting in her husband. The strictest analogy, then, would lead him to complete the harmonizing contrast of the two characters by enshrining this 'undaunted mettle' of hers in a frame as exquisitely feminine as her husband's is magnificently manly. This was requisite, also, in order to make her taunts of Macbeth's irresolution operate with the fullest intensity. Such sentiments from the lips of what is called a masculine looking or speaking woman have little moral energy compared with what they derive from the ardent utterance of a delicately feminine voice and nature. Mrs. Siddons, then, we believe, judged more correctly in this matter than the public."

The German critic Rötcher (translated by Mr. Furness in his edition of *Macbeth*, p. 467) says: "There are certain inferences to be drawn in regard to the personal appearance of Lady Macbeth. She enters reading her husband's letter containing the first announcement of the sayings of the weird sisters. The mighty passion of ambition bursts at once in Lady Macbeth's imagination into full flame by these few lines; she appears well-nigh intoxicated with that emotion; her whole appearance ought to be royal, as one for whose powerful features and majestic bearing the diadem is the befitting adornment. Her countenance ought to

display noble and energetic outlines, from whose every feature mean desires are banished; it should presage demoniac forces, with never a trace of moral ugliness nor aught repellent. The glittering eye betrays the restless, busy ardor of the disposition, while the finely chiselled lips and the nostrils must eloquently express scorn of moral opposition, and a determined purpose in crime. Her queenly bearing, as well as the nobility of all her movements, proclaims her title to the highest earthly greatness and power. Lady Macbeth's looks ought to enchain, and yet, withal, chill us, for such features can awaken no human sympathy, and can only disclose the dominion of monstrous powers. Lady Macbeth, therefore, will have the more powerful effect the more majesty is thrown around her person, because she will be thereby at once removed to a region in which all ordinary standards are dwarfed, for we have here before us a nature in which dwells a spirit made up of savage elements, and which reveals its own peculiar laws in its projects as fearfully as in its ruin."

[From Gervinus's "*Shakespeare Commentaries*."*]

Lady Macbeth is more a dependent wife than an independent, masculine woman, in so far as she wishes the golden round rather for him than for herself; her whole ambition is for him and through him; of herself, and of elevation for herself, she never speaks. . . . We see in this marriage a union of esteem, awe, of deep reverence, rather than of affection. The poet has not left this unexplained. She has had children, but has reared none; this may have added another sting to Macbeth's jealousy of Banquo; but the most natural consequence is that the pair are drawn more closely together, and are more intent on the gratification each can afford the other. . . . When none of her golden expectations are fulfilled—when, instead of successful greatness, the ruin of the land and of her husband follows—then her powers suddenly collapse. Trusting in him, she could have endured forever the conflicts of conscience, of nature, and of a harrowing imagination, but, doubting him, she doubts herself also; like ivy, she had twined her fresh verd-

* Translated by Mr. Furness (see his ed. of *Macbeth*, p. 469) from the 3d German ed. (Leipzig, 1862).

ure around the branches of the kingly tree, but when the trunk totters, she falls to the ground; her iron heart dissolves in the fire of this affliction and of this false expectation. There have been regrets expressed that the transition in her from masculine strength to feminine weakness has not been more fully portrayed by the poet. It was, however, no gradual transition, but a sudden downfall. . . .

It is very noteworthy that for the murder of Banquo Macbeth employs the very incitements which had wrought most effectually upon himself: he appeals to the manhood of the murderers. . . .

As far as regards poetic justice in the fates of Duncan, Banquo, and Macduff, there lies in their several natures a contrast to Macbeth's. . . . King Duncan is characterized in history as a man of greater weakness than became a king; rebellions were frequent in his reign; he was no warrior to suppress them, no physiognomist to read treason in the face; after he had just passed through a painful experience through the treachery of the friendly thane of Cawdor, he at once, overlooking the modest Banquo, elevates Macbeth to this very thaneship, thereby pampering Macbeth's ambition, and suffers a cruel penalty for this blunder at the hands of the new thane, his own kinsman. The same lack of foresight ruins Banquo. He had been admitted to the secret of the weird sisters; pledged to openness towards Macbeth, he had an opportunity of convincing himself of his obduracy and secrecy; he surmises and suspects Macbeth's deed, yet he does nothing against him and nothing for himself; like, but with a difference, those cowardly impersonations of fear, the Doctor, Seyton, Ross, and the spying ironical Lennox, he suppresses his thoughts and wilfully shuts his eyes; he falls, having done nothing in a field full of dangers. Macduff is not quite so culpable in this respect; he is, therefore, punished, not in his own person, but in the fate of his family, which makes him the martyr-hero by whose hand Macbeth falls. . .

Macduff is, by nature, what Macbeth once was, a mixture of mildness and force ; he is more than Macbeth, because he is without any admixture of ambition. When Malcolm accuses himself to Macduff of every imaginable vice, not a shadow of ambition to force himself into the usurper's place comes over Macduff. So noble, so blameless, so mild, Macduff lacks the goad of sharp ambition necessary to make him a victorious opponent of Macbeth : the poet, therefore, by the horrible extermination of his family, drains him of the milk of human kindness, and so fits him to be the conqueror of Macbeth.

[*From Dowden's "Shakspeare."**]

There is a line in the play of Macbeth, uttered as the evening shadows begin to gather on the day of Banquo's murder, which we may repeat to ourselves as a motto of the entire tragedy, "Good things of day begin to droop and drowse." It is the tragedy of the twilight and the setting-in of thick darkness upon a human soul. We assist at the spectacle of a terrible sunset in folded clouds of blood. To the last, however, one thin hand's-breadth of melancholy light remains—the sadness of the day without its strength. Macbeth is the prey of a profound world-weariness. And while a huge *ennui* pursues crime, the criminal is not yet in utter blackness of night. When the play opens, the sun is already dropping below the verge. And as at sunset strange winds arise, and gather the clouds to westward with mysterious pause and stir, so the play of Macbeth opens with movement of mysterious, spiritual powers, which are auxiliary of that awful shadow which first creeps and then strides across the moral horizon.

It need hardly be once more repeated that the Witches of Macbeth are not the broom-stick witches of vulgar, popular

* *Shakspeare: a Critical Study of his Mind and Art*, by Edward Dowden (2d ed. London, 1876), p. 244 fol.

tradition. If they are grotesque, they are also sublime. The weird sisters of our dramatist may take their place beside the terrible old women of Michael Angelo, who spin the destinies of man. . . . They tingle in every fibre with evil energy, as the tempest does with the electric current; their malignity is inexhaustible; they are wells of sin springing up into everlasting death; they have their raptures and ecstasies in crime; they snatch with delight at the relics of impiety and foul disease; they are the awful inspirers of murder, insanity, suicide. . . .

"The true reason for the first appearance of the witches," Coleridge has said, "is to strike the key-note of the character of the whole drama." They appear in a desert place, with thunder and lightning; it is the barren and blasted place where evil has obtained the mastery of things. Observe that the last words of the witches, in the opening scene of the play, are the first words which Macbeth himself utters.

Fair is foul and foul is fair
Hover through the fog and filthy air.*

Macbeth. "So foul and fair a day I have not seen." Shakspeare intimates by this that although Macbeth has not yet set eyes upon these hags, the connection is already established between his soul and them. Their spells have already wrought upon his blood. When the three sisters meet Macbeth and Banquo upon the heath, it is Banquo to whom they are first visible in the gray, northern air. To Banquo they are objective—they are outside himself, and he can observe and describe their strange aspect, their wild attire, and their mysterious gesture. Macbeth is rapt in silence, and then with eager longing demands, "Speak if you can: what are you?" When they have given him the three Hails, as Glamis, as Cawdor, and as King, the hail of the past, of the

* Words uttered by all three witches, after each has singly spoken thrice.

present, of the future, Macbeth starts. "It is a full revelation of his criminal aptitudes," Mr. Hudson has well said, "that so startles and surprises him into a rapture of meditation." And besides this, Macbeth is startled to find that there is a terrible correspondence established between the baser instincts of his own heart and certain awful external agencies of evil. . . .

But beside the vague yet mastering inspiration of crime received from the witches, there is the more definite inspiration received from his wife. Macbeth is excitably imaginative, and his imagination alternately stimulates and enfeebles him. The facts in their clear-cut outline disappear in the dim atmosphere of surmise, desire, fear, hope, which the spirit of Macbeth effuses around the fact. But his wife sees things in the clearest and most definite outline. Her delicate frame is filled with high-strung nervous energy. With her to perceive is forthwith to decide, to decide is to act. Having resolved upon her end, a practical logic convinces her that the means are implied and determined. Macbeth resolves, and falters back from action; now he is restrained by his imagination, now by his fears, now by lingering velleities towards a loyal and honourable existence. He is unable to keep in check or put under restraint any one of the various incoherent powers of his nature, which impede and embarrass each the action of the other. Lady Macbeth gains, for the time, sufficient strength by throwing herself passionately into a single purpose, and by resolutely repressing all that is inconsistent with that purpose. Into the service of evil she carries some of the intensity and energy of asceticism—she cuts off from herself her better nature, she yields no weak paltering with conscience. "I have given suck," she exclaims, "and know how tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me;" she is unable to stab Duncan because he resembles her father in his sleep; she is appalled by the copious blood in which the old man lies, and the horror of

the sight clings to her memory; the smell of the blood is hateful to her and almost insupportable; she had not been without apprehension that her feminine nature might fail to carry her through the terrible ordeal, through which she yet resolved that it should be compelled to pass. She must not waste an atom of her strength of will, which has to serve for two murderers—for her husband as well as for herself. She puts into requisition with the aid of wine and of stimulant words the reserve of nervous force which lay unused. No witches have given her “Hail;” no airy dagger marshals her the way she is going; nor is she afterwards haunted by the terrible vision of Banquo’s gory head. As long as her will remains her own she can throw herself upon external facts, and maintain herself in relation with the definite, actual surroundings; it is in her sleep, when the will is incapable of action, that she is persecuted by the past which perpetually renews itself, not in ghostly shapes, but by the imagined recurrence of real and terrible incidents.

The fears of Lady Macbeth upon the night of Duncan’s murder are the definite ones that the murderers may be detected, that some omission in the pre-arranged plan may occur, that she or her husband may be summoned to appear before the traces of their crime have been removed. More awful considerations would press in upon her and overwhelm her sanity, but that she forcibly repels them for the time:

These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

To her the sight of Duncan dead is as terrible as to Macbeth; but she takes the daggers from her husband; and with a forced jest, hideous in the self-violence which it implies, she steps forth into the dark corridor:

If he do bleed
I’ll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt.

"A play of fancy here is like a gleam of ghastly sunshine striking across a stormy landscape."* The knocking at the gate clashes upon her overstrained nerves and thrills her; but she has determination and energy to direct the actions of Macbeth, and rouse him from the mood of abject depression which succeeded his crime. A white flame of resolution glows through her delicate organization, like light through an alabaster lamp:

Infirm of purpose!

Give me the daggers: the sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil.

If the hold which she possesses over her own faculties should relax for a moment, all would be lost. For dreadful deeds anticipated and resolved upon, she has strength, but the surprise of a novel horror, on which she has not counted, deprives her suddenly of consciousness; when Macbeth announces his butchery of Duncan's grooms, the lady swoons—not in feigning but in fact—and is borne away insensible.

Macbeth wastes himself in vague, imaginative remorse:

Will not great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No, this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red.

Thus his imagination serves to dissipate the impression of his conscience. What is the worth of this vague, imaginative remorse? Macbeth retained enough of goodness to make him a haggard, miserable criminal; never enough to restrain him from a crime. His hand soon became subdued to what it worked in—the blood in which it paddled and plashed. And yet the loose, incoherent faculties, ever becoming more and more disorganized and disintegrated, somehow held together till the end. "My hands are of your colour," exclaims Lady Macbeth; "but I shame to wear a heart

* *Macbeth*, Clarendon Press Edition, p. 108.

so white. A little water clears us of this deed." Yet it is she who has uttered no large words about "the multitudinous seas" who will rise in slumbry agitation, and with her accustomed action eagerly essay to remove from her little hand its ineffaceable stain, and with her delicate sense sicken at the smell of blood upon it, which "all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten;" and last, will loosen the terrible constriction of her heart with a sigh that longs to be perpetual. It is the queen, and not her husband, who is slain by conscience.

Yet the soul of Macbeth never quite disappears into the blackness of darkness. He is a cloud without water carried about of winds; a tree whose fruit withers, but not even to the last plucked up by the roots. For the dull ferocity of Macbeth is joyless. All his life has gone irretrievably astray, and he is aware of this. His suspicion becomes uncontrollable; his reign is a reign of terror; and as he drops deeper and deeper into the solitude and the gloom, his sense of error and misfortune, futile and unproductive as that sense is, increases. He lives under a dreary cloud, and all things look gray and cold. He has lived long enough, yet he clings to life; that which should accompany old age, "as honour, love, obedience, troops of friends," he may not look to have. Finally his sensibility has grown so dull that even the intelligence of his wife's death—the death of her who had been bound to him by such close communion in crime—hardly moves him, and seems little more than one additional incident in the weary, meaningless tale of human life:

She should have died hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word,
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player

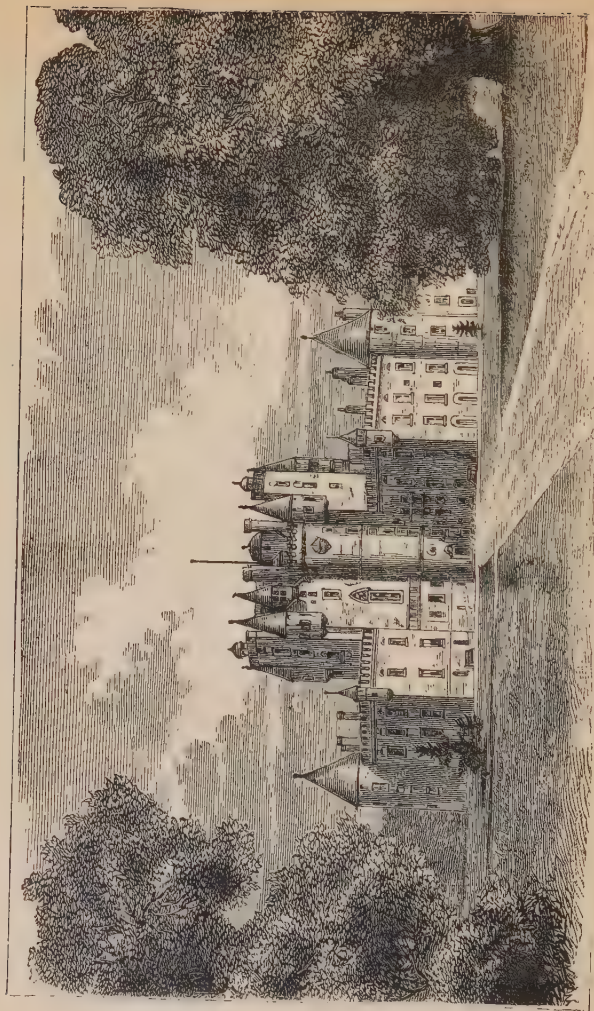
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more ; it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

This world-weariness, which has not the energy of Timon's despair, is yet less remote from the joy and glory of true living than is the worm-like vivacity of Iago. Macbeth remembers that he once knew there was such a thing as human goodness. He stands a haggard shadow against the hand's-breadth of pale sky which yields us sufficient light to see him. But Iago rises compact with fiend-like energy, seen brightly in the godless glare of hell. The end of Macbeth is savage, and almost brutal — a death without honour or loveliness. He fights now, not like "Bellona's bridegroom lapp'd in proof," but with a wild and animal clinging to life :

They have tied me to a stake ; I cannot fly,
But, bear-like, I must fight the course.

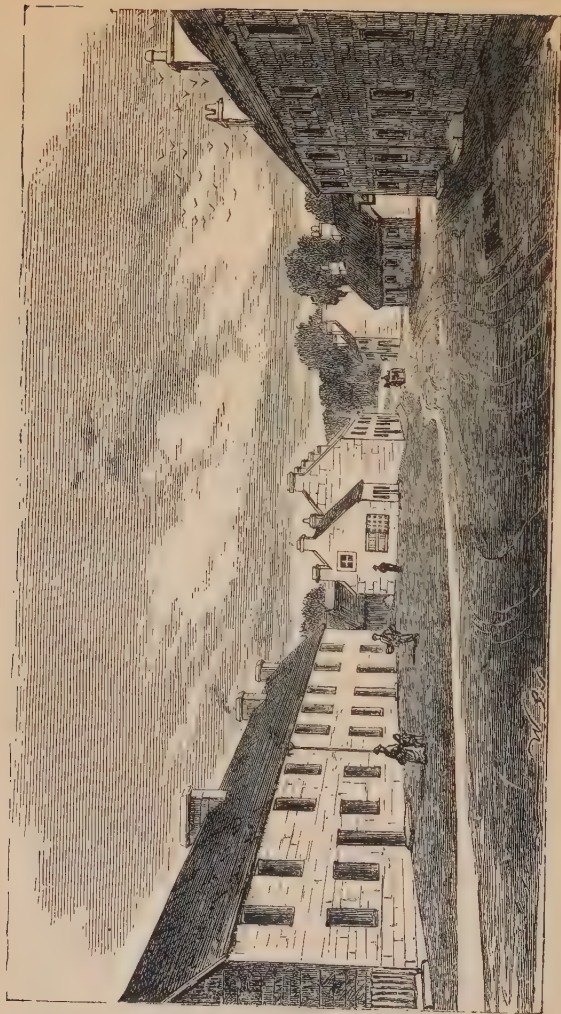
His followers desert him ; he feels himself taken in a trap. The powers of evil in which he had trusted turn against him and betray him. His courage becomes a desperate rage. We are in pain until the horrible necessity is accomplished.





GLAMIS CASTLE IN 1876.

MACBETH.



THE VILLAGE OF GLAMIS.



GLAMIS CASTLE.

INTRODUCTION TO MACBETH.

I. THE HISTORY OF THE PLAY.

Macbeth was first printed in the folio of 1623, where it occupies pages 131 to 151 inclusive, in the division of "Tragedies." It was registered in the books of the Stationers' Company, on the 8th of November, 1623, by Blount and Jaggard, the publishers of the folio, as one of the plays "not formerly entered to other men." It was written between 1604 and 1610; the former limit being fixed by the allusion to the union of England and Scotland under James I. (iv. i. 120), and the latter by the MS. Diary of Dr. Simon Forman, who saw the play performed "at the Globe, 1610, the 20th of April, Saturday."* It may then have been a

* This MS. is preserved in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. The passage referring to *Macbeth* is as follows, the spelling being modernized:

"In Macbeth, at the Globe, 1610, the 20th of April, Saturday, there was to be observed first how Macbeth and Banquo, two noblemen of

Third Witch. That will be ere the set of sun.

First Witch. Where the place?

Second Witch. Upon the heath.

Third Witch. There to meet with Macbeth.

First Witch. I come, Graymalkin!

Second Witch. Paddock calls.

Third Witch. Anon.

10

All. Fair is foul, and foul is fair :
Hover through the fog and filthy air. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *A Camp near Forres.*

Alarum within. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENNOX, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Sergeant.

Duncan. What bloody man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.

Malcolm. This is the sergeant
Who like a good and hardy soldier fought
'Gainst my captivity.—Hail, brave friend!
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil
As thou didst leave it.

Sergeant. Doubtful it stood,
As two spent swimmers that do cling together
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald—
Worthy to be a rebel, for to that
The multiplying villanies of nature
Do swarm upon him—from the western isles
Of kerns and gallowglasses is supplied;
And Fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,
Show'd like a rebel's whore: but all's too weak;
For brave Macbeth—well he deserves that name—
Disdaining Fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
Which smok'd with bloody execution,
Like valour's minion carv'd out his passage

10

Till he fac'd the slave ;
Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

Duncan. O valiant cousin ! worthy gentleman !

Sergeant. As whence the sun gins his reflection
Shipwracking storms and direful thunders break,
So from that spring whence comfort seem'd to come
Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland, mark :
No sooner justice had with valour arm'd
Compell'd these skipping kerns to trust their heels,
But the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage,
With furbish'd arms and new supplies of men
Began a fresh assault.

Duncan. Dismay'd not this

Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo ?

Sergeant. Yes ;

As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.

If I say sooth, I must report they were

As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks ;

So they doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe :

Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,

Or memorize another Golgotha,

I cannot tell—

But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

Duncan. So well thy words become thee as thy wounds ;
They smack of honour both.—Go get him surgeons.

[*Exit Sergeant, attended.*]

Who comes here ?

Enter Ross.

Malcolm. The worthy thane of Ross.

Lennox. What a haste looks through his eyes ! So should
he look

That seems to speak things strange.

Ross. God save the king!

Duncan. Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane?

Ross. From Fife, great king;

Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky
And fan our people cold. Norway himself, 50
With terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor,
The thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict;
Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapp'd in proof,
Confronted him with self-comparisons,
Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit: and, to conclude,
The victory fell on us.

Duncan. Great happiness!

Ross. That now

Sweno, the Norways' king, craves composition;
Nor would we deign him burial of his men 60
Till he disbursed at Saint Colme's Inch
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

Duncan. No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive
Our bosom interest: go pronounce his present death,
And with his former title greet Macbeth.

Ross. I'll see it done.

Duncan. What he hath lost noble Macbeth hath won.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Heath.*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

First Witch. Where hast thou been, sister?

Second Witch. Killing swine.

Third Witch. Sister, where thou?

First Witch. A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,
And munch'd, and munch'd, and munch'd. 'Give me;
quoth I:

‘Aroint thee, witch!’ the rump-fed ronyon cries.
 Her husband’s to Aleppo gone, master o’ the Tiger:
 But in a sieve I’ll thither sail,
 And, like a rat without a tail,
 I’ll do, I’ll do, and I’ll do.

Second Witch. I’ll give thee a wind.

First Witch. Thou’rt kind.

Third Witch. And I another.

First Witch. I myself have all the other,
 And the very ports they blow,
 All the quarters that they know
 I’ the shipman’s card.
 I’ll drain him dry as hay:
 Sleep shall neither night nor day
 Hang upon his pent-house lid;
 He shall live a man forbid:
 Weary se’nights nine times nine
 Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine:
 Though his bark cannot be lost,
 Yet it shall be tempest-tost.
 Look what I have.

Second Witch. Show me, show me.

First Witch. Here I have a pilot’s thumb,
 Wrack’d as homeward he did come.

[*Drum within.*

Third Witch. A drum, a drum!
 Macbeth doth come.

All. The weird sisters, hand in hand,
 Posters of the sea and land,
 Thus do go about, about:
 Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
 And thrice again, to make up nine.
 Peace! the charm’s wound up.

Enter MACBETH and BANQUO.

Macbeth. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Banquo. How far is 't call'd to Forres? What are these
So wither'd and so wild in their attire, 40
'That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on 't?—Live you? or are you aught
That man may question? You seem to understand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips : you should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

Macbeth. Speak, if you can : what are you?

First Witch. All hail, Macbeth ! hail to thee, thane of
Glamis !

Second Witch. 'All hail, Macbeth ! hail to thee, thane of
Cawdor !

Third Witch. All hail, Macbeth, that shalt be king here-
after ! 50

Banquo. Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair?—I' the name of truth,
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner
You greet with present grace and great prediction
Of noble having and of royal hope,
That he seems rapt withal ; to me you speak not.
If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say which grain will grow and which will not,
Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear 60
Your favours nor your hate.

First Witch. Hail !

Second Witch. Hail !

Third Witch. Hail !

First Witch. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

Second Witch. Not so happy, yet much happier.

Third Witch. Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none :
So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo !

First Witch. Banquo and Macbeth, all hail !

Macbeth. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more : 70
By Sinel's death I know I amthane of Glamis ;
But how of Cawdor ? thethane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman ; and to be king
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence
You owe this strange intelligence ? or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting ? speak, I charge you.

[*Witches vanish.*

Banquo. The earth hath bubbles as the water has,
And these are of them. Whither are they vanish'd ? 80

Macbeth. Into the air ; and what seem'd corporal melted
As breath into the wind. Would they had stay'd !

Banquo. Were such things here as we do speak about ?
Or have we eaten on the insane root
That takes the reason prisoner ?

Macbeth. Your children shall be kings.

Banquo. You shall be king.

Macbeth. Andthane of Cawdor too : went it not so ?

Banquo. To the selfsame tune and words. Who's here ?

Enter ROSS and ANGUS.

Ross. The king hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth,
The news of thy success ; and when he reads 80
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend
Which should be thine or his : silenc'd with that,
In viewing o'er the rest o' the selfsame day,
He finds thee in the stout Norwegian ranks,
Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as tale

Came post with post, and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
And pour'd them down before him.

Angus.

We are sent

100

To give thee from our royal master thanks ;
Only to herald thee into his sight,
Not pay thee.

Ross. And for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor :
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane !
For it is thine.

Banquo.

What, can the devil speak true ?

Macbeth. 'The thane of Cawdor lives : why do you dress me
In borrow'd robes ?

Angus.

Who was the thane lives yet,

But under heavy judgment bears that life
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was combin'd
With those of Norway, or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage, or that with both
He labour'd in his country's wrack, I know not ;
But treasons capital, confess'd and prov'd,
Have overthrown him.

110

Macbeth.

[*Aside*] Glamis, and thane of Cawdor !

The greatest is behind.—Thanks for your pains.—
Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me
Promis'd no less to them ?

Banquo.

That trusted home

120

Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 't is strange :
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,
Win us with honest trifles, to betray 's
In deepest consequence.—
Cousins, a word, I pray you.

Macbeth. [Aside] Two truths are told,
 As happy prologues to the swelling act
 Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.
 [Aside] This supernatural soliciting 130
 Cannot be ill, cannot be good: if ill,
 Why hath it given me earnest of success,
 Commencing in a truth? I amthane of Cawdor:
 If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
 Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair
 And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
 Against the use of nature? Present fears
 Are less than horrible imaginings:
 My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
 Shakes so my single state of man that function 140
 Is smother'd in surmise, and nothing is
 But what is not.

Banquo. Look how our partner's rapt.

Macbeth. [Aside] If chance will have me king, why, chance
 may crown me,
 Without my stir.

Banquo. New honours come upon him,
 Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould
 But with the aid of use.

Macbeth. [Aside] Come what come may,
 Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

Banquo. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

Macbeth. Give me your favour: my dull brain was wrought
 With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains 150
 Are register'd where every day I turn
 The leaf to read them. Let us toward the king.—
 Think upon what hath chanc'd, and at more time,
 The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
 Our free hearts each to other.

Banquo. Very gladly.

Macbeth. Till then, enough.—Come, friends. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. *Forres. The Palace.*

Flourish. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENNOX, and Attendants.

Duncan. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not Those in commission yet return'd?

Malcolm. My liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
With one that saw him die, who did report
'That very frankly he confess'd his treasons,
Implor'd your highness' pardon, and set forth
A deep repentance : nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it ; he died
As one that had been studied in his death
To throw away the dearest thing he owed
As 't were a careless trifle.

10

Duncan. There 's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face :
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.—

Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSS, and ANGUS.

O worthiest cousin !
The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me : thou art so far before
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
To overtake thee. Would thou hadst less deserv'd,
'That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine ! only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

20

Macbeth. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties : and our duties
Are to your throne and state children and servants ;

Which do but what they should, by doing every thing
Safe toward your love and honour.

Duncan.

Welcome hither :

I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing. Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserv'd, nor must be known
No less to have done so, let me infold thee
And hold thee to my heart.

30

Banquo.

There if I grow,

The harvest is your own.

Duncan.

My plenteous joys,

Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow.—Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm, whom we name hereafter
The Prince of Cumberland ; which honour must
Not unaccompanied invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers.—From hence to Inverness,
And bind us further to you.

40

Macbeth. The rest is labour, which is not us'd for you
I'll be myself the harbinger and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach ;
So humbly take my leave.

Duncan.

My worthy Cawdor !

Macbeth. [*Aside*] The Prince of Cumberland ! that is a step
On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires !
Let not light see my black and deep desires :
The eye wink at the hand ; yet let that be
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see.

50

[*Exit.*

Duncan. True, worthy Banquo : he is full so valiant,
And in his commendations I am fed ;
It is a banquet to me. Let's after him,

Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome :

It is a peerless kinsman.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Inverness. A Room in Macbeth's Castle.*

Enter LADY MACBETH, *reading a letter.*

Lady Macbeth [Reads]. *They met me in the day of success : and I have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves air, into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the king, who all-hailed me 'Thane of Cawdor;' by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with 'Hail, king that shalt be !' This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou mightst not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.*

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor, and shalt be

13

What thou art promis'd. Yet do I fear thy nature ;

It is too full o' the milk of human kindness

To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be great ;

Art not without ambition, but without

The illness should attend it : what thou wouldst highly,

That wouldst thou holily ; wouldst not play false,

And yet wouldst wrongly win : thou 'dst have, great Glamis,

That which cries, 'Thus thou must do, if thou have it ;'

21

And that which rather thou dost fear to do

Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither,

That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,

And chastise with the valour of my tongue

All that impedes thee from the golden round

Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem

To have thee crown'd withal.

Enter a Messenger.

What is your tidings?

Messenger. The king comes here to-night.

Lady Macbeth. Thou 'rt mad to say it:

Is not thy master with him? who, were 't so, 30
Would have inform'd for preparation.

Messenger. So please you, it is true: our thane is coming.
One of my fellows had the speed of him,
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message.

Lady Macbeth. Give him tending;
He brings great news. [Exit Messenger.]

The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me from the crown to the toe top-full 40
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood;
Stop up the access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murth'ring ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes, 50
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry 'Hold, hold!'

Enter MACBETH.

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have transported me beyond

This ignorant present, and I feel now
The future in the instant.

Macbeth. My dearest love,

Duncan comes here to-night.

Lady Macbeth. And when goes hence?

Macbeth. To-morrow, as he purposes.

Lady Macbeth. O, never

Shall sun that morrow see!

Your face, my thane, is as a book where men 6c
May read strange matters. To beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under 't. He that's coming
Must be provided for: and you shall put
This night's great business into my dispatch;
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

Macbeth. We will speak further.

Lady Macbeth. Only look up clear;

To alter favour ever is to fear: 7a

Leave all the rest to me. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI. *Before Macbeth's Castle.*

*Hautboys and torches. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONAL-
BAIN, BANQUO, LENNOX, MACDUFF, ROSS, ANGUS, and
Attendants.*

Duncan. This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

Banquo. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve
By his lov'd mansionry that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here: no jutty, frieze,
Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird

Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle :
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observ'd
The air is delicate.

Enter LADY MACBETH.

Duncan. See, see, our honour'd hostess ! 10
The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you
How you shall bid God 'ield us for your pains
And thank us for your trouble.

Lady Macbeth. All our service
In every point twice done and then done double
Were poor and single business, to contend
Against those honours deep and broad wherewith
Your majesty loads our house : for those of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your hermits.

Duncan. Where 's the thane of Cawdor ? 20
We cours'd him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor ; but he rides well,
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him
To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to-night.

Lady Macbeth. Your servants ever
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt,
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.

Duncan. Give me your hand ;
Conduct me to mine host : we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him. 30
By your leave, hostess.

[*Excunt.*

SCENE VII. *Macbeth's Castle.*

Hautboys and torches. Enter a Sewer, and divers Servants with dishes and service, and pass over the stage. Then enter MACBETH.

Macbeth. If it were done when 't is done, then 't were well
It were done quickly : if the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch
With his surcease success ; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
We 'd jump the life to come. But in these cases
We still have judgment here ; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which being taught return
To plague the inventor : this even-handed justice 7c
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips. He 's here in double trust :
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed ; then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels trumpet-tongu'd against
The deep damnation of his taking-off ; 2c
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin, hors'd
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself
And falls on the other.

Enter LADY MACBETH.

How now! what news?

Lady Macbeth. He has almost supp'd: why have you left the chamber?

Macbeth. Hath he ask'd for me?

Lady Macbeth. Know you not he has? 30

Macbeth. We will proceed no further in this business: He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought Golden opinions from all sorts of people, Which would be worn now in their newest gloss, Not cast aside so soon.

Lady Macbeth. Was the hope drunk Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since? And wakes it now, to look so green and pale At what it did so freely? From this time Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid To be the same in thine own act and valour As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life, And live a coward in thine own esteem, Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,' Like the poor cat i' the adage? 40

Macbeth. Prithee, peace: I dare do all that may become a man; Who dares do more is none.

Lady Macbeth. What beast was 't then That made you break this enterprise to me? When you durst do it, then you were a man; And, to be more than what you were, you would Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place Did then adhere, and yet you would make both: They have made themselves, and that their fitness now Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know How tender 't is to love the babe that milks me: 50

I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as you
Have done to this.

Macbeth. If we should fail?

Lady Macbeth. We fail.

But screw your courage to the sticking-place, 60
And we 'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep—
Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him—his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassail so convince
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck only: when in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon 70
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?

Macbeth. Bring forth men-children only ;
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd,
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber and us'd their very daggers,
That they have done 't?

Lady Macbeth. Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
Upon his death?

Macbeth. I am settled, and bend up 80
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show :
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

[*Exeunt.*



SCONE.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Court of Macbeth's Castle.*

Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE bearing a torch before him.

Banquo. How goes the night, boy ?

Fleance. The moon is down, I have not heard the clock.

Banquo. And she goes down at twelve.

Fleance.

I take 't, 't is later, sir.

Banquo. Hold, take my sword.—There 's husbandry in
heaven ;

Their candles are all out.—Take thee that too.—

A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,

And yet I would not sleep. Merciful powers,

Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature

Gives way to in repose !—

Enter MACBETH, and a Servant with a torch.

Give me my sword.—

Who's there?

10

Macbeth. A friend.

Banquo. What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's abed :
He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
Sent forth great largess to your offices.
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind hostess ; and shut up
In measureless content.

Macbeth. Being unprepar'd,
Our will became the servant to defect,
Which else should free have wrought.

Banquo. All's well.
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters :
To you they have show'd some truth.

20

Macbeth. I think not of them :
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
We would spend it in some words upon that business,
If you would grant the time.

Banquo. At your kind'st leisure.

Macbeth. If you shall cleave to my consent, when 't is,
It shall make honour for you.

Banquo. So I lose none
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchis'd and allegiance clear,
I shall be counsell'd.

Macbeth. Good repose the while !

Banquo. Thanks, sir : the like to you !

30

[*Exeunt Banquo and Fleance.*

Macbeth. Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.— [*Exit Servant.*
Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand ?—Come, let me clutch thee.

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.

40

Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.—
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
Which was not so before.—There's no such thing:
It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep; witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings, and wither'd murther,
Alarum'd by his sentinel the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my whereabout,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it.—Whiles I threat he lives:
Words to the heat of deeds too cool breath gives.

50

60

[*A bell rings.*

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.—
Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven or to hell.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The Same.**Enter* LADY MACBETH.

Lady Macbeth. That which hath made them drunk hath
 made me bold ;
 What hath quench'd them hath given me fire.—Hark ! Peace !
 It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,
 Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it :
 The doors are open, and the surfeited grooms
 Do mock their charge with snores ; I have drugg'd their
 possets,
 That death and nature do contend about them,
 Whether they live or die.

Macbeth. [*Within*] Who 's there ? what, ho !

Lady Macbeth. Alack, I am afraid they have awak'd,
 And 't is not done. The attempt and not the deed 10
 Confounds us. Hark ! I laid their daggers ready ;
 He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled
 My father as he slept, I had done 't.—My husband !

Enter MACBETH.

Macbeth. I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a
 noise ?

Lady Macbeth. I heard the owl scream and the crickets
 cry.

Did not you speak ?

Macbeth. When ?

Lady Macbeth. Now.

Macbeth. As I descended ?

Lady Macbeth. Ay.

Macbeth. Hark !

Who lies i' the second chamber ?

Lady Macbeth. Donalbain.

Macbeth. This is a sorry sight. [*Looking on his hands.* 20

Lady Macbeth. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

Macbeth. There 's one did laugh in 's sleep, and one cried
'Murther!'

That they did wake each other: I stood and heard them:
But they did say their prayers, and address'd them
Again to sleep.

Lady Macbeth. There are two lodg'd together.

Macbeth. One cried 'God bless us!' and 'Amen' the other;
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands,
Listening their fear. I could not say 'Amen'
When they did say 'God bless us!'

Lady Macbeth. Consider it not so deeply.

30

Macbeth. But wherefore could not I pronounce 'Amen?'
I had most need of blessing, and 'Amen'
Stuck in my throat.

Lady Macbeth. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

Macbeth. Methought I heard a voice cry 'Sleep no more!
Macbeth does murther sleep'—the innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast,—

Lady Macbeth.

What do you mean?

40

Macbeth. Still it cried 'Sleep no more!' to all the house:
'Glamis hath murther'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more.'

Lady Macbeth. Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy
thane,

You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brainsickly of things. Go get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there: go carry them, and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macbeth. I 'll go no more : 50
 I am afraid to think what I have done ;
 Look on 't again I dare not.

Lady Macbeth. Infirm of purpose !
 Give me the daggers : the sleeping and the dead
 Are but as pictures ; 't is the eye of childhood
 That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
 I 'll gild the faces of the grooms withal ;
 For it must seem their guilt. [*Exit. Knocking within.*]

Macbeth. Whence is that knocking ?
 How is 't with me, when every noise appals me ?
 What hands are here ? Ha ! they pluck out mine eyes.
 Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood 60
 Clean from my hand ? No ; this my hand will rather
 The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
 Making the green one red.

Re-enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady Macbeth. My hands are of your colour ; but I shame
 To wear a heart so white. [*Knocking within.*] I hear a knocking
 At the south entry : retire we to our chamber.
 A little water clears us of this deed :
 How easy is it, then ! Your constancy
 Hath left you unattended. [*Knocking within.*] Hark ! more
 knocking.
 Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us 70
 And show us to be watchers. Be not lost
 So poorly in your thoughts.

Macbeth. 'To know my deed, 't were best not know myself.
 [*Knocking within.*]
 Wake Duncan with thy knocking ! I would thou couldst !
 [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The Same.**Enter a Porter. Knocking within.*

Porter. Here 's a knocking indeed ! If a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key. [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock, knock ! Who 's there, i' the name of Beelzebub ? Here 's a farmer, that hanged himself on th' expectation of plenty : come in time ; have napkins enow about you ; here you 'll sweat for 't. [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock ! Who 's there, in th' other devil's name ? Faith, here 's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale ; who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven : O, come in, equivocator. [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock, knock ! Who 's there ? Faith, here 's an English tailor come hither, for stealing out of a French hose : come in, tailor ; here you may roast your goose. [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock ; never at quiet ! What are you ? But this place is too cold for hell. I 'll devil-porter it no further : I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire.—[*Knocking within.*] Anon, anon ! I pray you, remember the porter. [*Opens the gate.*]

Enter MACDUFF and LENNOX.

Macduff. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed, 20
That you do lie so late ?

Porter. Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock.

Macduff. Is thy master stirring ?

Enter MACBETH.

Our knocking has awak'd him ; here he comes.

Lennox. Good morrow, noble sir.

Macbeth.

Good morrow, both.

Macduff. Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

Macbeth. Not yet.

Macduff. He did command me to call timely on him :
I have almost slipp'd the hour.

Macbeth. I 'll bring you to him.

Macduff. I know this is a joyful trouble to you ;
But yet 't is one.

30

Macbeth. The labour we delight in physics pain.
This is the door.

Macduff. I 'll make so bold to call,
For 't is my limited service. [*Exit.*

Lennox. Goes the king hence to day?

Macbeth. He does : he did appoint so.

Lennox. The night has been unruly ; where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down, and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i' the air, strange screams of death,
And prophesying with accents terrible
Of dire combustion and confus'd events
New hatch'd to the woeful time ; the obscure bird
Clamour'd the livelong night ; some say the earth
Was feverous and did shake.

40

Macbeth. 'T was a rough night.

Lennox. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macduff. O horror, horror, horror ! Tongue nor heart
Cannot conceive nor name thee !

Macbeth. }
Lennox. } What 's the matter ?

Macduff. Confusion now hath made his masterpiece.
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building.

Macbeth. What is 't you say ? the life ?

50

Lennox. Mean you his majesty?

Macduff. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new Gorgon. Do not bid me speak;
See, and then speak yourselves. [*Exeunt Macbeth and Lennox.*

Awake, awake!

Ring the alarum-bell.—Murther and treason!—
Banquo and Donalbain!—Malcolm! awake!
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself! up, up, and see
The great doom's image!—Malcolm! Banquo!
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites, 60
To countenance this horror. Ring the bell. [*Bell rings.*

Enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady Macbeth. What's the business,
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house? speak, speak!

Macduff. O gentle lady,
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak:
The repetition, in a woman's ear,
Would murther as it fell.—

Enter BANQUO.

O Banquo, Banquo!

Our royal master's murther'd.

Lady Macbeth. Woe, alas!
What, in our house?

Banquo. Too cruel any where.
Dear Duff, I prithee, contradict thyself,
And say it is not so. 71

Re-enter MACBETH and LENNOX.

Macbeth. Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I had liv'd a blessed time; for from this instant
There's nothing serious in mortality:

All is but toys : renown and grace is dead ;
 The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
 Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter MALCOLM and DONALBAIN.

Donalbain. What is amiss ?

Macbeth. You are, and do not know 't :
 The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
 Is stopp'd,—the very source of it is stopp'd. 80

Macduff. Your royal father's murther'd.

Malcolm. O, by whom ?

Lennox. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done 't.
 Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood ;
 So were their daggers, which unwip'd we found
 Upon their pillows :
 They star'd, and were distracted ; no man's life
 Was to be trusted with them.

Macbeth. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
 That I did kill them.

Macduff. Wherefore did you so ?

Macbeth. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate and furious,
 Loyal and neutral, in a moment ? No man : 90
 The expedition of my violent love
 Outrun the pauser reason. Here lay Duncan,
 His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood,
 And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature
 For ruin's wasteful entrance ; there, the murtherers,
 Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
 Unmannerly breech'd with gore : who could refrain,
 That had a heart to love, and in that heart
 Courage to make's love known ?

Lady Macbeth.

Help me hence, ho ! 100

Macduff. Look to the lady.

Malcolm. [*Aside to Donalbain*] Why do we hold our tongues,

That most may claim this argument for ours?

Donalbain. [*Aside to Malcolm*] What should be spoken here, where our fate,

Hid in an auger-hole, may rush, and seize us?

Let's away;

Our tears are not yet brew'd.

Malcolm. [*Aside to Donalbain*] Nor our strong sorrow Upon the foot of motion.

Banquo.

Look to the lady:—

[*Lady Macbeth is carried out.*]

And when we have our naked frailties hid,

That suffer in exposure, let us meet,

And question this most bloody piece of work,

110

To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us:

In the great hand of God I stand, and thence

Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight

Of treasonous malice.

Macduff.

And so do I.

All.

So all.

Macbeth. Let's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet it in the hall together.

All.

Well contented.

[*Exeunt all but Malcolm and Donalbain.*]

Malcolm. What will you do? Let's not consort with them:
To show an unfelt sorrow is an office
Which the false man does easy. I'll to England.

Donalbain. To Ireland, I: our separated fortune
Shall keep us both the safer; where we are,
There's daggers in men's smiles: the near in blood,
The nearer bloody.

120

Malcolm. This murderous shaft that's shot
Hath not yet lighted, and our safest way
Is to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse;

And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
 But shift away : there 's warrant in that theft
 Which steals itself when there 's no mercy left. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Without the Castle.*

Enter Ross and an old Man.

Old Man. Threescore and ten I can remember well :
 Within the volume of which time I have seen
 Hours dreadful and things strange ; but this sore night
 Hath trifled former knowings.

Ross. Ah, good father,
 Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with man's act,
 Threaten his bloody stage : by the clock 't is day,
 And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp.
 Is 't night's predominance, or the day's shame,
 That darkness does the face of earth entomb,
 When living light should kiss it?

Old Man. 'T is unnatural, 10
 Even like the deed that 's done. On Tuesday last,
 A falcon, towering in her pride of place,
 Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd.

Ross. And Duncan's horses — a thing most strange and
 certain—
 Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
 Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
 Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would make
 War with mankind.

Old Man. 'T is said they eat each other.

Ross. They did so, to the amazement of mine eyes
 That look'd upon 't. Here comes the good Macduff. — 20

Enter MACDUFF.

How goes the world, sir, now?

Macduff. Why, see you not?

Ross. Is 't known who did this more than bloody deed?

Macduff. Those that Macbeth hath slain.

Ross. Alas, the day!

What good could they pretend?

Macduff. They were suborn'd :

Malcolm and Donalbain, the king's two sons,
Are stolen away and fled, which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.

Ross. 'Gainst nature still :

Thriftless ambition, that wilt ravin up
Thine own life's means ! Then 't is most like
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

30

Macduff. He is already nam'd, and gone to Scone
To be invested.

Ross. Where is Duncan's body?

Macduff. Carried to Colme-kill,
The sacred storehouse of his predecessors
And guardian of their bones.

Ross. Will you to Scone?

Macduff. No, cousin, I 'll to Fife.

Ross. Well, I will thither.

Macduff. Well, may you see things well done there : adieu !
Lest our old robes sit easier than our new !

Ross. Farewell, father.

Old Man. God's benison go with you, and with those 40
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes !

[*Exeunt.*





FORRES.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Forres. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter BANQUO.

Banquo. Thou hast it now, king, Cawdor, Glamis, all,—
As the weird women promis'd, and I fear
Thou play'dst most foully for 't. Yet it was said
It should not stand in thy posterity,
But that myself should be the root and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from them—
As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine—
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well
And set me up in hope? But hush! no more.

Sennet sounded. Enter MACBETH, as king; LADY MACBETH, as queen; LENNOX, ROSS, Lords, Ladies, and Attendants.

Macbeth. Here's our chief guest.

Lady Macbeth. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all-thing unbecoming.

Macbeth. To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And I'll request your presence.

Banquo. Let your highness
Command upon me, to the which my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit.

Macbeth. Ride you this afternoon?

Banquo. Ay, my good lord. 19

Macbeth. We should have else desir'd your good advice,
Which still hath been both grave and prosperous,
In this day's council; but we'll take to-morrow.
Is't far you ride?

Banquo. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper: go not my horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the night
For a dark hour or twain.

Macbeth. Fail not our feast.

Banquo. My lord, I will not.

Macbeth. We hear our bloody cousins are bestow'd
In England and in Ireland, not confessing 30
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention: but of that to-morrow,
When therewithal we shall have cause of state
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse: adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?

Banquo. Ay, my good lord: our time does call upon's.

Macbeth. I wish your horses swift and sure of foot;
And so I do commend you to their backs.

Farewell.—

[*Exit Banquo.*

Let every man be master of his time

40

Till seven at night. To make society

The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself

Till supper-time alone : while then, God be with you !

[*Exeunt all but Macbeth and an Attendant.*

Sirrah, a word with you : attend those men

Our pleasure ?

Attendant. They are, my lord, without the palace gate.

Macbeth. Bring them before us.— [*Exit Attendant.*

To be thus is nothing ;

But to be safely thus. Our fears in Banquo

Stick deep ; and in his royalty of nature

Reigns that which would be fear'd : 't is much he dares, 50

And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,

He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour

To act in safety. There is none but he

Whose being I do fear : and under him

My Genius is rebuk'd, as it is said

Mark Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the sisters,

When first they put the name of king upon me,

And bade them speak to him ; then prophet-like

They hail'd him father to a line of kings.

Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,

60

And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,

Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,

No son of mine succeeding. If 't be so,

For Banquo's issue have I fil'd my mind ;

For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd ;

Put rancours in the vessel of my peace

Only for them ; and mine eternal jewel

Given to the common enemy of man,

To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings !

Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,

70

And champion me to the utterance !—Who 's there ?—

Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers.

Now go to the door, and stay there till we call.—

[Exit Attendant.]

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

First Murderer. It was, so please your highness.

Macbeth.

Well then, now

Have you consider'd of my speeches? Know
That it was he in the times past which held you
So under fortune, which you thought had been
Our innocent self. This I made good to you
In our last conference, pass'd in probation with you, 70
How you were borne in hand, how cross'd, the instruments,
Who wrought with them, and all things else that might
To half a soul and to a notion craz'd
Say 'Thus did Banquo.'

First Murderer. You made it known to us.

Macbeth. I did so, and went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting. Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your nature
That you can let this go? Are you so gospell'd
To pray for this good man and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave
And beggar'd yours for ever?

First Murderer. We are men, my liege. 90

Macbeth. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men,
As hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are cleft
All by the name of dogs: the valued file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The housekeeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him clos'd; whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill
That writes them all alike: and so of men.

Now if you have a station in the file,
 Not i' the worst rank of manhood, say 't,
 And I will put that business in your bosoms,
 Whose execution takes your enemy off,
 Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
 Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
 Which in his death were perfect.

Second Murderer. I am one, my liege,
 Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
 Have so incens'd that I am reckless what
 I do to spite the world.

First Murderer. And I another
 So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,
 That I would set my life on any chance,
 To mend it or be rid on 't.

116

Macbeth. Both of you
 Know Banquo was your enemy.

Both Murderers. True, my lord.

Macbeth. So is he mine, and in such bloody distance
 That every minute of his being thrusts
 Against my near'st of life : and though I could
 With barefac'd power sweep him from my sight
 And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not,
 For certain friends that are both his and mine,
 Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall
 Who I myself struck down : and thence it is,
 That I to your assistance do make love,
 Masking the business from the common eye
 For sundry weighty reasons.

120

Second Murderer. We shall, my lord,
 Perform what you command us.

First Murderer. Though our lives—

Macbeth. Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour
 at most

I will advise you where to plant yourselves,

Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,
 The moment on 't; for 't must be done to-night,
 And something from the palace; always thought
 That I require a clearness: and with him—
 To leave no rubs nor botches in the work—
 Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
 Whose absence is no less material to me
 Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
 Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart:
 I'll come to you anon.

Both Murderers. We are resolv'd, my lord.

Macbeth. I'll call upon you straight: abide within.

[*Exeunt Murderers.*

It is concluded: Banquo, thy soul's flight,
 If it find heaven, must find it out to-night.

130

[*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The Same. Another Room.*

Enter LADY MACBETH *and a Servant.*

Lady Macbeth. Is Banquo gone from court?

Servant. Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.

Lady Macbeth. Say to the king, I would attend his leisure
 For a few words.

Servant. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

Lady Macbeth. Nought's had, all's spent,
 Where our desire is got without content:
 'Tis safer to be that which we destroy
 Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter MACBETH.

How now, my lord! why do you keep alone,
 Of sorriest fancies your companions making,
 Using those thoughts which should indeed have died
 With them they think on? Things without all remedy
 Should be without regard: what's done is done.

10

Macbeth. We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it :
 She 'll close and be herself, whilst our poor malice
 Remains in danger of her former tooth.
 But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer,
 Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
 In the affliction of these terrible dreams
 That shake us nightly ; better be with the dead,
 Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace,
 Than on the torture of the mind to lie
 In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave ;
 After life's fitful fever he sleeps well ;
 Treason has done his worst : nor steel, nor poison,
 Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
 Can touch him further.

26

Lady Macbeth. Come on ;
 Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks ;
 Be bright and jovial among your guests to-night.

Macbeth. So shall I, love ; and so, I pray, be you :
 Let your remembrance apply to Banquo ;
 Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue :
 Unsafe the while that we
 Must lave our honours in these flattering streams,
 And make our faces visards to our hearts,
 Disguising what they are.

30

Lady Macbeth. You must leave this.

Macbeth. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife !
 Thou know'st that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.

Lady Macbeth. But in them nature's copy's not eterne.

Macbeth. There's comfort yet ; they are assailable ;
 Then be thou jocund. Ere the bat hath flown
 His cloister'd flight, ere to black Hecate's summons
 The shard-borne beetle with his drowsy hums
 Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
 A deed of dreadful note.

43

Lady Macbeth. What's to be done ?

Macbeth. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,

Till thou applaud the deed.—Come, seeling night,
 Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,
 And with thy bloody and invisible hand
 Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
 Which keeps me pale!—Light thickens, and the crow 50
 Makes wing to the rooky wood :
 Good things of day begin to droop and drowse ;
 Whiles night's black agents to their preys do rouse.
 Thou marvell'st at my words ; but hold thee still :
 Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill.
 So, prithee, go with me. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. *A Park near the Palace.**Enter three Murderers.**First Murderer.* But who did bid thee join with us ?*Third Murderer.* Macbeth.*Second Murderer.* He needs not our mistrust, since he delivers

Our offices and what we have to do
 To the direction just.

First Murderer. Then stand with us.

The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day :
 Now spurs the lated traveller apace
 To gain the timely inn, and near approaches
 The subject of our watch.

Third Murderer. Hark ! I hear horses.*Banquo.* [Within] Give us a light there, ho !*Second Murderer.* Then 't is he : the rest

That are within the note of expectation 10
 Already are i' the court.

First Murderer. His horses go about.

Third Murderer. Almost a mile : but he does usually,
 So all men do, from hence to the palace gate
 Make it their walk.

Second Murderer. A light, a light !

Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE with a Torch.

Third Murderer.

'T is he.

First Murderer. Stand to 't.

Banquo. It will be rain to-night.

First Murderer.

Let it come down.

[*They set upon Banquo.*

Banquo. O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly!
Thou mayst revenge.—O slave! [*Dies. Fleance escapes.*

Third Murderer. Who did strike out the light?

First Murderer.

Was't not the way?

Third Murderer. There's but one down; the son is fled.

Second Murderer.

We have lost

Best half of our affair.

21

First Murderer. Well, let's away and say how much is
done. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Hall in the Palace.*

*A Banquet prepared. Enter MACBETH, LADY MACBETH,
ROSS, LENNOX, Lords, and Attendants.*

Macbeth. You know your own degrees; sit down: at first
And last the hearty welcome.

Lords.

Thanks to your majesty.

Macbeth. Ourself will mingle with society
And play the humble host.

Our hostess keeps her state, but in best time

We will require her welcome.

Lady Macbeth. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends;
For my heart speaks they are welcome.

First Murderer appears at the door.

Macbeth. See, they encounter thee with their hearts'
thanks.—

Both sides are even: here I'll sit i' the midst.

20

Be large in mirth ; anon we 'll drink a measure
 'The table round.—[*Approaching the door*] There 's blood
 upon thy face.

Murderer. 'T is Banquo's then.

Macbeth. 'T is better thee without than he within.

Is he dispatch'd ?

Murderer. My lord, his throat is cut ; that I did for
 him.

Macbeth. Thou art the best o' the cut-throats : yet he 's
 good

That did the like for Fleance : if thou didst it,
 Thou art the nonpareil.

Murderer. Most royal sir,
 Fleance is scap'd.

20

Macbeth. [*Aside*] Then comes my fit again : I had else
 been perfect,

Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,
 As broad and general as the casing air ;
 But now I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in
 To saucy doubts and fears.—But Banquo 's safe ?

Murderer. Ay, my good lord : safe in a ditch he bides,
 With twenty trenched gashes on his head,
 The least a death to nature.

Macbeth. Thanks for that.

[*Aside*] There the grown serpent lies ; the worm that 's fled
 Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
 No teeth for the present.—Get thee gone : to-morrow
 We 'll hear ourselves again.

30

[*Exit Murderer.*

Lady Macbeth. My royal lord,
 You do not give the cheer ; the feast is sold
 That is not often vouch'd, while 't is a-making,
 'T is given with welcome : to feed were best at home ;
 From thence the sauce to meat is ceremony ;
 Meeting were bare without it.

Macbeth. Sweet remembrancer !

Now good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!

Lennox. May 't please your highness sit.

[*The Ghost of Banquo enters, and sits in Macbeth's place.*]

Macbeth. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,
Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present; 41
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness
Than pity for mischance!

Ross. His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please 't your highness
To grace us with your royal company.

Macbeth. The table's full.

Lennox. Here is a place reserv'd, sir.

Macbeth. Where?

Lennox. Here, my good lord. What is 't that moves your
highness?

Macbeth. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good lord?

Macbeth. Thou canst not say I did it: never shake 50
Thy gory locks at me.

Ross. Gentlemen, rise: his highness is not well.

Lady Macbeth. Sit, worthy friends, my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth: pray you, keep seat;
The fit is momentary; upon a thought
He will again be well. If much you note him,
You shall offend him and extend his passion;
Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man?

Macbeth. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.

Lady Macbeth. O proper stuff! 60
This is the very painting of your fear:
This is the air-drawn dagger which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws and starts,
Impostors to true fear, would well become
A woman's story at a winter's fire,

Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all 's done,
You look but on a stool.

Macbeth. Prithee, see there! behold! look! lo! how say
you?—

Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.— 70

If charnel-houses and our graves must send

Those that we bury back, our monuments

Shall be the maws of kites. [*Ghost vanishes.*]

Lady Macbeth. What, quite unmann'd in folly?

Macbeth. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady Macbeth. Fie, for shame!

Macbeth. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden time,
Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal;
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd
Too terrible for the ear: the time has been,
That when the brains were out the man would die,
And there an end; but now they rise again, 80
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools. This is more strange
Than such a murder is.

Lady Macbeth. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.

Macbeth. I do forget.—
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends;
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all;
Then I'll sit down.—Give me some wine, fill full.—
I drink to the general joy o' the whole table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss; 90
Would he were here! to all and him we thirst,
And all to all.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Re-enter Ghost.

Macbeth. Avaunt! and quit my sight! let the earth hide thee!

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with.

Lady Macbeth. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom: 't is no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macbeth. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear, 100
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger;
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: or be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If trembling I inhabit then, protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence! [*Ghost vanishes.*]

Why, so: being gone,
I am a man again.—Pray you, sit still.

Lady Macbeth. You have displac'd the mirth, broke the
good meeting,
With most admir'd disorder.

Macbeth. Can such things be, 110
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder? You make me strange
Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine is blanch'd with fear.

Ross. What sights, my lord?

Lady Macbeth. I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and
worse;
Question enrages him. At once, good night:

Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

Lennox. Good night; and better health
Attend his majesty!

120

Lady Macbeth. A kind good night to all!

[*Exeunt all but Macbeth and Lady Macbeth.*]

Macbeth. It will have blood, they say; blood will have
blood:

Stones have been known to move and trees to speak;
Augurs and understood relations have
By magot-pies and choughs and rooks brought forth
The secret'st man of blood.—What is the night?

Lady Macbeth. Almost at odds with morning, which is
which.

Macbeth. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person
At our great bidding?

Lady Macbeth. Did you send to him, sir?

Macbeth. I hear it by the way, but I will send: 130
There's not a one of them but in his house
I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow,
And betimes I will, to the weird sisters:
More shall they speak, for now I am bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst. For mine own good
All causes shall give way: I am in blood
Stepp'd in so far that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er.
Strange things I have in head that will to hand,
Which must be acted ere they may be scann'd. 140

Lady Macbeth. You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

Macbeth. Come, we'll to sleep. My strange and self-abuse
Is the initiate fear that wants hard use:
We are yet but young in deed. [Exeunt.

SCENE V. *A Heath.*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting HECATE.

First Witch. Why, how now, Hecate ! you look angrily.

Hecate. Have I not reason, beldams as you are,
Saucy and overbold ? How did you dare
To trade and traffic with Macbeth
In riddles and affairs of death ;
And I, the mistress of your charms,
The close contriver of all harms,
Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or show the glory of our art ?
And, which is worse, all you have done 10
Hath been but for a wayward son,
Spiteful and wrathful ; who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.
But make amends now : get you gone,
And at the pit of Acheron
Meet me i' the morning : thither he
Will come to know his destiny.
Your vessels and your spells provide,
Your charms and every thing beside.
I am for the air ; this night I 'll spend 20
Unto a dismal and a fatal end :
Great business must be wrought ere noon.
Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vaporous drop profound ;
I 'll catch it ere it come to ground :
And that, distill'd by magic sleights,
Shall raise such artificial sprites
As by the strength of their illusion
Shall draw him on to his confusion.
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear 30
His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear :

And you all know security
Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

[*Music and a song within: 'Come away, come away,' etc.*
Hark! I am call'd; my little spirit, see,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. [*Exit.*

First Witch. Come, let's make haste; she'll soon be back
again. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Ferres. The Palace.*

Enter LENNOX and another Lord.

Lennox. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,
Which can interpret farther: only I say
Things have been strangely borne. The gracious Duncan
Was pitied of Macbeth:—marry, he was dead;
And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late;
Whom, you may say, if 't please you, Fleance kill'd,
For Fleance fled: men must not walk too late.
Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous
It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain
To kill their gracious father? damned fact!
How it did grieve Macbeth! did he not straight
In pious rage the two delinquents tear,
That were the slaves of drink and thralls of sleep?
Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too;
For 't would have anger'd any heart alive
To hear the men deny't. So that, I say,
He has borne all things well: and I do think
That had he Duncan's sons under his key—
As, an't please heaven, he shall not—they should find
What 't were to kill a father; so should Fleance.
But, peace! for from broad words, and 'cause he fail'd
His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear
Macduff lives in disgrace. Sir, can you tell
Where he bestows himself?

10

20

Lord. The son of Duncan,
 From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,
 Lives in the English court, and is receiv'd
 Of the most pious Edward with such grace
 That the malevolence of fortune nothing
 Takes from his high respect. Thither Macduff
 Is gone to pray the holy king, upon his aid 35
 To wake Northumberland and warlike Siward;
 That by help of these, with Him above
 'To ratify the work, we may again
 Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights,
 Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives,
 Do faithful homage and receive free honours;
 All which we pine for now. And this report
 Hath so exasperate the king that he
 Prepares for some attempt of war.

Lennox. Sent he to Macduff

Lord. He did: and with an absolute 'Sir, not I,' 40
 The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
 And hums, as who should say 'You'll rue the time
 That clogs me with this answer.'

Lennox. And that well might
 Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance
 His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
 Fly to the court of England and unfold
 His message ere he come, that a swift blessing
 May soon return to this our suffering country
 Under a hand accurs'd!

Lord. I'll send my prayers with him!
[Exeunt.]





THE DUNSINANE RANGE.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A Cavern. In the Middle, a Boiling Cauldron.*
Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

First Witch. Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.

Second Witch. Thrice and once the hedge-pig whin'd.

Third Witch. Harpier cries,—'t is time, 't is time.

First Witch. Round about the cauldron go ;

In the poison'd entrails throw.

Toad, that under cold stone

Days and nights has thirty-one

Swelter'd venom sleeping got,

Boil thou first i' the charmed pot.

All. Double, double toil and trouble ;

Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

Second Witch. Fillet of a fenny snake,
 In the cauldron boil and bake ;
 Eye of newt and toe of frog,
 Wool of bat and tongue of dog,
 Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting,
 Lizard's leg and howlet's wing,
 For a charm of powerful trouble,
 Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

All. Double, double toil and trouble ;
 Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

30

Third Witch. Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
 Witches' mummy, maw and gulf
 Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark,
 Root of hemlock digg'd i' the dark,
 Liver of blaspheming Jew,
 Gall of goat, and slips of yew
 Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse,
 Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips,
 Finger of birth-strangled babe
 Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
 Make the gruel thick and slab :
 Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,
 For the ingredients of our cauldron.

30

All. Double, double toil and trouble ;
 Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

Second Witch. Cool it with a baboon's blood,
 Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter HECATE.

Hecate. O, well done ! I commend your pains ;
 And every one shall share i' the gains :
 And now about the cauldron sing,
 Like elves and fairies in a ring,
 Enchanting all that you put in.

40

[*Music and a song: 'Black spirits,' etc. Hecate retires.*]

Second Witch. By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes.

Open, locks,
Whoever knocks !

Enter MACBETH.

Macbeth. How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags !
What is 't you do ?

All. A deed without a name.

Macbeth. I conjure you, by that which you profess, 50
Howe'er you come to know it, answer me :

Though you untie the winds and let them fight
Against the churches ; though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up ;

Though bladed corn be lodg'd and trees blown down ;

Though castles topple on their warders' heads ;

Though palaces and pyramids do slope

Their heads to their foundations ; though the treasure

Of nature's germens tumble all together,

Even till destruction sicken ; answer me 60

To what I ask you.

First Witch. Speak.

Second Witch. Demand.

Third Witch. We'll answer.

First Witch. Say, if thou 'dst rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our masters.

Macbeth. Call 'em ; let me see 'em.

First Witch. Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow ; grease that 's sweaten
From the murtherer's gibbet throw
Into the flame.

All. Come, high or low ;
Thyself and office deftly show !

Thunder. First Apparition : an armed Head.

Macbeth. Tell me, thou unknown power,—

First Witch. He knows thy thought :

Hear his speech, but say thou nought. 70

First Apparition. Macbeth ! Macbeth ! Macbeth ! beware
Macduff ;

Beware the thane of Fife. Dismiss me : enough. [*Descends.*

Macbeth. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution thanks ;
Thou hast harp'd my fear aright : but one word more,—

First Witch. He will not be commanded : here 's another,
More potent than the first.

Thunder. Second Apparition : a bloody Child.

Second Apparition. Macbeth ! Macbeth ! Macbeth !

Macbeth. Had I three ears, I 'd hear thee.

Second Apparition. Be bloody, bold, and resolute ; laugh
to scorn

The power of man, for none of woman born 80

Shall harm Macbeth. [*Descends.*

Macbeth. Then live, Macduff : what need I fear of thee ?

But yet I 'll make assurance double sure,

And take a bond of fate : thou shalt not live ;

That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,

And sleep in spite of thunder.

*Thunder. Third Apparition : a Child crowned, with a tree
in his hand.*

What is this,

That rises like the issue of a king,

And wears upon his baby brow the round

And top of sovereignty ?

All. Listen, but speak not to 't.

Third Apparition. Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are : 91

Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him.

[*Descends.*

Macbeth. That will never be :
Who can impress the forest, bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bodements ! good !
Rebellion's head, rise never, till the wood
Of Birnam rise, and our high-plac'd Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time and mortal custom. Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing : tell me,—if your art
Can tell so much,—shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom ?

100

All. Seek to know no more.

Macbeth. I will be satisfied : deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you ! Let me know—
Why sinks that cauldron ? and what noise is this ?

[*Hautboys.*

First Witch. Show !

Second Witch. Show !

Third Witch. Show !

All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart ;
Come like shadows, so depart !

110

*A show of eight Kings, the last with a glass in his hand ;
Banquo's Ghost following.*

Macbeth. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo ; down !
Thy crown does sear mine eyeballs.—And thy hair,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first.—
A third is like the former.—Filthy hags !
Why do you show me this ?—A fourth !—Start, eyes !—
What, will the line stretch out to the crack of doom ?—
Another yet !—A seventh !—I'll see no more :—
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass
Which shows me many more ; and some I see

120

That twofold balls and treble sceptres carry :
 Horrible sight !—Now I see 't is true ;
 For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,
 And points at them for his.— [*Apparitions vanish.*]

What, is this so ?

First Witch. Ay, sir, all this is so : but why
 Stands Macbeth thus amazedly ?
 Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprights,
 And show the best of our delights :
 I'll charm the air to give a sound,
 While you perform your antic round,
 That this great king may kindly say,
 Our duties did his welcome pay.

130

[*Music. The Witches dance, and then vanish, with Hecate.*]

Macbeth. Where are they? Gone? Let this pernicious
 hour
 Stand aye accursed in the calendar !—
 Come in, without there !

Enter LENNOX.

Lennox. What's your grace's will ?

Macbeth. Saw you the weird sisters ?

Lennox. No, my lord.

Macbeth. Came they not by you ?

Lennox. No indeed, my lord.

Macbeth. Infected be the air whereon they ride ;
 And damn'd all those that trust them !—I did hear
 The galloping of horse : who was 't came by ?

140

Lennox. 'T is two or three, my lord, that bring you word
 Macduff is fled to England.

Macbeth. Fled to England !

Lennox. Ay, my good lord.

Macbeth. [*Aside*] Time, thou anticipat'st my dread ex-
 ploits :

The flighty purpose never is o'ertook

Unless the deed go with it. From this moment
 The very firstlings of my heart shall be
 The firstlings of my hand. And even now,
 To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done :
 The castle of Macduff I will surprise, 150
 Seize upon Fife, give to the edge o' the sword
 His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
 That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool ;
 This deed I'll do before this purpose cool.
 But no more sights !—Where are these gentlemen ?
 Come, bring me where they are. [*Excunt.*

SCENE II. *Fife. A Room in Macduff's Castle.*

Enter LADY MACDUFF, her Son, and Ross.

Lady Macduff. What had he done, to make him fly the
 land ?

Ross. You must have patience, madam.

Lady Macduff. He had none ;

His flight was madness : when our actions do not,
 Our fears do make us traitors.

Ross. You know not
 Whether it was his wisdom or his fear.

Lady Macduff. Wisdom ! to leave his wife, to leave his
 babes,

His mansion and his titles, in a place
 From whence himself does fly ? He loves us not ;
 He wants the natural touch : for the poor wren,
 The most diminutive of birds, will fight, 10
 Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
 All is the fear, and nothing is the love ;
 As little is the wisdom, where the flight
 So runs against all reason.

Ross. My dearest coz,
 I pray you, school yourself : but for your husband,

He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
 The fits o' the season. I dare not speak much further ;
 But cruel are the times, when we are traitors
 And do not know ourselves ; when we hold rumour
 From what we fear, yet know not what we fear, 20
 But float upon a wild and violent sea
 Each way and move. I take my leave of you ;
 Shall not be long but I 'll be here again.
 Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
 To what they were before. My pretty cousin,
 Blessing upon you !

Lady Macduff. Father'd he is, and yet he 's fatherless.

Ross. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,
 It would be my disgrace and your discomfort :
 I take my leave at once. [Exit.

Lady Macduff. Sirrah, your father 's dead : 30
 And what will you do now ? How will you live ?

Son. As birds do, mother.

Lady Macduff. What, with worms and flies ?

Son. With what I get, I mean ; and so do they.

Lady Macduff. Poor bird ! thou 'dst never fear the net nor
 lime,
 The pitfall nor the gin.

Son. Why should I, mother ? Poor birds they are not set
 for.

My father is not dead, for all your saying.

Lady Macduff. Yes, he is dead : how wilt thou do for a
 father ?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband ?

Lady Macduff. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

Son. Then you 'll buy 'em to sell again. 41

Lady Macduff. Thou speak'st with all thy wit, and yet, i'
 faith,

With wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother ?

Lady Macduff. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor?

Lady Macduff. Why, one that swears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors that do so?

Lady Macduff. Every one that does so is a traitor, and must be hanged. 50

Son. And must they all be hanged that swear and lie?

Lady Macduff. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them?

Lady Macduff. Why, the honest men.

Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools, for there are liars and swearers enow to beat the honest men and hang up them.

Lady Macduff. Now, God help thee, poor monkey! But how wilt thou do for a father? 59

Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him: if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.

Lady Macduff. Poor prattler, how thou talk'st!

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known,
Though in your state of honour I am perfect.
I doubt some danger does approach you nearly:
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.
To fright you thus, methinks I am too savage;
To do worse to you were fell cruelty, 70
Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you!
I dare abide no longer. [Exit.

Lady Macduff. Whither should I fly?
I have done no harm. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world, where to do harm
Is often laudable, to do good sometime
Accounted dangerous folly: why then, alas,

Do I put up that womanly defence,
To say I have done no harm?—

Enter Murderers.

What are these faces?

First Murderer. Where is your husband?

Lady Macduff. I hope, in no place so unsanctified 80
Where such as thou mayst find him.

First Murderer. He 's a traitor.

Son. Thou liest, thou shag-hair'd villain!

First Murderer. What, you egg!
[*Stabbing him.*]

Young fry of treachery!

Son. He has kill'd me, mother:

Run away, I pray you! [*Dies.*]

[*Exit Lady Macduff, crying 'Murther!'*]

Exeunt Murderers, following her.

SCENE III. *England. Before the King's Palace.*

Enter MALCOLM and MACDUFF.

Malcolm. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.

Macduff. Let us rather

Hold fast the mortal sword, and like good men
Bestride our down-fallen birthdom. Each new morn
New widows howl, new orphans cry, new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland and yell'd out
Like syllable of dolour.

Malcolm. What I believe, I 'll wail;

What know, believe; and what I can redress,

As I shall find the time to friend, I will. 10

What you have spoke, it may be so perchance.

This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,

Was once thought honest : you have lov'd him well ;
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young ; but something
You may deserve of him through me, and wisdom
To offer up a weak poor innocent lamb
To appease an angry god.

Macduff. I am not treacherous.

Malcolm. But Macbeth is.

A good and virtuous nature may recoil
In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your pardon ; 20
That which you are my thoughts cannot transpose ;
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell ;
Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,
Yet grace must still look so.

Macduff. I have lost my hopes.

Malcolm. Perchance even there where I did find my
doubts.

Why in that rawness left you wife and child,
Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,
Without leave-taking ? I pray you,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
But mine own safeties : you may be rightly just, 30
Whatever I shall think.

Macduff. Bleed, bleed, poor country !
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dare not check thee ! wear thou thy wrongs ;
The title is affeer'd !—Fare thee well, lord :
I would not be the villain that thou think'st
For the whole space that 's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich East to boot.

Malcolm. Be not offended :
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think our country sinks beneath the yoke ;
It weeps, it bleeds, and each new day a gash 40
Is added to her wounds : I think withal
There would be hands uplifted in my right ;

And here from gracious England have I offer
Of goodly thousands ; but for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before,
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.

Macduff.

What should he be ?

Malcolm. It is myself I mean ; in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted
That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow, and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compar'd
With my confineless harms.

50

Macduff.

Not in the legions
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd
In evils to top Macbeth.

Malcolm.

I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name ; but there 's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness : your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons and your maids, could not fill up
The cistern of my lust, and my desire
All continent impediments would o'erbear
That did oppose my will. Better Macbeth
Than such an one to reign.

60

Macduff.

Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny ; it hath been
The untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours ; you may
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hoodwink.
We have willing dames enough ; there cannot be

70

That vulture in you, to devour so many
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclin'd.

Malcolm. With this there grows
In my most ill-compos'd affection such
A stanchless avarice that, were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands,
Desire his jewels and this other's house ;
And my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more, that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.

80

Macduff. This avarice
Sticks deeper, grows with more pernicious root
Than summer-seeming lust, and it hath been
The sword of our slain kings : yet do not fear ;
Scotland hath foisons to fill up your will,
Of your mere own. All these are portable,
With other graces weigh'd.

90

Malcolm. But I have none : the king-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them, but abound
In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Macduff. O Scotland, Scotland !

100

Malcolm. If such a one be fit to govern, speak :
I am as I have spoken.

Macduff. Fit to govern !
No, not to live.—O nation miserable !
With an untitled tyrant bloody-scepter'd,

When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,
 Since that the truest issue of thy throne
 By his own interdiction stands accurs'd,
 And does blaspheme his breed?—Thy royal father
 Was a most sainted king: the queen that bore thee,
 Oftener upon her knees than on her feet, 110
 Died every day she liv'd.—Fare thee well!
 These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself
 Have banish'd me from Scotland.—O my breast,
 Thy hope ends here!

Malcolm. Macduff, this noble passion,
 Child of integrity, hath from my soul
 Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
 To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth
 By many of these trains hath sought to win me
 Into his power, and modest wisdom plucks me
 From over-credulous haste: but God above 120
 Deal between thee and me! for even now
 I put myself to thy direction, and
 Unspeak mine own detraction, here abjure
 The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
 For strangers to my nature. I am yet
 Unknown to woman, never was forsworn,
 Scarcely have coveted what was mine own,
 At no time broke my faith, would not betray
 The devil to his fellow, and delight
 No less in truth than life: my first false speaking 130
 Was this upon myself. What I am truly,
 Is thine and my poor country's to command;
 Whither indeed, before thy here-approach,
 Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
 Already at a point, was setting forth.
 Now we'll together, and the chance of gooduess
 Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you silent?

Macduff. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once
 'T is hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Malcolm. Well, more anon.—Comes the king forth, I pray you? 140

Doctor. Ay, sir ; there are a crew of wretched souls
That stay his cure : their malady convinces
The great assay of art ; but at his touch,
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,
They presently amend.

Malcolm. I thank you, doctor. [*Exit Doctor.*]

Macduff. What 's the disease he means ?

Malcolm. 'T is call'd the evil :

A most miraculous work in this good king ;
Which often, since my here-remain in England,
I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,
Himself best knows : but strangely-visited people, 150
All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures,
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers ; and 't is spoken,
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy,
And sundry blessings hang about his throne
That speak him full of grace.

Enter Ross.

Macduff. See, who comes here ?

Malcolm. My countryman ; but yet I know him not. 160

Macduff. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

Malcolm. I know him now. Good God, betimes remove
The means that makes us strangers !

Ross. Sir, amen.

Macduff. Stands Scotland where it did ?

Ross. Alas, poor country !
Almost afraid to know itself. It cannot

Be call'd our mother, but our grave ; where nothing,
 But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile ;
 Where sighs and groans and shrieks that rent the air
 Are made, not mark'd ; where violent sorrow seems
 A modern ecstasy : the dead man's knell
 Is there scarce ask'd for who ; and good men's lives
 Expire before the flowers in their caps,
 Dying or ere they sicken.

170

Macduff. O, relation

Too nice, and yet too true !

Malcolm. What 's the newest grief ?

Ross. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker ;
 Each minute teems a new one.

Macduff. How does my wife ?

Ross. Why, well.

Macduff. And all my children ?

Ross. Well too.

Macduff. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace ?

Ross. No ; they were well at peace when I did leave 'em.

Macduff. Be not a niggard of your speech : how goes 't ?

Ross. When I came hither to transport the tidings, 181
 Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
 Of many worthy fellows that were out ;
 Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,
 For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot.
 Now is the time of help ; your eye in Scotland
 Would create soldiers, make our women fight,
 To doff their dire distresses.

Malcolm. Be 't their comfort

We are coming thither : gracious England hath
 Lent us good Siward and ten thousand men ;
 An older and a better soldier none
 That Christendom gives out.

190

Ross. Would I could answer

This comfort with the like ! But I have words

That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch them.

Macduff. What concern they?
The general cause? or is it a fee-grief
Due to some single breast?

Ross. No mind that's honest
But in it shares some woe, though the main part
Pertains to you alone.

Macduff. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

200

Ross. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard.

Macduff. Hum! I guess at it.

Ross. Your castle is surpris'd; your wife and babes
Savagely slaughter'd: to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of these murther'd deer,
To add the death of you.

Malcolm. Merciful heaven!—
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.

210

Macduff. My children too?

Ross. Wife, children, servants, all
That could be found.

Macduff. And I must be from thence!—
My wife kill'd too?

Ross. I have said.

Malcolm. Be comforted:
Let's make us medicines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

Macduff. He has no children.—All my pretty ones?
Did you say all?—O hell-kite!—All?
What, all my pretty chickens and their dam
At one fell swoop?

Malcolm. Dispute it like a man.

Macduff.

I shall do so ;

220

But I must also feel it as a man :

I cannot but remember such things were,

That were most precious to me.—Did heaven look on,

And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,

They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,

Not for their own demerits, but for mine,

Fell slaughter on their souls. Heaven rest them now!

Malcolm. Be this the whetstone of your sword: let grief
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macduff. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes, 230
And braggart with my tongue!—But, gentle heavens,
Cut short all intermission; front to front
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself;
Within my sword's length set him; if he scape,
Heaven forgive him too!

Malcolm.

This tune goes manly.

Come, go we to the king: our power is ready;

Our lack is nothing but our leave. Macbeth

Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above

Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may;

The night is long that never finds the day.

240

[*Exeunt.*



SEAL OF EDWARD THE CONFESSOR.



DUNKELD.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Dunsinane. A Room in the Castle.*

Enter a Doctor of Physic and a Waiting Gentlewoman.

Doctor. I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

Gentlewoman. Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her nightgown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon 't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doctor. A great perturbation in nature, to receive at once the benefit of sleep and do the effects of watching! In this slumbry agitation, besides her walking and other actual performances, what at any time have you heard her say? 11

Gentlewoman. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doctor. You may to me, and 't is most meet you should.

Gentlewoman. Neither to you nor any one, having no witness to confirm my speech.

Enter LADY MACBETH, with a taper.

Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

Doctor. How came she by that light?

Gentlewoman. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 't is her command. 20

Doctor. You see, her eyes are open.

Gentlewoman. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doctor. What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

Gentlewoman. It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands: I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady Macbeth. Yet here 's a spot.

Doctor. Hark! she speaks: I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly. 30

Lady Macbeth. Out, damned spot! out, I say!—One: two: why, then 't is time to do 't.—Hell is murky!—Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

Doctor. Do you mark that?

Lady Macbeth. The thane of Fife had a wife: where is she now?—What, will these hands ne'er be clean?—No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with this starting. 41

Doctor. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

Gentlewoman. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: heaven knows what she has known.

Lady Macbeth. Here 's the smell of the blood still: all the

perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh!

Doctor. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged. 50

Gentlewoman. I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body.

Doctor. Well, well, well,—

Gentlewoman. Pray God it be, sir.

Doctor. This disease is beyond my practice: yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep who have died holily in their beds.

Lady Macbeth. Wash your hands, put on your nightgown; look not so pale.—I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out on's grave. 60

Doctor. Even so?

Lady Macbeth. To bed, to bed! there's knocking at the gate: come, come, come, come, give me your hand. What's done cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed! [*Exit.*

Doctor. Will she go now to bed?

Gentlewoman. Directly.

Doctor. Foul whisperings are abroad. Unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles: infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.
More needs she the divine than the physician.— 70
God, God forgive us all!—Look after her;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her. So, good night:
My mind she has mated, and amaz'd my sight.
I think, but dare not speak.

Gentlewoman.

Good night, good doctor.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Country near Dunsinane.*

Drum and colours. Enter MENTEITH, CAITHNESS, ANGUS, LENNOX, and Soldiers.

Menteith. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,
His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff.
Revenge burn in them; for their dear causes
Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm
Excite the mortified man.

Angus. Near Birnam wood
Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.

Caithness. Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother?

Lennox. For certain, sir, he is not. I have a file
Of all the gentry: there is Siward's son,
And many unrough youths, that even now 10
Protest their first of manhood.

Menteith. What does the tyrant?

Caithness. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies.
Some say he's mad; others, that lesser hate him,
Do call it valiant fury: but, for certain,
He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause
Within the belt of rule.

Angus. Now does he feel
His secret murders sticking on his hands;
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach:
Those he commands move only in command,
Nothing in love; now does he feel his title 20
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.

Menteith. Who then shall blame
His pester'd senses to recoil and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself for being there?

Caithness. Well, march we on,

To give obedience where 't is truly owed :
 Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal,
 And with him pour we in our country's purge
 Each drop of us.

Lennox. Or so much as it needs,
 To dew the sovereign flower and drown the weeds. 30
 Make we our march towards Birnam. [*Exeunt, marching.*]

SCENE III. *Dunsinane. A Room in the Castle.*

Enter MACBETH, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macbeth. Bring me no more reports ; let them fly all :
 Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,
 I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm ?
 Was he not born of woman ? The spirits that know
 All mortal consequences have pronounc'd me thus :
 ' Fear not, Macbeth ; no man that's born of woman
 Shall e'er have power upon thee.' Then fly, false thanes,
 And mingle with the English epicures :
 The mind I sway by and the heart I bear
 Shall never sag with doubt nor shake with fear. 10

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loon !
 Where got'st thou that goose look ?

Servant. There is ten thousand—

Macbeth. Geese, villain ?

Servant. Soldiers, sir.

Macbeth. Go prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
 Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch ?
 Death of thy soul ! those linen cheeks of thine
 Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face ?

Servant. The English force, so please you.

Macbeth. Take thy face hence.— [*Exit Servant.*]
 Seyton !—I am sick at heart,

When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push
 Will cheer me ever, or dis-ease me now.
 I have liv'd long enough : my way of life
 Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf,
 And that which should accompany old age,
 As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
 I must not look to have ; but, in their stead,
 Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
 Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.—
 Seyton !

Enter SEYTON.

Seyton. What 's your gracious pleasure ?

Macbeth. What news more ? 30

Seyton. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.

Macbeth. I 'll fight till from my bones my flesh be hack'd.
 Give me my armour.

Seyton. 'T is not needed yet.

Macbeth. I 'll put it on.

Send out moe horses, skirr the country round ;
 Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine armour.—
 How does your patient, doctor ?

Doctor. Not so sick, my lord,
 As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
 That keep her from her rest.

Macbeth. Cure her of that.

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd, 40
 Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
 Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
 And with some sweet oblivious antidote
 Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
 Which weighs upon the heart ?

Doctor. Therein the patient
 Must minister to himself.

Macbeth. Throw physic to the dogs, I 'll none of it.—

Come, put mine armour on ; give me my staff.—
 Seyton, send out.—Doctor, the thanes fly from me.—
 Come, sir, dispatch.—If thou couldst, doctor, cast
 The water of my land, find her disease,
 And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
 I would applaud thee to the very echo,
 That should applaud again.—Pull 't off, I say.—
 What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug,
 Would scour these English hence? Hear'st thou of them?

50

Doctor. Ay, my good lord ; your royal preparation
 Makes us hear something.

Macbeth. Bring it after me.—
 I will not be afraid of death and bane
 Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane.

59

[*Exit.*

Doctor. Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,
 Profit again should hardly draw me here.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *Country near Birnam Wood.*

*Drum and colours. Enter MALCOLM, old SIWARD and his
 Son, MACDUFF, MENTEITH, CAITHNESS, ANGUS, LENNOX,
 Ross, and Soldiers, marching.*

Malcolm. Cousins, I hope the days are near at hand
 That chambers will be safe.

Menteith. We doubt it nothing.

Siward. What wood is this before us?

Menteith. The wood of Birnam.

Malcolm. Let every soldier hew him down a bough,
 And bear 't before him ; thereby shall we shadow
 The numbers of our host, and make discovery
 Err in report of us.

Soldiers. It shall be done.

Siward. We learn no other but the confident tyrant
 Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
 Our setting down before 't.

Malcolm.

'T is his main hope ;

10

For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and less have given him the revolt,
And none serve with him but constrained things
Whose hearts are absent too.

Macduff.

Let our just censures

Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.

Siward.

The time approaches

That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have and what we owe.
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate,
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate ;
Towards which advance the war.

20

[*Exeunt, marching.*]SCENE V. *Dunsinane. Within the Castle.*

Enter MACBETH, SEYTON, *and* Soldiers, *with drum and*
colours.

Macbeth. Hang out our banners on the outward walls ;
The cry is still 'They come !' Our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn ; here let them lie
Till famine and the ague eat them up.
Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. [*A cry of women within.*
What is that noise?

Seyton. It is the cry of women, my good lord. [*Exit.*

Macbeth. I have almost forgot the taste of fears :
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd
To hear a night-shriek, and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir
As life were in 't. I have supp'd full with horrors ;
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.—

10

Re-enter SEYTON.

Wherefore was that cry?

Seyton. The queen, my lord, is dead.

Macbeth. She should have died hereafter ;
There would have been a time for such a word.
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day 20
To the last syllable of recorded time,
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle !
Life 's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more ; it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.—

Enter a Messenger.

Thou com'st to use thy tongue ; thy story quickly.

Messenger. Gracious my lord,
I should report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do it. 30

Macbeth. Well, say, sir.

Messenger. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.

Macbeth. Liar and slave !

Messenger. Let me endure your wrath, if 't be not so ;
Within this three mile may you see it coming ;
I say, a moving grove.

Macbeth. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive
Till famine cling thee ; if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much.— 40
I pull in resolution, and begin

To doubt the equivocation of the fiend
 That lies like truth : ' Fear not, till Birnam wood
 Do come to Dunsinane ;' and now a wood
 Comes toward Dunsinane.—Arm, arm, and out !—
 If this which he avouches does appear,
 There is nor flying hence nor tarrying here.
 I gin to be aweary of the sun,
 And wish the estate o' the world were now undone.— 50
 Ring the alarum-bell !—Blow, wind ! come, wrack !
 At least we 'll die with harness on our back. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *Dunsinane. Before the Castle.*

*Drum and colours. Enter MALCOLM, old SIWARD, MACDUFF,
 and their Army, with boughs.*

Malcolm. Now near enough : your leavy screens throw
 down,
 And show like those you are.—You, worthy uncle,
 Shall with my cousin, your right-noble son,
 Lead our first battle ; worthy Macduff and we
 Shall take upon 's what else remains to do,
 According to our order.

Siward.

Fare you well.

Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
 Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macduff. Make all our trumpets speak ; give them all
 breath,

Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *Another Part of the Field.*

Alarums. Enter MACBETH.

Macbeth. They have tied me to a stake ; I cannot fly,
 But, bear-like, I must fight the course. What 's he
 That was not born of woman ? Such a one
 Am I to fear, or none.

Enter young SIWARD.

Young Siward. What is thy name?

Macbeth. Thou 'lt be afraid to hear it.

Young Siward. No ; though thou call'st thyself a hotter name

Than any is in hell.

Macbeth. My name's Macbeth.

Young Siward. The devil himself could not pronounce a title

More hateful to mine ear.

Macbeth. No, nor more fearful. 9

Young Siward. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant ; with my sword I 'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

[*They fight, and young Siward is slain.*

Macbeth. Thou wast born of woman.—

But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,

Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born. [*Exit.*

Alarums. Enter MACDUFF.

Macduff. That way the noise is.—Tyrant, show thy face !

If thou be'st slain and with no stroke of mine,

My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.

I cannot strike at wretched kerns, whose arms

Are hir'd to bear their staves : either thou, Macbeth,

Or else my sword with an unbatter'd edge

I sheathe again undeeded. There thou shouldst be ; 20

By this great clatter, one of greatest note

Seems bruited. Let me find him, fortune !

And more I beg not. [*Exit. Alarums.*

Enter MALCOLM and old SIWARD.

Siward. This way, my lord. The castle's gently render'd :

The tyrant's people on both sides do fight ;

The noble thanes do bravely in the war ;

The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.

Malcolm. We have met with foes

That strike beside us.

Siward. Enter, sir, the castle.

[*Exeunt. Alarum.*]

SCENE VIII. *Another Part of the Field.*

Enter MACBETH.

Macbeth. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own sword? whiles I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

Enter MACDUFF.

Macduff. Turn, hell-hound, turn!

Macbeth. Of all men else I have avoided thee:
But get thee back; my soul is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.

Macduff. I have no words;
My voice is in my sword, thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out! [*They fight.*]

Macbeth. Thou lovest labour.

As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.

10

Macduff. Despair thy charm,
And let the angel whom thou still hast serv'd
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.

Macbeth. Accurs'd be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cow'd my better part of man!
And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,

That palter with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope.—I'll not fight with thee.

Macduff. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show and gaze o' the time:
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole, and underwrit,
'Here may you see the tyrant.'

Macbeth. I will not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last. Before my body
I throw my warlike shield: lay on, Macduff,
And damn'd be him that first cries 'Hold, enough!'

[*Exeunt, fighting. Alarums.*]

Retreat. Flourish. Enter, with drum and colours, MALCOLM, old SIWARD, ROSS, the other Thanes, and Soldiers.

Malcolm. I would the friends we miss were safe arriv'd.

Siward. Some must go off; and yet, by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Malcolm. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

Ross. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt:
He only liv'd but till he was a man;
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he died.

Siward. Then he is dead?

Ross. Ay, and brought off the field: your cause of sorrow
Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.

Siward. Had he his hurts before?

Ross. Ay, on the front.

Siward. Why then, God's soldier be he !
 Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
 I would not wish them to a fairer death ;
 And so his knell is knoll'd.

Malcolm. He's worth more sorrow, 50
 And that I'll spend for him.

Siward. He's worth no more :
 They say he parted well and paid his score ;
 And so God be with him ! Here comes newer comfort.

Re-enter MACDUFF, with MACBETH'S head.

Macduff. Hail, king ! for so thou art. Behold, where stands
 The usurper's cursed head ; the time is free.
 I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,
 That speak my salutation in their minds ;
 Whose voices I desire aloud with mine :
 Hail, King of Scotland !

All. Hail, King of Scotland ! [*Flourish.*

Malcolm. We shall not spend a large expense of time 60
 Before we reckon with your several loves,
 And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen,
 Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
 In such an honour nam'd. What's more to do,
 Which would be planted newly with the time,—
 As calling home our exil'd friends abroad
 That fled the snares of watchful tyranny,
 Producing forth the cruel ministers
 Of this dead butcher and his fiend-like queen,
 Who, as 't is thought, by self and violent hands 70
 Took off her life,—this, and what needful else
 That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace
 We will perform in measure, time, and place :
 So, thanks to all at once and to each one,
 Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt.*

NOTES.

ABBREVIATIONS USED IN THE NOTES.

- Abbott (or Gr.), Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar* (third edition).
 A. S., Anglo-Saxon.
 A. V., Authorized Version of the Bible (1611).
 B. and F., Beaumont and Fletcher.
 B. J., Ben Jonson.
 C., Craik's *English of Shakespeare* (Rolfe's edition).
 Camb. ed., "Cambridge edition" of *Shakespeare*, edited by Clark and Wright.
 Cf. (*confer*), compare.
 Coll., Collier.
 Coll. MS., Manuscript Corrections of Second Folio, edited by Collier.
 C. P. ed., "Clarendon Press" edition of *Macbeth* (Oxford, 1869).
 D., Dyce.
 F. Q., Spenser's *Faërie Queene*.
 Furness, "New Variorum" edition of *Macbeth* (Philadelphia, 1873).
 H., Hudson.
 Hen. VIII. (followed by reference to *page*), Rolfe's edition of *Henry VIII*.
 Hunter, Joseph Hunter's *New Illustrations*, etc. (see p. 32, foot-note).
 Id. (*idem*), the same.
 J. C. (followed by reference to *page*), Rolfe's edition of *Julius Cæsar*.
 J. Hunter, John Hunter's edition of *Macbeth* (London, 1869).
 K., Knight.
 Mätzner, *English Grammar*, trans. by Grece (London, 1874).
 Mer., Rolfe's edition of *The Merchant of Venice*.
 Moberly, C. E. Moberly's edition of *Macbeth* (London, 1872).
 Nares, *Glossary*, edited by Halliwell and Wright (London, 1859).
 Prol., Prologue.
 Rich. II. (followed by reference to *page*), Rolfe's edition of *Richard II*.
 S., Shakespeare.
 Schmidt, A. Schmidt's *Shakespeare-Lexicon* (Berlin, 1874).
 Shep. Kal., Spenser's *Shepherd's Kalendar*.
 Sr., Singer.
 St., Staunton.
 Temp. (followed by reference to *page*), Rolfe's edition of *The Tempest*.
 Theo., Theobald.
 V., Verplanck.
 W., White.
 Walker, Wm. Sidney Walker's *Critical Examination of the Text of Shakespeare* (London, 1860).
 Warb., Warburton.
 Weiss, *Wit, Humor, and Shakespeare*, by John Weiss (Boston, 1876).
 Wb., Webster's Dictionary (revised quarto edition of 1864).
 Worc., Worcester's Dictionary (quarto edition).

The abbreviations of the names of Shakespeare's Plays will be readily understood; as *T. N.* for *Twelfth Night*, *Cor.* for *Coriolanus*, 3 *Hen. VI.* for *The Third Part of King Henry the Sixth*, etc. *P. P.* refers to *The Passionate Pilgrim*; *V. and A.* to *Venus and Adonis*; *L. C.* to *Lover's Complaint*; and *Sonn.* to the *Sonnets*.

NOTES.



IONA.

INTRODUCTION.

THE following extracts from Holinshed contain all the passages referred to throughout the play by the various commentators. The text here given is that of the edition of 1587, which, as already stated (p. 13), was undoubtedly the one that Shakespeare used.*

"It appears that King Duffe, who commenced his reign 'in the yeare after the incarnation 968, as saith Hector Boetius,' treated 'diuers robbers and pillers of the common people' in a style which created no small offence; some werę executed, and the rest were obliged 'either to get them ouer into Ireland, either else to learne some manuall occupation wherewith to get their liuing, yea though they were neuer so great gen-

* For these extracts and the thread of narrative connecting them, we are indebted to Mr. Furness's edition of *Macbeth*, p. 355 fol. We have added a few explanatory foot-notes.

tlemen borne.' There was therefore great murmuring at such rigorous reforms. But,

" 'In the meane time the king [Duffe] fell into a languishing disease, not so greeuous as strange, for that none of his physicians could perceiue what to make of it. For there was seene in him no token, that either choler, melancholie, flegme, or any other vicious humor did any thing abound, whereby his bodie should be brought into such decaie and consumption (so as there remained vnneth* anie thing vpon him saue skin and bone).

" 'And sithens it appeared manifestlie by all outward signes and tokens, that naturall moisture did nothing faile in the vitall spirits, his colour also was fresh and faire to behold, with such lielines of looks, that more was not to be wished for; he had also a temperat desire and appetite to his meate & drinke, but yet could he not sleepe in the night time by any prouocations that could be deuised, but still fell into exceeding sweats, which by no means might be restrained. The physicians perceiuing all their medicines to want due effect, yet to put him in some comfort of helpe, declared to him that they would send for some cunning physicians into forreigne parts, who happilie being inured with such kind of diseases, should easilie cure him, namelie so soone as the spring of the yeare was once come, which of it selfe should helpe much thervnto.'

" The Chronicle goes on to state that the 'king being sicke yet he regarded iustice to be executed,' and that a rebellion which arose was kept from his knowledge, 'for doubt of increasing his sicknes.' It then proceeds:

" 'But about that present time there was a murmuring amongst the people, how the king was vexed with no naturall sicknesse, but by sorcerie and magicall art, practised by a sort of witches dwelling in a towne of Murreyland, called Fores.

" 'Wherevpon, albeit the author of this secret talke was not knowne: yet being brought to the kings eare, it caused him to send foorthwith certeine wittie persons thither, to inquire of the truth. They that were thus sent, dissembling the cause of their iornie, were receiued in the darke of the night into the castell of Fores by the lieutenant of the same, called Donwald, who continuing faithfull to the king, had kept that castell against the rebels to the kings vse. Vnto him therefore these messengers declared the cause of their comming, requiring his aid for the accomplishment of the kings pleasure.

" 'The souldiers, which laie there in garrison had an inkling that there was some such matter in hand as was talked of amongst the people; by reason that one of them kept as concubine a yoong woman, which was daughter to one of the witches as his paramour, who told him the whole maner vsed by hir mother & other hir companions, with their intent also, which was to make awaie the king. The souldier hauing learned this of his lemman,† told the same to his fellowes, who made re-

* Scarcely, hardly. Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* ii. 4. 8:

" 'Uneath may she endure the flinty streets
To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.'—(Ed.)

† Lemman; i. e. mistress, paramour. Cf. *T. N. ii.* 3. 26; 2 *Hen. IV.* v. 3. 49.—(Ed.)

port to Donwald, and hee shewed it to the kings messengers, and therewith sent for the yoong damosell which the souldier kept, as then being within the castell, and caused hir vpon streit examination to confesse the whole matter as she had seene and knew. Wherevpon learning by hir confession in what house in the towne it was where they wrought there mischievous mysterie, he sent foorth souldiers, about the middest

i. 3. 23. of the night, who breaking into the house, found one of the witches roosting vpon a woodden broch an image of wax at the fier, resembling in each feature the kings person, made and deuised (as is to be thought) by craft and art of the diuell: an other of them sat reciting certeine words of inchantment, and still basted the image with a certeine liquor verie busilie.

“ ‘The souldiers finding them occupied in this wise, tooke them together with the image, and led them into the castell, where being streitlie examined for what purpose they went about such manner of inchantment, they answered, to the end to make away the king: for as the image did waste afore the fire, so did the bodie of the king breake foorth in sweat.* And as for the words of inchantment, they serued to keepe him still waking from sleepe, so that as the wax euer melted, so did the kings flesh: by the which meanes it should haue come to passe, that when the wax was once cleane consumed, the death of the king should immediatlie follow. So were they taught by euill spirits, and hired to worke the feat by the nobles of Murrey land. The standers by, that heard such an abhominable tale told by these witches, streightwaies brake the image, and caused the witches (according as they had well deserued) to bee burnt to death.

“ ‘It was said that the king, at the verie same time that these things were a dooing within the castell of Fores, was deliuered of his languor, and slept that night without anie sweat breaking foorth vpon him at all, & the next daie being restored to his strength, was able to doo anie maner of thing that lay in man to doo, as though he had not beene sicke before anie thing at all. But howsoeuer it came to passe, truth it is, that when he was restored to his perfect health, he gathered a power of men, & with the same went into Murrey land against the rebels there, and chasing them from thence, he pursued them into Rosse, and from Rosse into Cathnesse, where apprehending them, he brought them backe vnto Fores, and there caused them to be hanged vp, on gallows and gibets.

“ ‘Amongest them there were also certeine yoong gentlemen, right beautifull and goodlie personages, being neere of kin vnto Donwald capteine of the castell, and had beene persuaded to be partakers with the other rebels, more through the fraudulent counsell of diuerse wicked persons, than of their owne accord; wherevpon the foresaid Donwald

* So the witch in Theocritus melts a waxen image, and says:

ὡς τοῦτον τὸν καρὸν ἐγὼ συν δαίμονι τάκω,
ὅς τάκοιθ' ὑπ' ἔρωτος ὁ Μύνδιος αὐτίκα Δελφίς.

Virgil has imitated this in *Ecl.* viii. 80:

Limus ut hic durescit, et haec ut cera liquescit
Uno eodemque igni, sic nostro Daphnis amore.

Cf. also Horace, *Ephod.* xvii. 76 and *Sat.* i. 8. 30.—(*Ed.*)

lamenting their case, made earnest labor and sute to the king to haue begged their pardon; but hauing a plaine deniall, he conceiued such an inward malice towards the king, (though he shewed it not outwardlie at the first) that the same continued still boiling in his stomach, and ceased not, till through setting on of his wife, and in reuenge of such vnthankfulnessse, hee found meanes to murder the king within the foresaid castell of Fores where he vsed to sojourne. For the king being in that countrie, was accustomed to lie most commonlie within the same castell, hauing a speciall trust in Donwald, as a man whom he neuer suspected.

“ But Donwald, not forgetting the reproch which his linage had sustained by the execution of those his kinsmen, whome the king for a spectacle to the people had caused to be hanged, could not but shew manifest tokens of great griefe at home amongst his familie: which his wife perceiuing, ceased not to trauell with him, till she vnderstood what the cause was of his displeasure. Which at length when she had learned by his owne relation, she as one that bare no lesse malice in hir heart towards the king, for the like cause on hir behalfe, than hir husband did for his friends, counselled him (sith the king oftentimes vsed to lodge in his house without anie gard about him, other than the garrison of the castell, which was wholie at his commandement) to make him awaie, and shewed him the meanes wherby he might soonest accomplish it.

“ Donwald thus being the more kindled in wrath by the words of his wife, determined to follow hir aduise in the execution of so heinous an act. Whervpon deuising with himselfe for a while, which way hee might best accomplish his cursed intent, at length he gat opportunitie, and sped his purpose as followeth. It chanced that the king vpon the daie before he purposed to depart forth of the castell, was long in his oratorie at his praiers, and there continued till it was late in the night. At the last, comming forth, he called such afore him as had faithfullie serued him in pursute and apprehension of the rebels, and giuing them heartie thanks, he bestowed sundrie honorable gifts amongst them, of the which number Donwald was one, as he that had beene euer accounted a most faithfull seruant to the king.

“ At length, hauing talked with them a long time, he got him into his priue chamber, onelic with two of his chamberlains, who hauing brought him to bed, came forth againe, and then fell to banquetting with Donwald and his wife, who had prepared diuerse delicate dishes, and sundrie sorts of drinks for their reare supper or collation, wherat they sate vp so long, till they had charged their stomachs with such full gorges, that their heads were no sooner got to the pillow, but asleepe they were so fast, that a man might haue remooued the chamber ouer them, sooner than to haue awaked them out of their droonken sleepe.

“ Then Donwald, though he abhorred the act greatlie in his heart, yet through instigation of his wife, hee called foure of his seruants vnto him (whome he had made priue to his wicked intent before, and framed to his purpose with large gifts) and now declaring vnto them, after what sort they should worke the feat, they gladlie obeyed his instructions, &

speedilie going about the murther, they enter the chamber (in which the king laie) a little before cocks crow, where they secretlie cut his throte as he lay sleeping, without anie busking* at all: and immediatlie by a posterne gate they caried foorth the dead bodie into the fields, and throwing it vpon an horsse there provided readie for that purpose, they conuey it vnto a place, about two miles distant from the castell, where they staid, and gat certeine labourers to helpe them to turne the course of a little riuer running through the fields there, and digging a deepe hole in the chanell, they burie the bodie in the same, ramming it vp with stones and grauell so closelie, that setting the water in the right course againe, no man could perceiue that anie thing had beene newlie digged there. This they did by order appointed them by Donwald as is reported, for that the bodie should not be found, & by bleeding (when Donwald should be present) declare him to be guiltie of the murther. For such an opinion men haue, that the dead corps of anie man being slaine, will bleed abundantie if the murtherer be present. But for what consideration soeuer they buried him there, they had no sooner finished the work, but that they slue them whose helpe they vsed herein, and streightwaies therevpon fled into Orknie.

“ ‘ Donwald, about the time that the murther was in dooing, got him amongst them that kept the watch, and so continued in companie with them all the residue of the night. But in the morning when the noise was raised in the kings chamber how the king was slaine, his bodie conueied away, and the bed all beraied with blood; he with the watch ran thither, as though he had knowne nothing of the matter, and breaking into the chamber, and finding cakes of blood in the bed, and on the floore about the sides of it, he foorthwith slue the chamberleins, as guiltie of that heinous murther, and then like a mad man running to and fro, he ransacked euerie corner within the castell, as though it had beene to haue seene if he might haue found either the bodie, or anie of the murtherers hid in anie priuie place: but at length comming to the posterne gate, and finding it open, he burdened the chamberleins, whome he had slaine, with all the fault, they hauing the keies of the gates committed to their keeping all the night, and therefore it could not be otherwise (said he) but that they were of counsell in the committing of that most detestable murther.

“ ‘ Finallie, such was his ouer earnest diligence in the seuerie inquisition and triall of the offenders heerein, that some of the lords began to mislike the matter, and to smell foorth shrewd tokens, that he should not be altogether cleare himselfe. But for so much as they were in that countrie, where hee had the whole rule, what by reason of his friends and authoritie together, they doubted to vtter what they thought, till time and place should better serue therevnto, and heerevpon got them awaie euerie man to his home. For the space of six moneths together, after this heinous murther thus committed, there appeered no sunne by day, nor
 ii. 4. 10. moone by night in anie part of the realme, but still was the skie couered with continuall clouds, and sometimes suche outrageous

* B 1stling, commotion.—(Ed.)

windes arose, with lightnings and tempests, that the people were in great feare of present destruction.' (pp. 149-151.)*

" 'Monstrous sights also that were seene within the Scottish kingdome that yeere' [that is, of King Duffe's murder, A.D. 972] 'were
 ii. 4. 15. these, horssees in Louthian, being of singular beautie and swift-
 nesse, did eate their owne flesh, and would in no wise taste anie other
 ii. 4. 13. meate. In Angus there was a gentlewoman brought forth a
 child without eies, nose, hand, or foot. There was a sparhawke
 also strangled by an owle.' (p. 152.)

"Thus far the Chronicle of King Duffe supplied Shakespeare with some of the details and accessories of his tragedy; and we now turn to the history of the hero himself, Macbeth. But there is one other incident recorded by Holinshed, on one of the few intermediate pages of his Chronicle, between the stories of King Duffe and Macbeth, which I cannot but think attracted Shakespeare's notice as he passed from one story to the other, and which was afterward worked up by him in connection with Duncan's murder.† As far as I am aware, it has never been noted by any editor or commentator. It seems that Kenneth, the brother, and one of the successors of Duffe, was a virtuous and able prince, and would have left an unstained name had not the ambition to have his son succeed him tempted him to poison secretly his nephew Malcome, the son of Duff and the heir apparent to the throne. Kenneth then obtained from a council at Scone the ratification of his son as his successor. 'Thus might he seeme happie to all men,' continues Holinshed (p. 158), 'but yet to himselfe he seemed most unhappie as he that could not but still live in continuall feare, least his wicked practise concerning the death of Malcome Duffe should come to light and knowledge of the world. For so commeth it to passe, that such as are pricked in conscience for anie secret offense committed, haue euer an vnquiet mind.' [What follows suggested, I think, to Shakespeare 'the voice,' at ii. 2. 35, that cried 'sleep no more.'] 'And (as the same goeth) it chanced that a voice was heard as he was in bed in the night time to take his rest, vttering vnto him these or the like words in effect: "Thinke not Kenneth that the wicked slaughter of Malcome Duffe by thee contriued, is kept secret from the knowledge of the eternall God," &c. . . . The king with this voice being stricken into great dread and terror, passed that night without anie sleepe comming in his eies.'

"'After Malcolme' [that is, 'after the incarnation of our Saviour 1034 yeeres,'] 'succeeded his nephue Duncane, the sonne of his daughter Beatrice: for Malcolme had two daughters, the one which was this Beatrice, being giuen in marriage vnto one Abbanath Crinen, a man of great nobilitie, and thane of the Isles and west part of Scotland, bare of that mariage the foresaid Duncane; The other called Doda, was married
 i. 3. 71. vnto Sinell the thane of Glammis, by whome she had issue one
 Makbeth a valiant gentleman, and one that if he had not beene

* These references are to the pages of Holinshed.—(Ed.)

† The reader will bear in mind (see p. 131, foot-note) that we are quoting Mr. Furness here, and that it is to him that this interesting discovery is due.—(Ed.)

somewhat cruell of nature, might haue beene thought most woorthie the gouernement of a realme. On the other part, Duncane was so soft and gentle of nature, that the people wished the inclinations and maners of these two cousins to haue beene so tempered and enterchangeable bestowed betwixt them, that where the one had too much clemencie, and the other of crueltie, the meane vertue betwixt these two extremities might haue reigned by indifferent partition in them both, so should Duncane haue proued a woorthie king, and Makbeth an excellent capteine. The beginning of Duncans reigne was verie quiet and peaceable, without anie notable trouble; but after it was perceiued how negligent he was in punishing offenders, manie misruled persons tooke occasion thereof to trouble the peace and quiet state of the common-wealth, by seditious commotions which first had their beginnings in this wise.

“Banquho the thane of Lochquhaber, of whom the house of the Stewards is descended, the which by order of linage hath now for a long time ioined the crowne of Scotland, euen till these our daies, as he gathered the finances due to the king, and further punished somewhat sharpelie such as were notorious offenders, being assailed by a number of rebels inhabiting in that countrie, and spoiled of the monie and all other things, had much a doo to get awaie with life, after he had receiued sundrie grievous wounds amongst them. Yet escaping their hands, after hee was somewhat recovered of his hurts and was able to ride, he repaired to the court, where making his complaint to the king in most earnest wise, he purchased at length that the offenders were sent for by a sergeant at armes, to appeare to make answer vnto such matters as should be laid to their charge: but they augmenting their mischievous act with a more wicked deed, after they had misused the messenger with sundrie kinds of reproches, they finallie slue him also.

“Then doubting not but for such contemptuous demeanor against the kings regall authoritie, they should be inuaded with all the power the king could make, Makdowald one of great estimation among them, making first a confederacie with his neerest friends and kinsmen, tooke vpon him to be chiefe capteine of all such rebels, as would stand against the king, in maintenance of their grievous offenses latelie committed against him. Manie slanderous words also, and railing tants this Makdowald vttered against his prince, calling him a faint-hearted milkesop, more meet to gouerne a sort of idle moonks in some cloister, than to haue the rule of such valiant and hardie men of warre as the Scots were. He vsed also such subtile persuasions and forged allurements, that in a small time he had gotten together a mightie power of men: for out of the westerne

i. 2. 14. Isles there came vnto him a great multitude of people, offering themselves to assist him in that rebellious quarell, and out of Ireland in hope of the spoile came no small number of Kernes and Galloglasses, offering gladlie to serue vnder him, whither it should please him to lead them.

“Makdowald thus hauing a mightie puissance about him, incountered with such of the kings people as were sent against him into Lochquhaber, and discomfiting them, by mere force tooke their capteine Malcolme, and after the end of the battell smote off his head. This ouerthrow be-

ing notified to the king, did put him in woonderfull feare, by reason of his small skill in warlike affaires. Calling therefore his nobles to a counsell, he asked of them their best aduise for the subduing of Makdowald & other the rebels. Here, in sundrie heads (as euer it happeneth) were sundrie opinions, which they vttered according to euerie man his skill. At length Makbeth speaking much against the kings softnes, and ouermuch slacknesse in punishing offenders, whereby they had such time to assemble together, he promised notwithstanding, if the charge were committed vnto him and vnto Banquho, so to order the matter, that the rebels should be shortly vanquished & quite put downe, and that not so much as one of them should be found to make resistance within the countrie.

“ And euen so it came to passe: for being sent foorth with a new power, at his entring into Lochquhaber, the fame of his comming put the enimies in such feare, that a great number of them stale secretlie awaie from their capteine Makdowald, who neuerthelesse inforced thereto, gaue battell vnto Makbeth, with the residue which remained with him: but being ouercome, and fleeing for refuge into a castell (within the which his wife & children were inclosed) at length when he saw how he could neither defend the hold anie longer against his enimies, nor yet vpon surrender be suffered to depart with life saued, hee first slue his wife and children, and lastlie himselfe, least if he had yeelded simple, he should haue bene executed in most cruell wise for an example to other. Makbeth entring into the castell by the gates, as then set open, found the carcasse of Macdowald lieng dead there amongst the residue of the slaine bodies, which when he beheld, remitting no peece of his cruell nature with that pitifull sight, he caused the head to be cut off, and set vpon a poles end, and so sent it as a present to the king who as then laie at Bertha. The headlesse trunk he commanded to bee hoong vp vpon an high paire of gallowes.

“ Them of the westerne Isles suing for pardon, in that they had aided Makdowald in his tratorous enterprise, he fined at great sums of moneie: and those whome he tooke in Lochquhaber, being come thither to beare armor against the king, he put to execution. Hervpon the Ilandmen conceiued a deadlie grudge towards him, calling him a couenant-breaker, a bloudie tyrant, & a cruell murtherer of them whome the kings mercie had pardoned. With which reprochfull words Makbeth being kindled in wrathfull ire against them, had passed ouer with an armie into the Isles, to haue taken reuenge vpon them for their liberall* talke, had he not bene otherwise persuaded by some of his friends, and partlie pacified by gifts presented vnto him on the behalfe of the Ilandmen, seeking to auoid his displeasure. Thus was iustice and law restored againe to the old accustomed course, by the diligent means of Makbeth. Immediatlie wherevpon woord came that Sueno king of Norway was arriued in Fife with a puissant armie, to subdue the whole realme of Scotland.’ (pp. 168, 169.)

* Too free. S. uses it in a similar sense = licentious, wanton. Cf. *Much Ado*, iv. 1. 93; *Ham.* iv. 7. 171; *Oth.* ii. 1. 165, etc.—(Ed.)

“ ‘The crueltie of this Sueno was such, that he neither spared man, woman, nor child, of what age, condition or degree soeuer they were. Whereof when K. Duncane was certified, he set all slouthfull and lingering delaies apart, and began to assemble an armie in most speedie wise, like a verie valiant capteine: for oftentimes it happeneth, that a dull coward and slouthfull person, constrained by necessitie, becommeth verie hardie and actiue. Therefore when his whole power was come togethir, he diuided the same into three battels. The first was led by

v. 6. 4. Makbeth, the second by Banquho, & the king himselfe gouerned in the maine battell or middle ward, wherein were appointed to attend and wait upon his person the most part of all the residue of the Scottish nobilitie.

“ ‘The armie of Scottishmen being thus ordered, came vnto Culros, where encountering with the enimies, after a sore and cruell foughten battell, Sueno remained victorious, and Malcolme with his Scots discomfited. Howbeit the Danes were so broken by this battell, that they were not able to make long chase on their enimies, but kept themselues all night in order of battell, for doubt least the Scots assembling together againe, might haue set vpon them at some aduantage. On the morrow, when the fields were discouered, and that it was perceiued how no enimies were to be found abroad, they gathered the spoile, which they diuided amongst them, according to the law of armes. Then was it ordeined by commandement of Sueno, that no souldier should hurt either man, woman, or child, except such as were found with weapon in hand readie to make resistance, for he hoped now to conquer the realme without further bloodshed.

“ ‘But when knowledge was giuen how Duncane was fled to the castell of Bertha, and that Makbeth was gathering a new power to withstand the incursions of the Danes, Sueno raised his tents & comming to the said castell, laid a strong siege round about it. Duncane seeing himselfe thus enuironed by his enimies, sent a secret message by counsell of Banquho to Makbeth, commanding him to abide at Inchcuthill, till he heard from him some other newes. In the meane time Duncane fell in fained communication with Sueno, as though he would haue yeelded vp the castell into his hands, vnder certeine conditions, and this did he to drue time, and to put his enimies out of all suspicion of anie enterprise ment against them, till all things were brought to passe that might serue for the purpose. At length, when they were fallen at a point for rendring

iv. 3. 135. vp the hold, Duncane offered to send forth of the castell into the campe greate prouision of vittels to refresh the armie, which offer was gladlie accepted of the Danes, for that they had beene in great penurie of sustenance manie daies before.

“ ‘The Scots heerevpon tooke the iuice of mekilwoort berries, and mixed the same in their ale and bread, sending it thus spiced i. 3. 84. & confectioned, in great abundance vnto their enimies. They reioising that they had got meate and drinke sufficient to satisfie their bellies, fell to eating and drinking after such greedie wise, that it seemed they stroue who might deuoure and swallow vp most, till the operation of the berries spread in such sort through all the parts of their bodies,

that they were in the end brought into a fast dead sleepe, that in manner it was vnpossible to awake them. Then forthwith Duncane sent vnto Makbeth, commanding him with all diligence to come and set vpon the enimies, being in easie point to be ouercome. Makbeth making no delaie, came with his people to the place where his enimies were lodged, and first killing the watch, afterwards entered the campe, and made such slaughter on all sides without anie resistance that it was a woonderfull matter to behold, for the Danes were so heaueie of sleepe that the most part of them were slaine and neuer stirred: other that were awakened either by the noise or other waies forth, were so amazed and dizzie headed vpon their wakening, that they were not able to make anie defense: so that of the whole number there escaped no more but onelie Sueno himselfe and ten other persons, by whose helpe he got to his ships lieng at rode in the mouth of Taie.

“The most part of the mariners, when they heard what plentie of meate and drinke the Scots had sent vnto the campe, came from the sea thither to be partakers thereof, and so were slaine amongst their fellowes: by meanes whereof when Sueno perceiued how through lacke of mariners he should not be able to conueie awaie his nauie, he furnished one ship throughlie with such as were left, and in the same sailed backe into Norwaie, cursing the time that he set forward on this infortunate iourne. The other ships which he left behind him, within three daies after his departure from thence, were tossed so together by violence of an east wind, that beating and rushing one against another, they sunke there, and lie in the same place euen vnto these daies, to the great danger of other such ships as come on that coast: for being couered with the floud when the tide commeth, at the ebbing againe of the same, some part of them appeere aboue water.

“The place where the Danish vessels were thus lost, is yet called Drownelow sands. This ouerthrow receiued in manner afore said by Sueno, was verie displeasent to him and his people, as should appeere, in that it was a custome manie yeeres after, that no knights were made in Norwaie, except they were first sworne to reuenge the slaughter of their countriemen and friends thus slaine in Scotland. The Scots hauing woone so notable a victorie, after they had gathered & diuided the spoile of the field, caused solemne processions to be made in all places of the realme, and thanks to be giuen to almightie God, that had sent them so faire a day ouer their enimies. But whilst the people were thus at their processions, woord was brought that a new fleet of Danes was arriued at Kingcorne, sent thither by Canute king of England, in reuenge of his brother Suenos ouerthrow. To resist these enimies, which were already landed, and busie in spoiling the countrie; Makbeth and Banquo were sent with the kings authoritie, who hauing with them a conuenient power, incountred the enimies, slue part of them, and chased the other

i. 2. 62. to their ships. They that escaped and got once to their ships, obtained of Makbeth for a great summe of gold, that such of their friends as were slaine at this last bickering, might be buried in saint Colmes Inch. In memorie whereof, manie old sepultures are yet in the said Inch, there to be seene grauen with the armes of the Danes,

as the maner of burieng noble men still is, and heeretofore hath Leene vsed.

“ A peace was also concluded at the same time betwixt the Danes and Scottishmen, ratified (as some haue written) in this wise: That from thencefoorth the Danes should neuer come into Scotland to make anie warres against the Scots by anie maner of meanes. And these were the warres that Duncane had with forren enimies, in the seventh yeere of his reigne. Shortlie after happened a strange and vncouth woonder, which afterward was the cause of much trouble in the realme of Scotland, as ye shall after heare. It fortunèd as Makbeth and Banquho

i. 2. 1. iourned towards Fores, where the king then laie, they went sporting by the waie together without other companie, saue onelie themselues, passing thorough the woods and fields, when suddenlie in the middest of a laund, there met them three women in strange and wild apparell, resembling creatures of elder world, whome when they attentielie beheld, woondering much at the sight, the first of them spake and said; All haile Makbeth, thane of Glamis (for he had latelie entered

i. 3. 71. into that dignitie and office by the death of his father Sinell). The second of them said; Haile Makbeth thane of Cawder. But the third said; All haile Makbeth that heereafter shalt be king of Scotland.

“ Then Banquho; What manner of women (saith he) are you, that seeme so little fauourable vnto me, whereas to my fellow heere, besides high offices, ye assigne also the kingdome, appointing foorth nothing for me at all? Yes (saith the first of them) we promise greater benefits vnto thee, than vnto him, for he shall reigne in deed, but with an vnluckie end: neither shall he leaue anie issue behind him to succeed in his place, where contrarilie thou in deed shalt not reigne at all, but of thee those shall be borne which shall gouern the Scottish kingdome by long order of continuall descent. Herewith the foresaid women vanished immediatlie out of their sight. This was reputed at the first but some vaine

i. 3. 53. fantasticall illusion by Mackbeth and Banquho, insomuch that Banquho would call Mackbeth in iest king of Scotland; and Mackbeth againe would call him in sport likewise, the father of manie kings. But afterwards the common opinion was, that these women were either the weird sisters, that is (as ye would say) the goddesses of destinie, or else some nymphs or feiries, indued with knowledge of prophesie by their necromantical science, bicause euerie thing came to passe as they had spoken. For shortlie after, the thane of Cawder being condemned at Fores of treason against the king committed; his lands, liuings, and offices were giuen of the kings liberalitie to Mackbeth.

“ The same night after, at supper, Banquho iested with him and said; Now Mackbeth thou hast obtained those things which the two former sisters prophesied, there remaineth onelie for thee to purchase that which the third said should come to passe. Wherevpon Mackbeth reuoluing the thing in his mind, began euen then to deuise how he might attein to the kingdome: but yet he thought with himselfe that he must tarie a time, which should aduance him thereto (by the diuine prouidence) as it had come to passe in his former preferment. But shortlie after it chanced

v. 2. 2. that king Duncane, hauing two sonnes by his wife which was the daughter of Siward earle of Northumberland, he made the elder of them called Malcolme prince of Cumberland, as it were thereby to appoint him his successor in the kingdome, immediatlie after
i. 4. 39. his deceasse. Mackbeth sore troubled herewith, for that he saw by this means his hope sore hindered (where, by the old lawes of the realme, the ordinance was, that if he that should succeed were not of able age to take the charge vpon himselfe, he that was next of bloud vnto him should be admitted) he began to take counsell how he might vsurpe the kingdome by force, hauing a iust quarell so to doo (as he tooke the matter) for that Duncane did what in him lay to defraud him of all maner of title and claime, which he might in time to come, pretend vnto the crowne.

“ The woords of the three weird sisters also (of whom before ye haue heard) greatlie encouraged him herevnto, but speciallie his wife lay sore vpon him to attempt the thing, as she that was verie ambitious, burning in vnquenchable desire to beare the name of a queene. At length therefore, communicating his purposed intent with his trustie friends, amongst whome Banquo was the chieftest, vpon confidence of their promised aid, he slue the king at Enuerns, or (as some say) at Botgosuane, in the sixt yeare of his reigne. Then hauing a companie about him of such as he had made priuie to his enterprise, he caused himselfe to be proclaimed

ii. 4. 31. king, and forthwith went vnto Scone, where (by common consent) he receiued the inuesture of the kingdome according to the accustomed maner. The bodie of Duncane was first conueied vnto Elgine, & there buried in kinglie wise ; but afterwards it was removed and conueied vnto Colmekill, and there laid in a sepulture amongst

ii. 4. 34. his predecessors, in the yeare after the birth of our Sauour, 1046.

“ Malcolme Cammore and Donald Bane the sons of king Duncane, for feare of their liues (which they might well know that Mackbeth would seeke to bring to end for his more sure confirmation in the estate) fled into Cumberland, where Malcolme remained, till time that saint Edward the sonne of Etheldred recouered the dominion of England from the Danish power, the which Edward receiued Malcolme by way of most friendlie entertainment : but Donald passed ouer into Ireland, where he was tenderlie cherished by the king of that land. Mackbeth, after the departure thus of Duncanes sonnes, vsed great liberalitie towards the nobles of the realme, thereby to win their fauour, and when he saw that no man went about to trouble him, he set his whole intention to mainteine iustice, and to punish all enormities and abuses, which had chanced through the feeble and slouthfull administration of Duncane.’ (pp. 169-171.)

“ [And so vigorously did Macbeth carry out his reforms, that ‘these theeuers, barrettors, and other oppressors of the innocent people’ . . . ‘were streight waies apprehended by armed men, and trussed vp in halters on gibbets, according as they had iustlie deserved. The residue of misdooers that were left, were punished and tamed in such sort, that manie yeares after all theft and reiffings were little heard of, the people inioieng the blissefull benefit of good peace and tranquillitie. Mackbeth shewing

himselfe thus a most diligent punisher of all iniuries and wrongs attempted by anie disordered persons within his realme, was accounted the sure defense and buckler of innocent people; and hereto he also applied his whole indeour, to cause yong men to exercise themselves in vertuous maners, and men of the church to attend their diuine seruice according to their vocations.

“ ‘He caused to be slaine sundrie thanes, as of Cathnes, Sutherland, Stranauerne, and Ros, because through them and their seditious attempts, much trouble dailie rose in the realme.’ . . . ‘To be brieft, such were the woorthie dooings and princelie acts of this Mackbeth in the administration of the realme, that if he had attained therevnto by rightfull means, and continued in vprightness of iustice as he began, till the end of his reigne, he might well haue bene numbred amongst the most noble princes that anie where had reigned. He made manie holesome laws and statutes for the publike weale of his subjects.’ [Holinshed here ‘sets forth according to Hector Boetius’ some of the laws made by Macbeth, and for one of them the king certainly deserves a handsome notice from some of our most advanced reformers of the present day: ‘The eldest daughter shall inherit hir fathers lands, as well as the eldest sonne should, if the father leave no sonne behind him.’]”

“ ‘These and the like commendable lawes Makbeth caused to be put as then in vse, gouerning the realme for the space of ten yeares in equall iustice. But this was but a counterfet zeale of equitie shewed by him, partlie against his naturall inclination to purchase thereby the fauour of the people. Shortlie after, he began to shew what he was, in stead of equitie practising crueltie. For the pricke of conscience (as it chanceth

i. 7. 11. euer in tyrants, and such as attaine to anie estate by vnrighteous means) caused him euer to feare, least he should be serued of the same cup as he had ministred to his predecessor. The words also of the three weird sisters would not out of his mind, which as they promised him the kingdome, so likewise did they promise it at the same time vnto the posteritie of Banquho. He willed therefore the

iii. 1. 48. same Banquho with his sonne named Fleance, to come to a supper that he had prepared for them, which was in deed, as he had deuised, present death at the hands of certeine murderers, whom he hired to execute that deed, appointing them to meete with the same

iii. 1. 131. Banquho and his sonne without the palace, as they returned to their lodgings, and there to slea them, so that he would not haue his house slandered, but that in time to come he might cleare himselfe, if anie thing were laid to his charge vpon anie suspicion that might arise.

“ ‘It chanced yet by the benefit of the darke night, that though the father were slaine, the sonne yet by the helpe of almightie God reseruing him to better fortune, escaped that danger: and afterwards hauing some inkeling (by the admonition of some friends which he had in the court) how his life was sought no lesse than his fathers, who was slaine not by chancemedlie* (as by the handling of the matter Makbeth woould haue

* The old law term for manslaughter. Dalton, in his *Country Justice* (1620), says: “Manslaughter, otherwise called *chancemedley*, is the killing a man feloniously, . . . and yet without any malice forethought,” etc.—(*Ed.*)

had it to appeare), but euen vpon a prepenssed deuise : wherevpon to auoid further perill he fled into Wales.' (p. 172.)

" [The old historian here makes a digression in order to 'rehearse the originall line of those kings, which haue descended from the foresaid Banquho.' It will suffice here to note that (according to Holinshed) Fleance's great-grandson Alexander had two sons, from one of whom descended 'the earles of Leuenox and Dornlie,' and from the other came Walter Steward, who 'married Margerie Bruce daughter to king Robert Bruce, by whome he had issue king Robert the second of that name' (p. 173), 'the first' (says French, *Shakespeareana Genealogica*, p. 291) 'of the dynasty of Stuart, which continued to occupy the throne until the son of Mary Queen of Scots, James, the sixth of the name, was called to the throne of England, as James the First.']

" 'But to returne vnto Makbeth, in continuuing the historie, and to begin where I left, ye shall vnderstand that after the contriued slaughter of Banquho, nothing prospered with the foresaid Makbeth : for in maner euerie man began to doubt his owne life, and durst vnneth appeare in the kings presence ; and euen as there were manie that stood in feare of him, so likewise stood he in feare of manie, in such sort that he began to make those awaie by one surmised cauillation or other, whome he thought most able to worke him anie displeasure.

" 'At length he found such sweetnesse by putting his nobles thus to death, that his earnest thirst after bloud in this behalfe might in no wise be satisfied : for ye must consider he wan double profite (as hee thought) hereby : for first they were rid out of the way whome he feared, and then againe his coffers were enriched by their goods which were forfeited to his vse, whereby he might the better mainteine a gard of armed men about him to defend his person from iniurie of them whom he had in anie suspicion. Further, to the end he might the more cruellie oppresse his subjects with all tyrantlike wrongs, he builded a strong castell on the top of an hie hill called Dunsinane, situate in Gowrie, ten miles from Perth, on such a proud height, that standing there aloft, a man might behold well neere all the countries of Angus, Fife, Stermond, and Ernedale, as it were lieng vnderneath him. This castell then being founded on the top of that high hill, put the realme to great charges before it was finished, for all the stufte necessarie to the building could not be brought vp without much toile and businesse. But Makbeth being once determined to haue the worke go forward, caused the thanes of each shire within the realme to come and helpe towards that building, each man his course about.

" 'At the last, when the turne fell vnto Makduffe thane of Fife to builde his part, he sent workemen with all needfull prouision, and commanded them to shew such diligence in euerie behalfe, that no occasion might bee giuen for the king to find fault with him, in that he came not himselfe as other had doone, which he refused to doo, for doubt least the king bearing him (as he partlie vnderstood) no great good will, would laie violent handes vpon him, as he had doone vpon diuerse other. Shortly after, Makbeth comming to behold how the worke went forward, and bicause he found not Makduffe there, he was sore offended, and said ;

I perceiue this man will neuer obeie my commandements, till he be ridden with a snaffle: but I shall prouide well inough for him. Neither could he afterwards abide to looke vpon the said Makduffe, either for that he thought his puissance ouer great; either else for that he had learned of certeine wizzards, in whose words he put great confidence (for that the prophesie had happened so right, which the three faries or weird sisters had declared vnto him) how that he ought to take heed of Makduffe, who in time to come should seeke to destroe him.

“ ‘ And suerlie herevpon had he put Makduffe to death, but that a certeine witch, whome hee had in great trust, had told that he should neuer be slaine with man borne of anie woman, nor vanquished till the wood

iv. 1. 80. of Bernane came to the castell of Dunsinane. By this prophesie

Makbeth put all feare out of his heart, supposing he might doo what he would, without anie feare to be punished for the same, for by the one prophesie he beleueed it was vnpossible for anie man to vanquish him, and by the other vnpossible to slea him. This vaine hope caused him to doo manie outrageous things, to the greuous oppression of his subiects. At length Makduffe, to auoid perill of life, purposed with himselfe to passe into England, to procure Malcolme Cammore to claime the crowne of Scotland. But this was not so secretlie deuised by Makduffe, but that Makbeth had knowledge giuen him thereof: for kings (as is said) haue sharpe sight like vnto Lynx, and long ears

iii. 4. 131. like vnto Midas. For Makbeth had in euerie noble mans house one slie fellow or other in fee with him, to reueale all that was said or doone within the same, by which slight he oppressed the most part of the nobles of his realme.

“ ‘ Immediatlie then, being aduertised whereabout Makduffe went, he came hastily with a great power into Fife, and forthwith besieged the castell where Makduffe dwelled, trusting to haue found him therein. They that kept the house, without anie resistance opened the gates, and suffered him to enter, mistrusting none euill. But neuerthelesse Makbeth most cruellie caused the wife and children of Makduffe, with all other whom he found in that castell, to be slaine. Also he confiscated the goods of Makduffe, proclaimed him traitor, and confined him out of

iv. 3. all the parts of his realme; but Makduffe was already escaped out of danger, and gotten into England vnto Malcolme Cammore, to trie what purchase hee might make by means of his support to reuenge the slaughter so cruellie executed on his wife, his children, and other friends. At his comming vnto Malcolme, he declared into what great miserie the estate of Scotland was brought, by the detestable cruelties exercised by the tyrant Makbeth, hauing committed manie horrible slaughters and murders, both as well of the nobles as commons, for the which he was hated right mortallie of all his liege people, desiring nothing more than to be deliuered of that intollerable and most heauie yoke of thraldome, which they sustained at such a caitifes hands.

“ ‘ Malcolme hearing Makduffes wordes, which he vttered in verie lamentable sort, for meere compassion and verie ruth that pearsed his sorrowfull hart, bewailing the miserable state of his countrie, he fetched a

deepe sigh ; which Makduffe perceiuing, began to fall most earnestlie in hand with him, to enterprise the deliuering of the Scottish people out of the hands of so cruell and bloudie a tyrant, as Makbeth by too manie plaine experiments did shew himselfe to be : which was an easie matter for him to bring to passe, considering not onelie the good title he had, but also the earnest desire of the people to haue some occasioned ministration, whereby they might be reuenged of those notable iniuries, which they dailie sustained by the outrageous crueltie of Makbeths misgouernance. Though Malcolme was verie sorowfull for the oppression of his countriemen the Scots, in maner as Makduffe had declared ; yet doubting whether he were come as one that ment vnfeinedlie as he spake, or else as sent from Makbeth to betraie him, he thought to haue some further triall, and therevpon dissembling his mind at the first, he answered as followeth.

“ I am trulie verie sorie for the miserie chanced to my countrie of Scotland, but though I haue neuer so great affection to relieue the same, yet by reason of certeine incurable vices, which reigne in me, I am nothing meet thereto. First, such immoderate lust and voluptuous sensuality (the abhominable founteine of all vices) followeth me, that if I were made king of Scots, I should seeke to defloure your maids and matrones, in such wise that mine intemperancie should be more importable vnto you than the bloudie tyrannie of Makbeth now is. Heereunto Makduffe answered : this suerly is a verie euill fault, for many noble princes and kings haue lost both liues and kingdomes for the same ; neuerthelesse
 iv. 3. 71. there are women enow in Scotland, and therefore follow my counsell, Make thy selfe king, and I shall conueie the matter so
 iv. 3. 72. wiselie, that thou shalt be so satisfied at thy pleasure in such wise, that no man shall be aware thereof.

“ Then said Malcolme, I am also the most avaritious creature on the earth, so that if I were king, I should seeke so manie waies to get lands and goods, that I would slea the most part of all the nobles of Scotland by surmised accusations, to the end I might inioy their lands, goods, and possessions ; and therefore to shew you what mischief may insue on you through mine vnsatiable couetousnes, I will rehearse vnto you a fable. There was a fox hauing a sore place on him ouerset with a swarme of flies, that continuallie sucked out hir bloud : and when one that came by and saw this manner, demanded whether she would haue the flies driuen beside hir, she answered no : for if these flies that are already full, and by reason thereof sucke not verie egerlie, should be chased awaie, other that are emptie and fellie * an hungred, should light in their places, and sucke out the residue of my bloud farre more to my greouance than these, which now being satisfied doo not much annoie me. Therefore saith Malcolme, suffer me to remaine where I am, least if I

* The obsolete adverb corresponding to the adjective *fell*, and — fiercely, cruelly. Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* vi. 11, 48 :

“ How many flies, in whottest sommers day,
 Do seize upon some beast whose flesh is bare,
 That all the place with swarmes do overlay,
 And with their l'tle stings right fellly fare,” etc.—(*Ed.*)

atteine to the regiment of your realme, mine inquenchable auarice may prooue such; that ye would thinke the displeasures which now grieue you, should seeme easie in respect of the vnmeasurable outrage, which might insue through my comming amongst you.

“ ‘Makduffe to this made answer, how it was a far woorse fault than the other: for auarice is the root of all mischiefe, and for that crime the most part of our kings haue beene slaine and brought to their finall end. Yet notwithstanding follow my counsell, and take vpon thee the crowne. There is gold and riches inough in Scotland to satisfie thy greedie desire. Then said Malcolme againe, I am furthermore inclined to dissimulation, telling of leasings,* and all other kinds of deceit, so that I naturallie reioise in nothing so much, as to betraie & deceiue such as put anie trust or confidence in my words. Then sith there is nothing that more becommeth a prince than constancie, veritie, truth, and iustice, with the other laudable fellowship of those faire and noble vertues which are comprehended onelie in soothfastnesse,† and that lieng vtterlie ouerthroweth the same; you see how vnable I am to gouerne anie prouince or region: and therefore sith you haue remedies to cloke and hide all the rest of my other vices, I praie you find shift to cloke this vice amongst the residue.

“ ‘Then said Makduffe: This yet is the woorst of all, and there I leaue thee, and therefore saie; Oh ye vnhappie and miserable Scottishmen, which are thus scourged with so manie and sundrie calamities, ech one aboue other! Ye haue one cursed and wicked tyrant that now reigneth ouer you, without anie right or title, oppressing you with his most bloudie crueltye. This other that hath the right to the crowne, is so replet with the inconstant behaiour and manifest vices of Englishmen, that he is nothing woorthie to inioy it: for by his owne confession he is not onelie auaritious, and giuen to vnsatiable lust, but so false a traitor withall, that no trust is to be had vnto anie word he speaketh. Adieu Scotland, for now I account my selfe a banished man for euer, without comfort or consolation: and with those words the brackish teares trickled downe his cheekes verie abundantlye.

“ ‘At the last, when he was readie to depart, Malcolme tooke him by the sleeue, and said: Be of good comfort Makduffe, for I haue none of these vices before remembred, but haue iested with thee in this manner, onelie to prooue thy mind: for diuerse times heeretofore hath Makbeth sought by this manner of meanes to bring me into his hands, but the more slow I haue shewed my selfe to condescend to thy motion and request, the more diligence shall I vse in accomplishing the same. Incontinentlie heereupon they imbraced ech other, and promising to be faithfull the one to the other, they fell in consultation how they might best prouide for all their businesse, to bring the same to good effect. Soone after, Makduffe repairing to the borders of Scotland, addressed his letters with secret dispatch vnto the nobles of the realme, declaring how Mal-

* Falsehoods. Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* ii. 9, 51: “And all that fained is, as leasings, tales, and lies.” See also *Psalms*, iv. 2, v. 6; *T. N.* i. 5, 105; *Cor.* v. 2, 22.—(*Ed.*)

† Truthfulness. On *sooth* = truth, see note on i. 2. 36 below. Cf. *shamefastness* (= modesty), of which our modern *shamefacedness* is a corruption.—(*Ed.*)

colme was confederat with him, to come hastilie into Scotland to claime the crowne, and therefore he required them, sith he was right inheritor thereto, to assist him with their powers to recouer the same out of the hands of the wrongfull vsurper.

“ ‘In the meane time, Malcolme purchased such fauor at king Edwards hands, that old Siward earle of Northumberland, was appointed with ten thousand men to go with him into Scotland, to support him in this enterprise, for recouerie of his right. After these newes were spread abroad in Scotland, the nobles drew into two seuerall factions, the one taking part with Makbeth, and the other with Malcolme. Heereupon insued oftentimes sundrie bickerings, & diuerse light skirmishes : for those that were of Malcolmes side, would not ieopard to ioine with their enimies in a pight* field, till his comming out of England to their support. But after that Makbeth perceiued his enimies power to increase, by such aid as came to them forth of England with his aduersarie Malcolme, he recoiled backe into Fife, there purposing to abide in campe fortified, at the castell of Dunsinane, and to fight with his enimies, if they ment to pursue him ; howbeit some of his friends aduised him, that it should be best for him, either to make some agreement with Malcolme, or else to flee with all speed into the Iles, and to take his treasure with him, to the end he might wage† sundrie great princes of the realme to take his part, & retaine strangers, in whome he might better trust than in his owne subjects, which stale dailie from him : but he had such confi-

v. 4. 11. dence in his prophesies, that he beleued he should neuer be vanquished, till Birnane wood were brought to Dunsinane ; nor yet to be slaine with anie man, that should be or was borne of anie woman.

“ ‘Malcolme following hastilie after Makbeth, came the night before the battell vnto Birnane wood, and when his armie had rested v. 4. a while there to refresh them, he commanded euerie man to get a bough of some tree or other of that wood in his hand, as big as he might beare, and to march forth therewith in such wise, that on the next morrow they might come closelie and without sight in this manner with-in viewe of his enimies. On the morrow when Makbeth beheld them comming in this sort, he first maruelled what the matter ment, but in the end remembered himselfe that the prophesie which he had heard long before that time, of the comming of Birnane wood to Dunsinane castell, was likelie to be now fulfilled. Ncuerthelesse, he brought his men in order of battell, and exhorted them to doo valiantlie, howbeit his enimies had scarcely cast from them their boughs, when Makbeth perceiuing their numbers, betooke him streit to flight, whom Makduffe pursued with great hatred euen till he came vnto Lunfannaine, where Makbeth perceiuing that Makduffe was hard at his backe, leapt beside his horsse, saieing ;

* Pitched. Cf. *T. and C.* v. 10. 24 :

“ You vile abominable tents,

Thus proudly pight upon our Phrygian plains.”—(*Ed.*)

† Hire, bribe. Cf. *Cor.* v. 6. 40 :

“ I seem’d his follower, not partner, and
He wag’d me with his countenance, as if
I had been mercenary.”—(*Ed.*)

Thou traitor, what meaneth it that thou shouldest thus in vaine follow me that am not appointed to be slaine by anie creature that is borne of a woman, come on therefore, and receiue thy reward which thou hast deserued for thy paines, and therewithall he lifted vp his swoord thinking to haue slaine him.

“ ‘But Makduffe quicklie auoiding* from his horsse, yer he came at him, answered (with his naked swoord in his hand) saing: It is true Makbeth, and now shall thy insatiable crueltie haue an end, for I am euen he that thy wizzards haue told thee of, who was neuer borne of my mother, but ripped out of her wombe: therewithall he stept vnto him, and slue him in the place. Then cutting his head from his shoulders, he

v. 8. 53. set it vpon a pole, and brought it vnto Malcolme. This was the end of Makbeth, after he had reigned 17 yeeres ouer the Scottishmen. In the beginning of his reigne he accomplished manie woorthie acts, verie profitable to the common-wealth, (as ye haue heard) but afterward by illusion of the diuell, he defamed the same with most terrible crueltie. He was slaine in the yeere of the incarnation 1057, and in the 16 yeere of king Edwards reigne ouer the Englishmen.

“ ‘Malcolme Cammore thus recouering the relme (as ye haue heard) by support of king Edward, in the 16 yeere of the same Edwards reigne, he was crowned at Scone the 25 day of Aprill, in the yeere of our Lord 1057. Immediatlie after his coronation he called a parlement at Forfair, in the which he rewarded them with lands and liuings that had assisted him against Makbeth, aduancing them to fees and offices as he saw cause, & commanded that specialie those that bare the surname of anie offices or lands, should haue and inioy the same. He created manie earles, lords, barons, and knights. Manie of them that before were thanes, were

v. 8. 63. at this time made earles, as Fife, Menteth, Atholl, Leuenox, Murrey, Cathlens, Rosse, and Angus. These were the first earles that haue beene heard of amongst the Scottishmen, (as their histories doo make mention.)’ (pp. 174-176.)

“ In the ‘fift Chapter’ of ‘the eight Booke of the historie of England,’ Shakespeare found the account of young Siward’s death (v. 7.):

“ ‘About the thirteenth yeare of king Edward his reigne (as some write) or rather about the nineteenth or twentieth yeare, as should appeare by the Scottish writers, Siward the noble earle of Northumberland with a great power of horsemen went into Scotland, and in battell put to flight Mackbeth that had vsurped the crowne of Scotland, and that doone, placed Malcolme surnamed Camoir, the sonne of Duncane, sometime king of Scotland, in the gouernement of that realme, who afterward slue the said Mackbeth, and then reigned in quiet. Some of our English writers say that this Malcolme was king of Cumberland, but other report him to be sonne to the king of Cumberland. But heere is to be noted, that if Mackbeth reigned till the yeare 1061, and was then slaine by Malcolme, earle Siward was not at that battell; for as our writers doo testi-

* Withdrawing, dismounting. Cf. *W. T.* i. 2. 462: “Let us avoid;” *Cor.* iv. 5. 34: “here’s no place for you; pray you, avoid.” See also 1 *Sam.* xviii. 11.—(*Ed.*)

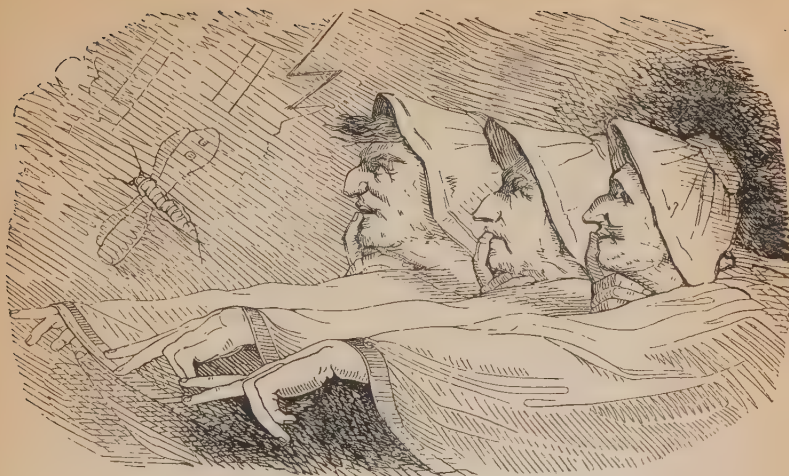
fie, he died in the yeare 1055, which was in the yeare next after (as the same writers affirme) that he vanquished Mackbeth in fight, and slue manie thousands of Scots, and all those Normans which (as ye haue heard) were withdrawen into Scotland, when they were driuen out of England.

“ It is recorded also, that in the foresaid battell, in which earle Siward vanquished the Scots, one of Siwards sonnes chanced to be slaine, whereof although the father had good cause to be sorowfull, yet when he heard that he died of a wound which he had receiued in fighting stoutlie in the forepart of his bodie, and that with his face towards the enimie, he greatlie reioised thereat, to heare that he died so manfullie. But here is to be noted, that not now, but a little before (as Henrie Hunt. saith) that earle Siward went into Scotland himselfe in person, he sent his sonne with an armie to conquire the land, whose hap was there to be slaine; and when his father heard the newes, he demanded whether he receiued the wound whereof he died, in the forepart of the bodie, or in the hinder part: and

v. 8. 49. when it was told him that he receiued it in the forepart; I reioise (saith he) euen with all my heart, for I would not wish either to my sonne nor to my selfe any other kind of death.’ ”



KING MALCOLM'S GRAVESTONE, AT GLAMIS.



ACT I.

SCENE I.—1. Delius remarks (cf. Gr. 504) that this trochaic metre is elsewhere used by S. when supernatural beings are speaking; as in *Temp.* and *M. N. D.*

The folios put an interrogation mark at the end of the first line.

3. *Hurlyburly*. Doubtless an onomatopoeic word, as Peacham explained it in the *Garden of Eloquence* in 1577: "Onomatopeia, when we invent, devise, fayne, and make a name intimating the sound of that it signifyeth, as *hurlyburly*, for an *uprore* and *tumultuous stirre*." *Hullabaloo* (which is not in Wb., though given by Worc. and Wedgwood) is probably a related word. S. uses *hurlyburly* only here and in 1 *Hen. IV.* v. 1. 78, where it is an adjective. He has *hurly* in the same sense in *T. of S.* iv. 1. 216: "amid this hurly;" *K. John*, iii. 4. 169: "Methinks I see this hurly all on foot;" and 2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 1. 25: "That with the hurly death itself awakes."

Cf. Latimer (sermon preached in 1550): "the chiefest cause of all this hurlyburly and commotion;" North's *Plutarch (Fabius)*: "A marvellous tumult and hurlyburly;" Spenser, *F. Q.* v. 3, 30:

"Thereof great hurly-burly moved was
Throughout the hall for that same warlike horse."

5. *Set of sun*. The C. P. ed. cites *Rich. III.* v. 3. 19: "The weary sun hath made a golden set."

8. *Graymalkin*. Also spelled *Grimalkin*; it means a gray cat. *Mal-*

kin is a diminutive of *Mury*, and, like *maukin* (or *mawkin*) which is the same word, is often used as a common noun and contemptuously (=kitchen-wench); as in *Cor.* ii. i. 224; *Per.* iv. 3. 34. Cf. Tennyson, *Princess*, v.: "a draggled mawkin." *Mulkin* is the name of one of the witches in Middleton's *Witch*.

9. *Paddock*. A toad. R. Scot (*Discovery of Witchcraft*, 1584) says: "Some say they [witches] can keepe divels and spirits in the likenesse of todes and cats." Cf. *Ham.* iii. 4. 190.

The word sometimes means a frog; as in the North of England, according to Goldsmith. Cf. Chapman, *Cæsar and Pompey* (1607): "Paddockes, todes, and watersnakes." In New England "bull-paddock" is a popular synonym for bull-frog.

10. *Anon*. Presently, immediately; "especially by waiters, instead of the modern 'coming'" (Schmidt). Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. i. 5; ii. 4. 29, 36, 41, 49, 58, etc.

11. *Fair is foul*, etc. "The meaning is, that *to us*, perverse and malignant as we are, *fair is foul*, and *foul is fair*" (Johnson). Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* iv. 8, 32: "Then faire grew foule, and foule grew faire in sight."

SCENE II.—The C. P. editors believe that this scene was not written by S. They remark: "Making all allowance for corruption of text, the slovenly metre is not like Shakespeare's work, even when he is most careless. The bombastic phraseology of the sergeant is not like Shakespeare's language even when he is most bombastic. What is said of the thane of Cawdor, lines 52, 53, is inconsistent with what follows in scene iii. lines 72, 73, and 112 sqq. We may add that Shakespeare's good sense would hardly have tolerated the absurdity of sending a severely wounded soldier to carry the news of a victory."

On this last point Mr. Furnivall (*Trans. New Shaks. Soc.* 1874, p. 499) says: "Mr. Daniel has already answered this by showing (1.) that the sergeant is *not* sent; (2.) that no victory had been won when he left the field; (3.) that the man sent with news of the victory was Ross; (4.) that the wounded sergeant was only met by Duncan, etc." Cf. Weiss, p. 364.

1. *Bloody*. Bodenstedt (cited by Furness) remarks that "this word *bloody* reappears on almost every page, and runs like a red thread through the whole piece; in no other of Shakespeare's dramas is it so frequent."

3. *Sergeant*. Here a trisyllable. Gr. 479. In the stage direction of the folio we find "*a bleeding Captaine*," but "*Serieant*" in this line of the text.

5. *Hail*. Metrically equivalent to a dissyllable (Gr. 484).

6. *Say . . . the knowledg*. Tell what you know. *Say* often = tell. Cf. *Cymb.* iv. 2. 376: "say his name;" *C. of E.* i. i. 29: "say, in brief, the cause," etc.

Broil. Battle; as often in S. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* i. i. 3, 47; *Cor.* iii. 2. 81; *Oth.* i. 3. 87, etc.

7. On the measure, see Gr. 506.

9. *Choke their art*. "That is, drown each other by rendering their skill in swimming useless" (C. P. ed.). Cf. *Mark*, v. 13.

Macdonwald. The reading of 1st folio; the others have "Macdonnel." Holinshed calls him "Macdowald."

10. *To that.* To that end. Gr. 186. "His multiplied villainies fit him for that rebel's trade" (Moberly).

11. Mr. Fleay thinks that this line is Shakespeare's, retained by Middleton when he substituted this scene for the original one.

13. *Of kerns and gallowglasses.* *Of* = with; as often. See Gr. 171. *Kerns* were light-armed soldiers. See *Rich. II.* p. 175, note on *Rug-headed kerns*. *Gallowglasses* were heavy-armed troops. Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* iv. 9. 26: "Of gallowglasses and stout kerns." S. takes both words from Holinshed (see p. 137). Cf. v. 7. 17 below. See also Drayton, *Heroical Epist.*:

"Bruce now shall bring his Redshanks from the seas,
From the isled Orcads and the Hebrides;
And to his western havens give free pass
To land the Kerne and Irish Galliglasse."

14. *Quarrel.* Johnson's emendation for the "quarry" of the early eds. As the word occurs in Holinshed's relation of this very fact, it is probably the right one, but many editors retain *quarry*. K. says: "We have it in the same sense in *Cor.* i. 1. 202; the 'damned quarry' being the doomed army of kerns and gallowglasses, who, although Fortune deceitfully smiled on them, fled before the sword of Macbeth and became his *quarry*—his prey."

For *quarrel* in this sense (= *cause* or *occasion* of a quarrel) cf. Bacon, *Essay* 8: "So as a Man may have a Quarrell to marry, when he will;" Latimer, *Sermon on Christmas Day*: "to live and die in God's quarrel," etc. Cf. iv. 3. 137: "our warranted quarrel."

15. *Show'd.* Appeared. Cf. *M. of V.* iv. 1. 196:

"And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice."

"The meaning is that Fortune, while she smiled on him, deceived him" (Malone).

19. *Minion.* Favourite, darling. It is the French *mignon*. Cf. *Temp.* iv. 1. 98: "Mars's hot minion;" and see note, *Temp.* p. 136.

21. *Which.* As D. remarks, if this is the right word, it is equivalent to *who*. Gr. 265. Probably there is some corruption of the text. Capell's emendation of "And ne'er" is adopted by Sr. and D. (2d ed.). "As the text stands, the meaning is, Macdonwald did not take leave of, nor bid farewell to, his antagonist till Macbeth had slain him" (C. P. ed.).

22. *Nave.* Navel. Warb. suggested "nape." Stevens cites Nash, *Dido* (1594): "Then from the navel to the throat at once He ript old Priam."

24. *Cousin.* Macbeth and Duncan were both grandsons of King Malcolm.

25. *Gins.* The 1st folio has "'gins" here (and "'gin" in v. 5. 49), the other folios "gins." In every other instance in which *gins* or *gan* occurs in the 1st folio (*Temp.* iii. 3. 106; *Cor.* ii. 2. 119; 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 1. 129; *Ham.* i. 5. 90; *Cymb.* ii. 3. 22, v. 3. 37, v. 5. 197) the apostrophe is omitted. Nares says, under *gin*: "Usually supposed to be a contraction of *begin*,

but shown by Mr. Todd to be the original word." Schmidt also gives it as a complete word, and recognizes *can* in *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 106 as its past tense—an old form which Spenser sometimes uses. Abbott (Gr. 460) does not give *'gin* in his list of words in which prefixes are dropped (though he gives some words that ought not to be there, as *get*=beget, *haviour*, *plain*=complain, *tend*=attend, etc.), nor does he refer any instance of *gin* or *gan* to § 460 in his "Index of Quotations." Richardson, in his *Dict.*, says: "*Gin*, and the pret. *gan*, are in common use with our old writers without the prefix *be*:" and one of his examples (Hakluyt's *Voyages*, vol. i. p. 187: "Therefore I ginne to wryte now of the see") proves that the word had not ceased to be used, even in *prose*, in the time of S. The editors often confound these obsolete simple words with contractions of their compounds now in use. See *Temp.* p. 118 (note on *Hests*), *Mer.* p. 153 (note on *Bated*), *J. C.* p. 182 (note on *Now some light*), and *Rich. II.* p. 162 (note on *Haviour*).

On the general meaning of this passage, Sr. says: "The allusion is to the storms that prevail in spring, at the vernal equinox—the equinoctial gales. The beginning of the reflection of the sun (cf. 'So from that spring') is the epoch of his passing from the severe to the mildest season, opening, however, with storms." The C. P. ed. explains it thus: "As thunder and storms sometimes come from the East, the quarter from which we expect the sunrise, so out of victory a new danger arises."

31. *Norwegian*. The spelling of the folio, as in line 52 and i. 3. 95 below. *Surveying vantage*. Perceiving his opportunity. The phrase is used in a different sense in *Rich. III.* v. 3. 15: "Let us survey the vantage of the field."

32. *Furbish'd*. Burnished; that is, not before used in the fight, not yet stained with blood.

34. *Captains*. A trisyllable here. Gr. 477, 506.

36. *Sooth*. Truth. See foot-note, p. 147, and cf. v. 5. 40 below.

37. *Cracks*. Charges; an example of metonymy, the effect being put for the cause. For *crack*—report, cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 203 and *T. of A.* ii. 1. 3. Malone quotes the old play of *King John* (1591): "the echo of a cannon's crack."

38. *So they*. The C. P. editors prefer to put these words at the end of the preceding line. Sr. and D., following Steevens and Malone, make them a separate line.

On *doubly redoubled*, cf. *Rich. II.* i. 3. 80.

40. *Memorize*. Make memorable, render famous. The meaning is, "make another Golgotha, which should be celebrated and delivered down to posterity with as frequent mention as the first" (Heath). Halliwell cites Vicars, *Trans. of Virgil* (1632):

"Though Grecian seas or shores me captiv'd quel'd,
With annuall votes and due solemnities,
And altar-decking gifts, I'd memorize."

Cf. also *Hen. VIII.* iii. 2. 52. For *Golgotha*, see *Mark*, xv. 22.

41. *I cannot tell*. J. Hunter explains this as—"I know not what to say or think of it," and cites *T. of S.* iv. 3. 22: "I cannot tell: I fear 'tis cholerick." On the measure, see Gr. 511.

43. *So well.* We should say, *as well.* See Gr. 275.

45. *Thane.* "An Anglo-Saxon nobleman, inferior in rank to an earl and ealdorman" (Bosworth). See Wb.

46. *A haste.* The reading of the 1st folio; the other folios omit "a."

So should he look, etc. On *should*, see Gr. 323. The meaning is, "So should he look that appears to be on the point of speaking things strange" (Heath), or "whose appearance corresponds with the strangeness of his message" (C. P. ed.). *Teems, comes, seeks,* and *deems* have been needlessly suggested in place of *seems*. Cf. *Rich. II.* iii. 2. 194-197.

49. *Flout.* Mock. Malone quotes *K. John*, v. 1. 72: "Mocking the air with colours idly spread;" and adds: "The meaning seems to be, not that the Norwegian banners proudly insulted the sky; but that, the standards being taken by Duncan's forces, and fixed in the ground, the colours idly flapped about, serving only to cool the conquerors, instead of being proudly displayed by their former possessors." But, as the C. P. ed. suggests, "'flout the sky' seems better suited to the banners of a triumphant or defiant host." *Flout* must then be a historic present. Keightley reads:

"Where the Norwegian banners
Did flout the sky and fan our people cold."

51. Pope reads "With numbers terrible."

53. *Cawdor.* Cawdor Castle is about five miles south of Nairn and about fifteen from Inverness. The royal license to build it was granted by James II. in 1454. There is a tradition that a "wise man" counselled the Thane of Cawdor to load an ass with a chest full of gold, and to use the money in building a castle at the third hawthorn tree at which the beast should stop. The advice was followed, and the castle built round the tree, the trunk of which is still shown in the basement of the tower. The castle is still in excellent preservation, being used as a summer residence by the Earl of Cawdor.

54. *Till that.* On *that* as "a conjunctive affix," see Gr. 287.

Bellona's bridegroom. We have no doubt that S. means to compare Macbeth to Mars (cf. *Rich. II.* ii. 3. 100: "the Black Prince, that young Mars of men"), though Mars was not the husband of Bellona. Perhaps, as the C. P. ed. remarks, the expression may have been suggested by an imperfect recollection of Virgil, *Æn.* vii. 319: "Et Bellona manet te pronuba." Holinshed, though not in this connection, refers to "the goddess of battell, called Bellona."

Lapp'd in proof. Clad in armour of proof. Cf. *Cymb.* v. 5. 360: "lapp'd In a most curious mantle;" and *Rich. II.* i. 3. 73: "Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers" (see note in our ed.).

55. *Confronted him,* etc. "That is, gave him as good as he brought, showed he was his equal" (Warb.). *Him* refers to Norway.

56. The folio has "Point against Point, rebellious Arme 'gainst Arme," and many editors retain that pointing. *Rebellious* must in that case be =opposing, resisting. Theo. was the first to transpose the comma, giving *rebellious* the meaning it almost invariably has in S.

57. *Lavish.* Unrestrained, insolent. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 4. 62: "lavish manners;" and 1 *Hen. VI.* ii. 5. 47: "his lavish tongue."

58. *That now*. On the omission of *so*, see Gr. 283. Cf. i. 7. 8; ii. 2. 7; ii. 2. 23; iv. 3. 6; iv. 3. 82.

59. *Norways'*. Norwegians'. See Gr. 433.

Composition. Terms of peace. Cf. *M. for M.* i. 2. 2: "If the duke with the other dukes come not to composition with the king of Hungary, why then all the dukes fall upon the king."

61. *Saint Colme's Inch*. The Island of St. Columba, now Inchcolm, an islet in the Firth of Forth, about two miles south of Aberdour. Here are the remains of a monastery founded in 1123 by Alexander II., who had been driven on the island by stress of weather. There is also an oratory of rude construction, probably as old as the 9th century. St. Columba is said to have resided here for a time; but the island must not be confounded with Colmes-kill, Icolmkill, or Iona, the Island of St. Columba, on the west coast of Scotland, where "the gracious Duncan" (see ii. 4. 33 below) was laid beside his royal predecessors.

Inch (the Gaelic *inis*, island) is found in the names of many Scotch islands, as Inchkeith, Inchkenneth, Inchmurrin, Incheruin, Clairinch, Torrinch, Bucinch, etc.

62. *Dollars*. Of course, an anachronism (as the C. P. ed. points out), the *thaler*, or dollar, having been first coined about 1518, in the Valley of St. Joachim, Bohemia. *Thaler* is probably derived from *thal*, valley.

64. *Bosom interest*. "Close and intimate affection" (C. P. ed.). Cf. *M. of V.* iii. 4. 17: "bosom lover." Schmidt explains *interest* here as = concern, advantage. On the measure, see Gr. 501.

Present. Immediate. Cf. *J. C.* ii. 2. 5: "Go bid the priests do present sacrifice;" 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 3. 80: "To York, to present execution." So *presently* = instantly; as in *M. of V.* i. 1. 183: "Go presently inquire." See another example in the next note below.

SCENE III.—2. "Witches seem to have been most suspected of malice against swine. Dr. Harsnet observes that, about that time, a sow could not be sick of the measles, nor a girl of the sullens, but some old woman was charged with witchcraft" (Johnson). Steevens cites *A Detection of Damnable Driftes practized by Three Witches*, etc. (1579): "she came on a tyme to the house of one Robert Lathburie, . . . who, dislyking her dealyng, sent her home emptie; but presently after her departure, his hogges fell sicke and died, to the number of twentie."

5. *Give me*. For the omission of the direct object, cf. *R. and J.* iv. 1. 121: "Give me, give me!"

6. *Aroint thee*. Cf. *Lear*, iii. 4. 129: "Aroint thee, witch, aroint thee!" The meaning is evidently "Away with thee!" but the derivation of *aroint* has been much disputed. Several authorities state that "Rynt thee!" or "'Roint thee!" is still used in Cheshire, chiefly by milkmaids in bidding a cow get out of the way. See Nares and Wb. In an old drawing representing the "Harrowing of Hell," Christ is in the act of releasing various souls from the mouth of the pit, while the appointed custodian appears to be blowing a horn as a signal of alarm; above his head is the legend, "Out out aroynt." The 3d and 4th folios have "Anoynt," which Johnson approved as consistent with the "common

account of witches, who are related to perform many supernatural acts by means of unguents, and particularly to fly to their hellish festivals."

Rump-fed. According to Colepepper this means fed on offal (kidneys, rumps, and other scraps being among the low perquisites of the kitchen given away to the poor); but more likely it means well-fed: "she fed on best joints, I hungry and begging for a chestnut" (Moberly). Nares (endorsed by Schmidt) thinks it means "fat-rumped."

Ronyon. "A scabby or mangy woman." See Wb. The word is used again in *M. W.* iv. 2. 195.

7. *Aleppo.* From this place there was a large caravan trade to Ispahan, Bussora, and Damascus. In Hakluyt's *Voyages* (1589) there are accounts of a voyage made to Aleppo by the ship *Tiger* of London, in 1583. Cf. *T. N.* v. 1. 65: "And this is he that did the *Tiger* board."

8. *A sieve.* A favourite craft with witches. Sir W. Davenant says, in his *Albovine* (1629): "He sits like a witch sailing in a sieve." Steevens quotes *News from Scotland, or the damnable Life of Dr. Fian, a notable Sorcerer*, etc., wherein it is told how sundry witches "went to sea, each one in a riddle or cive."

9. *Without a tail.* It was believed that a witch could take the form of any animal, but that the tail would be wanting. According to Sir F. Madden, one distinctive mark of a werwolf, or human being changed to a wolf, was the absence of a tail.

10. *I'll do.* "She threatens, in the shape of a rat, to gnaw through the hull of the *Tiger* and make her spring a leak" (C. P. ed.).

11. Steevens remarks that this free gift of a wind is to be considered as an act of sisterly friendship, for witches were supposed to sell them. Cf. Sumner's *Last Will and Testament* (1600):

"in Ireland and Denmark both,
Witches for gold will sell a man a wind,
Which, in the corner of a napkin wrap'd,
Shall blow him safe unto what coast he will."

The C. P. ed. quotes Drayton, *Moon-Calf*, line 865:

"She could sell winds to any one that would
Buy them for money, forcing them to hold
What time she listed, tie them in a thread,
Which ever as the seafarer undid,
They rose or scanted, as his sails would drive,
To the same port whereas he would arrive."

14. *Other.* See Gr. 12.

15. *And the very ports they blow.* That is, to which they blow. Johnson wished to read "various" for *very*, and Pope "points" for *ports*. The C. P. editors think that "orts" for *ports* "seems still more probable."

17. *The shipman's card.* The card of the compass. Some explain it as = chart. Halliwell quotes *The Loyal Subject*:

"The card of goodness in your minds, that shews ye
When ye sail false; the needle touch'd with honour,
That through the blackest storms still points at happiness," etc.

Cf. also Pope, *Essay on Man*, ii. 108:

"On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,
Reason the card, but passion is the gale."

For *shipman*, cf. *T. and C.* v. 2. 172; also 1 *Kings*, ix. 27 and *Acts*, xxvii. 27, 30.

20. *Pent-house lid*. Malone cites Decker, *Gull's Horne-Booke*: "The two eyes are the glasse windowes, at which light disperses itself into every roome, having goodlie pent-houses of haire to overshadow them." Cf. also Drayton, *David and Goliath*:

"His brows, like two steep pent-houses, hung down
Over his eyelids."

21. *Forbid*. Under a ban, or accursed.

22, 23. Probably suggested by Holinshed's account of the bewitching of King Duffe (see p. 133).

32. *Weird*. The folios have "weyward." Theo. substituted *weird*, which is Holinshed's word. "The weird sisters" is Gawin Douglas's translation of Virgil's "Parcae." For the derivation of *weird*, see Wb. For the dissyllabic pronunciation of the word, see Gr. 485; and cf. ii. 1. 20, iii. 4. 133, and iv. 1. 136.

33. *Posters*. "Speedy travellers" (Schmidt).

34. As the C. P. editors remark, the witches here take hold of hands and dance round in a ring nine times, three rounds for each witch, as a charm for the furtherance of their purposes. Multiples of three and nine were specially affected by witches, ancient and modern. See Ovid, *Met.* xiv. 58:

"Ter novies carmen magico demurmurat ore;"

and vii. 189-191:

"Ter se convertit; ter sumptis flumine crinem
Irroravit aquis; ternis ululatus ora
Solvit."

38. *Foul and fair*. Perhaps referring to the sudden change in the weather, brought about by witchcraft; perhaps, as Elwin explains it, "*foul* with regard to the weather, and *fair* with reference to his victory."

According to Delius (quoted by Furness), "Macbeth enters engaged in talking with Banquo about the varying fortune of the day of battle which they had just experienced."

39. *Forres*. Forres is on the southern shore of the Moray Frith, about twenty-five miles from Inverness. At its western extremity there is a height commanding the river, the level country to the south, and the town. Here are the ruins of an ancient castle, a stronghold of the Earls of Moray. Some believe that it was the residence of Duncan, and afterwards of Macbeth, when the court was at Forres. Not far distant is the famous "blasted heath," of which Knight says: "There is not a more dreary piece of moorland to be found in all Scotland. It is without tree or shrub. A few patches of oats are visible here and there, and the eye reposes on a fir plantation at one extremity; but all around is bleak and brown, made up of peat and bog water, white stones and bushes of furze. The desolation of the scene in stormy weather, or when the twilight fogs are trailing over the pathless heath or settling down upon the pools, must be indescribable."

FORRES AND THE "BLASTED HEATH."



43. *That man may question.* "Are ye any beings with which man is permitted to hold converse, or of whom it is lawful to ask questions?" (Johnson).

45. *Should.* See Gr. 323, and cf. i. 2. 46 above.

46. *Beards.* St. quotes B. and F., *Honest Man's Fortune*, ii. 1 :

"And the women that
Come to us, for disguises must wear beards;
And that's, they say, a token of a witch."

Cf. also *M. W.* iv. 2. 202 : "I think the 'oman is a witch indeed ; I like not when a 'oman has a great peard."

48. *Glamis.* "In Scotland, always pronounced as a monosyllable, with the open sound of the first vowel, as in *alms*" (Seymour).

Glamis, or Glammis, is a village about twenty-five miles north-east of Perth, in a very beautiful situation.* Near by is Glamis Castle, "perhaps the finest and most picturesque of the Scottish castles now inhabited." In its present form, it dates back only to the 17th century, though portions of it are much older. The original castle was frequently used as a residence by the Scottish kings, especially by Alexander II. in 1263-64. Robert II. gave it to John Lyon, who had married his daughter, but in 1537 it reverted to the Crown, and James V. occupied it for some time.

Sir Walter Scott says : "I was only nineteen or twenty years old when I happened to pass a night in this magnificent old baronial castle. The hoary old pile contains much in its appearance, and in the traditions connected with it, impressive to the imagination. It was the scene of the murder of a Scottish king of great antiquity ; not indeed the gracious Duncan, with whom the name naturally associates it, but Malcolm II. It contains also a curious monument of the peril of feudal times, being a secret chamber, the entrance to which, by the law or custom of the family, must only be known to three persons at once—the Earl of Strathmore, his heir-apparent, and any third person whom they may take into their confidence. The extreme antiquity of the building is vouched by the immense thickness of the walls, and the wild and straggling arrangement of the accommodation within doors. I was conducted to my apartment in a distant corner of the building ; and I must own that, as I heard door after door shut, after my conductor had retired, I began to consider myself too far from the living and somewhat too near the dead."

In front of the manse at Glamis is an ancient sculptured obelisk (see cut, p. 150) called "King Malcolm's Gravestone," and here tradition says he was buried.

51. Coleridge comments on this speech and the context as follows :

"But O ! how truly Shakespearian is the opening of Macbeth's character given in the *unpossessedness* of Banquo's mind, wholly present to the present object—an unsullied, unscarified mirror ! And how strictly true to nature it is that Banquo, and not Macbeth himself, directs our notice to the effect produced on Macbeth's mind, rendered temptable by previous dalliance of the fancy with ambitious thoughts :

* See cut on p. 8 ; and for Glamis Castle, views on p. 9 (from a sketch by Creswick, made about 1840) and p. 46.

'Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair?'

And then, again, still unintroitive, addresses the witches :

'I' the name of truth,
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye show?'

Banquo's questions are those of natural curiosity—such as a girl would put after hearing a gipsy tell her school-fellow's fortune ;—all perfectly general, or rather planless. But Macbeth, lost in thought, raises himself to speech only by the witches being about to depart :

'Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more;'

and all that follows is reasoning on a problem already discussed in his mind—on a hope which he welcomes, and the doubts concerning the attainment of which he wishes to have cleared up. Compare his eagerness—the keen eye with which he has pursued the witches' evanishing—

'Speak, I charge you,'

with the easily satisfied mind of the self-uninterested Banquo :

'The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them. Whither are they vanish'd?'

and then Macbeth's earnest reply—

'Into the air; and what seem'd corporal melted
As breath into the wind. *Would they had stay'd!*'

Is it too minute to notice the appropriateness of the simile 'as breath,' etc., in a cold climate?

Still again Banquo goes on wondering, like any common spectator :

'Were such things here as we do speak about?'

while Macbeth persists in recurring to the self-concerning :

'Your children shall be kings.
Banquo. You shall be king.
Macbeth. And thane of Cawdor too: went it not so?'

So surely is the guilt in its germ anterior to the supposed cause and immediate temptation ! Before he can cool, the confirmation of the tempting half of the prophecy arrives, and the concatenating tendency of the imagination is fostered by the sudden coincidence :

'Glamis, and thane of Cawdor !
The greatest is behind.'

Oppose this to Banquo's simple surprise :

'What, can the devil speak true?''

53. *Fantastical.* "That is, creatures of *fantasy*, or imagination" (Johnson). The word occurs in Holinshed's account of this interview with the weird sisters (see p. 141). Cf. line 139 below, and *Rich. II.* i. 3. 299.

54. *Show.* Appear. See on i. 2. 15. On *ye* followed by *you*, see Gr. 236.

55. "There is here a skilful reference to the thrice repeated 'Hail' of

the witches. 'Thane of Glamis' he was; that is the 'present grace;' but 'Thane of Cawdor' was only predicted; this is the 'noble having;' the prospect of royalty is only hope, 'of royal hope'" (Hunter).

56. *Having*. Possession, estate. Cf. *M. W.* iii. 2. 73: "The gentleman is of no having;" *T. of A.* ii. 2. 153:

"The greatest of your having lacks a half
To pay your present debts."

See also *Hen. VIII.* ii. 3. 23 and iii. 2. 159.

57. *That*. On the omission of *so*, see Gr. 283, and cf. i. 2. 58 above.

60. *Who neither beg*, etc. Who neither beg your favours nor fear your hate. Cf. ii. 3. 45 below. The C. P. ed. quotes *W. T.* iii. 2. 164:

"Though I with death and with
Reward did threaten and encourage him."

65. *Lesser*. Still sometimes used as an adjective, but never adverbially, as in *T. and C.* ii. 2. 8: "Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I." See also v. 2. 13 below.

66. *Happy*. Fortunate; like the Latin *felix*. Cf. *Lear*, iv. 6. 230.

67. *Get*. Beget; but not a contraction of that word. See Wb. and note on i. 2. 25 above.

71. *Sinel*. The father of Macbeth, according to Holinshed. Ritson says his true name was Finleg (Finley); Dr. Beattie conjectured that it was Sinane, and that *Dunsinane* (the hill of Sinane) was derived from it.

72. Johnson asks: "How can Macbeth be ignorant of the state of the thane whom he has just defeated and taken prisoner (see i. 2. 50 fol.), or call him a *prosperous gentleman* who has forfeited his title and life by open rebellion? He cannot be supposed to dissemble, because nobody is present but Banquo, who was equally acquainted with Cawdor's treason?"

76. *Owe*. Own, have. Cf. *Rich. II.* iv. 1. 184: "That owes two buck-ets;" and see note in our ed.

80. *Of them*. Cf. *A. W.* ii. 5. 50: "I have kept of them tame;" *W. T.* iv. 4. 217: "You have of these pedlars," etc.

81. *Corporal*. Corporeal. S. never uses *corporeal* or *incorporeal*. He has *incorporeal* in *Ham.* iii. 4. 118: "the incorporeal air."

Elwin (quoted by Furness) says: "The emphasis should be laid on 'seem'd,' and the division of ideas is at 'corporal,' and there the rest should be made by the speaker; for the mind dwells first on the *seeming immateriality*, and then turns to the antithesis of *invisibility*. 'Melted' consequently belongs to the second line, which is uttered in accents of wonder, and with a rapidity illustrative of the act it describes."

84. *On*. Cf. *J. C.* i. 2. 71: "jealous on me;" *M. of V.* ii. 6. 67: "glad on't;" and see note, *Mer.* p. 143, or Gr. 138, 181.

The insane root is an example of "prolepsis;" *insane* = *making insane*. Steevens thinks that hemlock is meant, and quotes Greene, *Never too Late* (1616): "you have eaten of the roots of hemlock, that makes men's eyes conceit unseen objects." "Root of hemlock" is one of the ingredients of the witches' cauldron, iv. 1. 25. Douce cites Batman, *Uppon Bartholome de Prop. Rerum*: "*Henbane* . . . is called *insana*, mad, for

the use thereof is perillous, for if it be eate or dronke, it breedeth madnesse, or slow lyknesse of sleepe." The C. P. editors suggest that it may be the deadly nightshade (*Atropa belladonna*), of which Gerard, in his *Herball*, says: "This kinde of Nightshade causeth sleepe, troubleth the minde, bringeth madnes, if a few of the berries be inwardly taken." Beisley (*Shakespeare's Garden*) says: "It is difficult to decide what plant S. meant. John Bauhin, in his *Historia Plantarum*, says: 'Hyoscyamus was called *herba insana*.'"

89. *Ross*. Some editors print the name *Rosse*; but as French (*Shakespeareana Genealogica*) points out, that is "an Irish dignity," and should not be confounded with this Scottish title, which "really belonged to Macbeth, who, long before the action of the play begins, was Thane, or more properly, Maormor of Ross by the death of his father, Finley."

91. *Rebels*. The folios have "rebels." Delius and some other editors print "rebel's," taking "personal venture" to refer to Macbeth's single combat with Macdonald.

92, 93. "*Thine* refers to *praises*, *his* to *wonders*, and the meaning is: There is a conflict in the king's mind between his astonishment at the achievement and his admiration of the achiever; he knows not how sufficiently to express his own wonder and to praise Macbeth, so that he is reduced to silence. *That* refers to the mental conflict just described" (C. P. ed.).

"His wonder, which is his own, contends with his praise, which is yours" (Moberly).

Silenc'd with that is explained by Malone, "wrapped in silent wonder at the deeds performed by Macbeth;" by Moberly, "when he had done speaking of that;" by J. Hunter, "leaving that unsettled."

96. *Nothing afeard*. On *nothing* used adverbially, see Gr. 55. S. uses *afeard* 32 times and *afraid* 44 times (including the *poems* as well as the plays).

97. *As thick as tale*. The folio reading is "as thick as Tale Can post with post," etc. Rowe changed this to "as thick as hail Came post," etc. Johnson restored "tale," retaining "Came," and explained the passage, "posts arrived as fast as they could be counted." Sr., Coll., W., St., and H. follow Johnson; most of the other editors adopt Rowe's emendation in full. W. remarks: "To say that men arrived as thick as tale, *i. e.* as fast as they could be told, is an admissible hyperbole; to say that *men* arrived as thick as *hail*, *i. e.* as close together as hailstones in a storm, is equally absurd and extravagant. The expression, 'as thick as hail,' is never applied, either in common talk or in literature, I believe, except to inanimate objects which fall or fly, or have fallen or flown, with unsuccessive multitudinous rapidity." This latter point seems to have been overlooked by those who dwell on the fact that "thick as hail" is often used by the old writers. It must be admitted, on the other hand, that no parallel instance of "thick as tale" is to be found. The question is a very close one. If both readings were conjectural we should be inclined to adopt "hail;" but as "tale" is in the folio, and may possibly be right, we allow it to stand in the text.

100. *Scul*. Hunter conjectured "not sent;" but the sense is quite

clear as the text stands, for thanks are not payment, and Angus's speech thus suits much better with the one which follows (C. P. ed.).

106. *Addition.* Title. The C. P. ed. quotes Cowel, who says (*Law Dict.* s. v.) that it signifies "a title given to a man besides his Christian and surname, shewing his estate, degree, mystery, trade, place of dwelling," etc. Cf. *Cor.* i. 9. 66; *Hen. V.* v. 2. 467; *Ham.* i. 4. 20; *M. W.* ii. 2. 312, etc.

107. *Devil.* Metrically a monosyllable, like the Scotch *dé'il*. Gr. 466. So *whether* in 111 just below.

108. See on line 72 above. Hunter (*New Illus.*, ii. 153, quoted by Furness) finds here an additional reason for fixing the date of the play in 1606. He says: "This passage has hitherto been taken as merely metaphorical; but it seems to me that Shakespeare really intended that the robes pertaining to the dignity of Thane of Cawdor, to which Macbeth was just elevated, should be produced on the stage by Ross and Angus; that in fact the ceremony of investiture should take place on the stage. It is at least more in accordance with the turn of the expression than to suppose that Macbeth spoke thus in mere metaphor.

"Now, it happened that this ancient ceremony of investiture had been lately gone through by Sir David Murray on his being created Lord Scone. We are told that he 'was with the greatest solemnity invested in that honour on the 7th of April, 1605, by a special commission, directed to the Earl Dumfermling, the Lord Chancellor, to that effect. The ceremony was in presence of the earls Angus, Sutherland, Marischal, Linlithgow; the lords Fleming, Drummond, and Thirlestane.' This particular investiture in a Scottish dignity probably suggested to Shakespeare the idea of introducing the investiture of Macbeth as Thane of Cawdor. The Earl of Angus, we see, appears both in the play and in the actual performance of the ceremony; and Sir David Murray, it may also be observed, received the dignity under circumstances not very unlike those under which Macbeth acquired the thanedom of Cawdor. He had a large share in saving the life of the king at the time of the Gowrie conspiracy, and the king gave him for his reward, first, the barony of Ruthven, which had belonged to the Earl of Gowrie, and next the lands of Scone, of which the Earl of Gowrie had been commendator, and had lost them by treason. 'What he hath lost noble Macbeth hath won.'"

109. *Who.* *He* who. See Gr. 251.

112. *Line.* Strengthen, fortify (Schmidt). Cf. *1 Hen. IV.* ii. 3. 86: "To line his enterprise;" *Hen. V.* ii. 4. 7: "To line and new repair our towns of war."

113. *Vantage.* See on i. 2. 31.

114. *Wrack.* The spelling *wreck* is never found in the early eds. See *Rich. II.* p. 177.

120. *Trusted home.* Trusted completely. See Gr. 45. Cf. the expression still in use, "to strike home."

121. *Enkindle you unto.* "Incite you to hope for" (C. P. ed.). Cf. *A. Y. L.* i. i. 179: "nothing remains but that I kindle the boy thither" (that is, incite him to it).

123. *And oftentimes*, etc. Flathe (*Shaks. in seiner Wirklichkeit*, quoted by Furness), who considers that Banquo is a silent accomplice in Macbeth's murderous designs, believing that these must be carried out in order to ensure the fulfilment of the prophecy with regard to his own posterity, remarks here: "This warning comes oddly enough from the lips of a man who has just questioned the witches himself with such haste and eagerness. Here we have the first glimpse of the deceit and falsehood practised by Banquo upon himself. . . .

"Banquo would so gladly esteem himself an honourable man; therefore he warns Macbeth, although as briefly as possible, against the devil. He knows that a mere warning will avail nothing, but he ignores this, wishing to be able to say to himself, when Macbeth has attained his end, 'I am guiltless, I warned him against the devil.' Had Banquo been really true, how differently he would have borne himself." . . .

126, 127. On the measure, see Gr. 454, 468, 513. On *cousins*, see *Rich. II.* p. 158, or Schmidt, s. v.

128. *Swelling act.* Cf. *Hen. V.* prol. 4:

"princes to act,
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene."

129. On the measure, see Gr. 461, 468.

130. *Soliciting.* "That is, incitement" (Johnson).

135. Cf. v. 5. 11-13.

136. *Seated.* "Fixed, firmly placed" (Steevens). Cf. Milton, *P. L.* vi. 644: "the seated hills."

137. *Present fears.* Warb. substituted "feats," whereon Coleridge comments as follows: "Mercy on this most wilful ingenuity of blundering, which, nevertheless, was the very Warburton of Warburton—his inmost being! *Fears* here are present fear-striking objects, *terribilia adstantia*." For *fear*=object of fear, cf. *M. N. D.* v. 1. 21:

"Or in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush supposed a bear!"

139. *Fantastical.* See on i. 3. 53; and for the measure, Gr. 467. On *murther*, see *Rich. II.* p. 158.

140. *My single state of man.* St. remarks: "*Single* here bears the sense of *weak*; my *feeble government* (or *body politic*) of man. S.'s affluence of thought and language is so unbounded that he rarely repeats himself, but there is a remarkable affinity, both in idea and in expression, between the present passage and one in *J. C.* ii. 1. 63-69:

"Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:
The Genius and the moral instruments
Are then in council; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection."

Cf. also *T. and C.* ii. 3. 184:

"twixt his mental and his active parts
Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages,
And batters down himself."

Schmidt explains *single* here as=individual. For *single*=weak, unsupported, cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 432: "A single thing, as I am now."

That function, etc. "All powers of action are oppressed and crushed by one overwhelming image in the mind, and nothing is present to me but that which is really future. Of things now about me I have no perception, being intent wholly on that which has yet no existence" (Johnson).

For *surmise* the C. P. ed. cites *T. A.* ii. 3. 219:

"Aaron is gone; and my compassionate heart
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold
The thing whereat it trembles by surmise."

144. *Stir*. Motion, action. Cf. *Rich. II.* ii. 3. 51, and see note in our ed.

Come. Cf. *R. of L.* 1784: "Weak words, so thick come in his poor heart's aid." Gr. 295.

145. *Our strange garments*. That is, new ones.

147. *Time and the hour*, etc. "That is, *tempus et hora*, time and occasion, will carry the thing through, and bring it to some determined point and end, let its nature be what it will" (Mrs. Montagu). "*The hour* signifies the *appropriate hour*" (Elwin). On *runs*, see Gr. 336.

149. *Favour*. "Indulgence, pardon" (Steevens). Cf. *Hen. VIII.* i. 1. 168. Coleridge remarks here: "Lost in the prospective of his guilt, he turns round alarmed lest others may suspect what is passing in his own mind, and instantly invents the lie of ambition:

'my dull brain was wrought
With things *forgotten*,'"

and immediately after pours forth the promising courtesies of a usurper in intention:

'Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are register'd where every day I turn
The leaf to read them.'"

Wrought=agitated. Cf. *W. T.* v. 3. 58:

"If I had thought the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you."

The C. P. ed. cites *Oth.* v. 2. 345.

151. *Register'd*. "That is, in the tablets of his memory, like the *μνημονεύς* ὀέλτοι φρενῶν" (Æschylus, *Prom.* 789). Cf. *Ham.* i. 5. 98" (C. P. ed.).

154. *The interim*. The C. P. editors, following Steevens, think that "the *interim*, or intervening time, is here personified." Abbott considers it a case of the omission of a preposition (Gr. 202)=*in* the interim. Cf. iv. 3. 48: [in] "more sundry ways."

SCENE IV.—1. *Are*. The reading of 2d folio; the 1st has "Or."

3. On *are come*, see Gr. 295; on *spoke*, Gr. 343.

8. *The leaving*. See Gr. 93.

9. *Had been studied*. "Had made it his study" (Schmidt). Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 2. 205:

"Like one well studied in a sad ostent
To please his grandam."

"The meaning is that he died as if he had studied to throw away his life as a careless trifle. The comma after *death* should be omitted" (Noble Butler). See Gr. 295.

10. *Owed*. See on i. 3. 76.

11. *As 't were*. See Gr. 107; and for *careless* = uncared-for, Gr. 3. Cf. *sightless* = invisible, in i. 7. 23.

The C. P. ed. cites here Euripides, *Medea*, 516-520 :

ὦ Ζεῦ, τί δὴ χρυσοῦ μὲν ὅς κίβδηλος ἦ,
τεκμήρι' ἀνθρώποισιν ὅπασας σαφῆ,
ἀνδρῶν δ' ὅτ' ἄν χρητὸν κακὸν διειδέναι,
οὐδεὶς χαρακτήρ ἐμπέφυκε σώματι;

There 's no art, etc. "Duncan's childlike spirit makes a moment's pause of wonder at the act of treachery, and then flings itself, like Gloucester in *King Lear*, with still more absolute trust and still more want of reflection, into the toils of a far deeper and darker treason. The pause on the word *trust*, shortening the line by two syllables, is in this point of view very suggestive" (Moberly).

19. *Proportion*. "The due proportion" (C. P. ed.). Cf. *T. and C. i. 3. 87* : "proportion, season, form."

20. *Mine*. In my power, mine to *give*; as *all* in the next line means *all I have*.

23. *Pays itself*. Is its own reward. Gr. 336.

27. *Safe toward*. "With sure tendency, with certain direction" (Seymour).

"Here in contrast with Duncan's 'plenteous joys,' Macbeth has nothing but the commonplaces of loyalty, in which he hides himself with 'our duties.' Note the exceeding effort of Macbeth's addresses to the king, his reasoning on his allegiance, and then especially when a new difficulty, the designation of a successor, suggests a new crime. This, however, seems the first distinct notion as to the plan of realizing his wishes; and here, therefore, with great propriety, Macbeth's cowardice of his own conscience discloses itself" (Coleridge).

30. *Nor*. We should now use *And*. Cf. *M. of V. iii. 4. 11* : "Nor shall not now." For double negatives in S., see Gr. 406.

32. *Grow*. Here used, as the C. P. ed. remarks, in the double sense of "to cling close" and "to increase." For the former, cf. *Hen. VIII. v. 5. 50* :

"Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,
That were the servants to this chosen infant,
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him."

For the other sense of *grow*, see *A. W. ii. 3. 163* :

"It is in us to plant thine honour where
We please to have it grow;"

also B. and F., *The Island Princess*, iii. 1 : "So is my study still to plant thy person."

33-35. Malone cites Lucan, *Phars.* ix. 1038 :

"lacrymas non sponte cadentes
Effudit, gemitusque expressit pectore laeto;
Non aliter manifesta potens abscondere mentis
Gaudia, quam lacrymis."

Cf. also *R.* and *J.* iii. 2. 102 :

"Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;
Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy;"

and *W. T.* v. 2. 47: "There might you have beheld one joy crown another, so and in such manner that it seemed sorrow wept to take leave of them, for their joy waded in tears."

37. The throne of Scotland was originally not hereditary.

39. *Cumberland.* See extract from Holinshed (p. 142). "When the successor to the throne was designated in the lifetime of the king, the title of Prince of Cumberland was bestowed upon him. Cumberland was at that time held by Scotland of the crown of England as a fief" (Steevens).

44. *The rest*, etc. "The rest which is not spent in the king's service is like severe labour" (Hunter).

45. *Harbinger.* Used here in its original sense (see *Wh.*) of an officer whose duty it was to ride in advance of the king and secure lodgings for the royal retinue. Nares cites the old play of *Albumaz*, vii. 137:

"I have no reason, nor spare room for any.
Love's harbinger hath chalk'd upon my heart,
And with a coal writ on my brain, *for Flavia*,
This house is wholly taken up *for Flavia*."

It appears that the custom was kept up as late as the time of Charles II. Hawkins, in his *Life of Bishop Ken*, says: "On the removal of the court to pass the summer at Winchester, Bishop Ken's house, which he held in the right of his prebend, was marked by the harbinger for the use of Mrs. Eleanor Gwyn; but he refused to grant her admittance, and she was forced to seek for lodgings in another place."

50. "Macbeth apparently appeals to the stars because he is contemplating night as the time for the perpetration of the deed. There is nothing to indicate that this scene took place at night" (C. P. ed.).

52. *The eye*, etc. "Let the eye not see what the hand does" (Moberly).

Let that be. Let that take place. Delius makes "the eye" the subject of "let;" that is, "the eye, in silent collusion with the executing hand, is to let that take place which it fears to see after the hand has executed it."

54. *Full so valiant.* Quite as brave as you say. While Macbeth has been soliloquizing, Duncan and Banquo have been talking about his recent deeds.

56. *Banquet.* Feast. It sometimes meant merely the *dessert*. See *Hen. VIII.* p. 204, note on *A running banquet*. Cf. *T. of S.* v. 2. 9:

"My banquet is to close our stomachs up
After our great good cheer."

58. *It is.* "A touch of affectionate familiarity" (C. P. ed.).

SCENE V.—2. *By the perfectest report.* By the best intelligence—that of experience.

4. *They made themselves air.* Sheridan Knowles remarks that in the look and tone with which Mrs. Siddons delivered the word *air* "you

recognized ten times the wonder with which Macbeth and Banquo actually beheld the vanishing of the witches."

5. *Whiles*. See Gr. 137. Cf. *Matt.* v. 25.

Missives. Messengers; as in the only other instance in which S. uses the word (*A. and C.* ii. 2. 74).

6. *All-hailed*. The folio has the hyphen. Cf. Florio (*Ital. Dict.* quoted in C. P. ed.): "Salutare, to salute, to greet, to alhaile."

9. *Deliver thee*. Report to thee. Cf. *Temp.* v. i. 313: "I'll deliver all," etc. See *Temp.* p. 144.

15. *It is too full o' the milk of human kindness*. Delius remarks that S. elsewhere uses this metaphor; as in iv. 3. 98 below, and in *R. and J.* iii. 3. 55. Cf. also *Lear*, i. 4. 364.

Bodenstedt (quoted by Furness) comments on the passage thus: "We are somewhat astonished to learn this about Macbeth, for throughout the drama we find no trace of this 'milk of human kindness.' We must presume that the lady has too high an opinion of her husband. . . . We already know him as a quickly determined murderer in thought, and as an accomplished hypocrite; and this nature of his is not belied by the present letter; it appears only thinly disguised. The lady knows at once what he is after; she knows and openly acknowledges that his 'milk of human kindness' will not deter him from attempting the life of old King Duncan, but only from 'catching the nearest way;' that is, from laying his own hand to it."

Ulrici remarks: "Macbeth's is a lofty, glorious, and highly gifted nature. He strives for what is highest and greatest, from an internal sympathy for all that is great. But in endeavouring to acquire it he, at the same time, has the wish to satisfy his own self, to possess what is highest, not only because it is high, but in order thereby to raise himself. . . . Up to the commencement of the drama he has kept this desire, this ambition, under the discipline of the law; as yet he has nowhere gone beyond the lawful limit, that delicate line which preserves honour from becoming ambition, and distinguishes it from vice. Thus, at least, he is described by his own wife, who must surely be the best judge."

16. *Wouldst*. See Gr. 329.

18. *The illness should*. The evil which should. See Gr. 244. The C. P. ed. remarks that *illness* "is not used elsewhere by S. in this sense." He does not use it elsewhere in any sense. The word does not occur at all in Milton's poems.

20-23. The general meaning seems to be: "You want to have what can only be obtained on conditions which it proclaims of itself; you wish also to have what you rather fear to do than wish not to be done" (Moberly).

Seymour (quoted by Furness) says: "The difficulty here arises from the accumulative conjunction, which leads us to expect new matter, whereas that which follows [line 23] is only amplification. 'Thou wouldst have the crown; which cries, *Thou must* kill Duncan, if thou have it.' This is an act which thou *must* do, if thou have the crown. 'And,' adds the lady, 'what thou art not disinclined to do, but art rather fearful to *perform* than unwilling to have executed.'"

Malone wished to include in the "cry" all from "Thus thou must do" to "should be undone;" Hunter, only the words "Thus thou must do." Johnson thought it necessary to read "if thou have *me*;" but such "confusions of construction" are not uncommon in S. See Gr. 415.

23. *Hie thee*. Here, as in "Look thee" (*W. T.* iii. 3. 116), "Hark thee" (*Cymb.* i. 5. 32), etc., *thee* seems to be used for *thou*. See Gr. 212.

25. *Chastise*. Accented by S. on the first syllable. Cf. *Rich. II.* ii. 3. 104. Gr. 491.

26. *The golden round*. Cf. iv. i. 88:

"And wears upon his baby brow the round
And top of sovereignty."

Dyce remarks that the phrase had been previously applied to a ring by Abraham Faunce, *Countesse of Pembrokes Yuychurch*, 1591: "Wedding ring, farewell! . . . full well did I cause to be grauen In thy golden round those words," etc.

27. *Metaphysical*. Supernatural (to which word it is etymologically analogous). S. uses the word nowhere else. The C. P. ed. cites Minshew's *Spanish Dict.*, 1599: "Metafisica, things supernaturall, the metaphisickes," and Florio's *World of Wordes*, 1598: "Metafisico, one that professeth things supernaturall." Delius quotes *The Puritan* (1607), ii. 1: "Metaphysically and by a supernatural intelligence."

Seem. Cf. i. 2. 47 above; also *A. W.* iii. 6. 94: "that so confidently seems to undertake this business;" *Per.* i. 1. 121: "How courtesy would seem to cover sin!" As Schmidt remarks, in these instances, like the present, the word seems to be "almost periphrastical." *Doth seem to have* is nearly equivalent to *would have*.

28. *Tidings*. Like *news*, used by S. both as singular and plural. See *Rich. II.* pp. 177, 198.

29. *Thou 'rt mad*, etc. "The lady's self-control breaks down for a moment at hearing that Duncan is rushing into the toils; and is only by a powerful effort regained in the next words" (Moberly).

33. *Had the speed of him*. Has outstripped him.

35. *Tending*. Attendance; or *tendance*, which S. uses instead. Cf. *T. of A.* i. 1. 57; *Hen. VIII.* iii. 2. 149; *Cymb.* v. 5. 53, etc. *Tending* occurs as a noun only here.

36. *The raven*. Delius, Moberly, the C. P. editors, and some other critics understand this to refer to the messenger, who is hoarse from lack of breath; but the simpler and more obvious sense seems to be that the ill-boding raven is hoarse with proclaiming the fate of Duncan. Johnson, Hunter, Collier, and others so explain it.

37. *Entrance*. A trisyllable here. Gr. 477.

38. *My battlements*. Hunter remarks: "The word *my* is purposely used by S. to let the audience into the spirit of the character intended for the wife of the thane; *nihil non arrogat*; the castle is *hers*—not Macbeth's, not theirs jointly. It prepares for that overbearing of the milder and gentler spirit of the thane which follows." This seems making over-much of the *my*, which is natural enough in the lady's present mood. Cf. Weiss: "*Mine*, for this night only; Macbeth's at every other time, but mine this once, to hold out with against my husband's mood."

"If there be any one who does not feel the sublimity of the pause after *battlements*, we can only say that he has yet to study Shakespeare" (K.). Yet Pope wanted to read "all you spirits," and Steevens, "Come, come."

39. *Mortal*. Deadly; as very often in S. and other writers. See *Rich. II.* p. 189. On *tend*, see on i. 2. 25.

40. *Top-full*. Used again in *K. John*, iii. 4. 180.

42. *Access*. Accented as here by S. except in *Ham.* ii. i. 110. See Gr. 490.

Remorse. Relenting, pity. Cf. *V. and A.* 257: "'Pity,' she cries, 'some favour, some remorse!'" See also *Temp.* v. i. 76; *M. of V.* iv. i. 20; *K. John*, ii. i. 478, etc. So S. uses *remorseful*=pitiful (*T. G. of V.* iv. 3. 13; *A. W.* v. 3. 58, etc.) and *remorseless*=pitiless (*R. of L.* 562; *Ham.* ii. 2. 609, etc.). This last word is still used in the same sense.

43-45. "That no natural feelings of pity may intervene between my cruel purpose and its effect, may stop the meditated blow" (C. P. ed.). The meaning seems clear enough, but "keep *peace*" has worried some of the critics. Johnson suggested "keep *pace*," and Bailey "keep *space*." As K. remarks, anything that stands between a purpose and its accomplishment may be said to keep peace between them, "as one who interferes between a violent man and the object of his wrath keeps peace."

46. *Take my milk for gall*. Johnson says: "Take away my milk, and put gall into the place;" but the simpler meaning is, turn it to gall.

47. *Sightless substances*. Invisible forms. See on *careless*, i. 4. 11, and cf. i. 7. 23 below. Gr. 3.

48. *Mischief*. "This expresses both *injury engendered in human nature and done to it*" (Elwin).

49. *Pall*. Wrap (Latin *pallire*, from *pallium*). Used by S. only here, and perhaps by no other writer as a verb. Of course, *pall*=become vapid (*Ham.* v. 2. 9; *A. and C.* ii. 7. 88) is an entirely different word.

Dunnet. Steevens notes that a writer in the *Rambler* (No. 168) criticises the epithet *dun* as mean. Milton, however, uses it (*P. L.* iii. 72; *Comus*, 127), and, as the C. P. ed. remarks, to our ears it no longer sounds mean. As Horace says (*Ars Poet.* 70),

" Multa renascentur quae jam cecidere, cadentque
Quae nunc sunt in honore vocabula, si volet usus."

50. *See not*. Elwin says, rather fancifully, "that the wound may not be reflected in the brightness of the blade."

51. *Blanket*. This word has sorely troubled the critics. Coleridge was driven to the fearful suggestion of "blank height," but omitted it in the 2d ed. of his *Table Talk* ("on my urging its absurdity," Dyce says). *Blackness* and *blankest* are other attempts at emendation where none is needed. Malone compares Drayton's *Mortimeriados*, 1596: "The sullen night in mistie rugge is wrapp'd," and adds: "*Blanket* was perhaps suggested by the coarse woollen curtain of S.'s own theatre, through which, probably, while the house was but yet half-lighted, he had himself often peeped." Whiter (quoted by Furness) says: "Nothing is more certain than that all the images in this passage are borrowed from the

stage. The peculiar and appropriate dress of *Tragedy* is a *pall** and a *knife*. When tragedies were represented, the stage was hung with black. . . . In *R. of L.* (764-770) there is a wonderful coincidence with this passage, in which we have not only '*Black stage for tragedies and murders felt*,' but also '*comfort-killing Night, image of Hell*,' corresponding with *thick Night* and the dunnest smoke of hell. Again, in line 788, we have '*Through Night's black bosom should not peep again*.'"

But whatever may have suggested it, *blanket*, though homely, is Shakespearian; and, as W. suggests, "the man who does not apprehend the meaning and the pertinence of the figure had better shut his Shakespeare, and give his days and nights to the perusal of—some more correct and classical writer."

53. *Hereafter*. Mrs. Jameson remarks: "This is surely the very rapture of ambition! and those who have heard Mrs. Siddons pronounce the word *hereafter* cannot forget the look, the tone, which seemed to give her auditors a glimpse of the awful *future*, which she, in her prophetic fury, beholds upon the instant."

55. *Ignorant*. "Unknowing; I feel by anticipation those future honours, of which, according to the process of nature, the *present time* would be *ignorant*" (Johnson). Delius takes it to mean "our unknown, obscure, inglorious present," and cites *W. T.* i. 2. 397: "ignorant concealment."

Feel. Metrically a dissyllable. Gr. 484.

59. On the measure, see Gr. 511.

61. *To beguile the time*. That is (as Delius and Schmidt explain), to deceive men; not "to wile away the time," as in *T. N.* iii. 3. 41. The same expression occurs in Daniel's *Civil Wars*, book viii. (1609):

"He draws a Trauerse 'twixt his greunances:
Looks like the time: his eye made not report
Of what he felt within."

Perhaps Daniel borrowed it from S.

63. Cf. *Rich. II.* iii. 2. 19:

"And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,
Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder;"

and 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 1. 228: "The snake roll'd in a flowering bank."

70. *To alter favour*, etc. "To bear an altered face marks fear in you and creates it in others" (Moberly). On *favour*=face, cf. *J. C.* i. 2. 91: "Your outward favour," etc. See also *Prov.* xxxi. 30.

SCENE VI.—Sir Joshua Reynolds remarks: "This short dialogue between Duncan and Banquo has always appeared to me a striking instance of what in painting is termed *repose*. Their conversation very naturally turns upon the beauty of the situation, and the pleasantness of the air; and Banquo, observing the martlets' nests in every recess of the cornice, remarks that where those birds most breed and haunt the air is delicate.

* Cf. Milton, *Il Pens.* 97:

"Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
In sceptred pall come sweeping by."—(Ed.)

The subject of this quiet and easy conversation gives that repose so necessary to the mind after the tumultuous bustle of the preceding scenes, and perfectly contrasts the scene of horror that immediately succeeds."

Franz Horn (*Shakespeare's Schauspiele Erläutert*, translated by Furrer) says :

"A very remarkable passage is found in act i. scene 6. Duncan has, in a pleasant way, invited himself to sup and pass the night in Macbeth's castle, and every reader and spectator anticipates that he is here delivered to his murderers. Duncan now actually appears before the castle in company with his faithful Banquo, and the question presses upon us : How would a hundred and again a hundred of our European poets have made Duncan talk ?

"Most of them would have made him express himself thoughtfully, gravely, ominously, after the manner, doubtless, of Henry IV. of France, who hears 'in his presaging ear the footfall of the murderer seeking him through the streets of Paris ; feeling the spectral knife long ere Ravaillac had armed himself therewith.' Or, if the king were represented as unaware of coming evil, some friend, at least, would warn him, and upon being questioned whence came his forebodings, would say no more than that a mysterious voice within prompted him thus to speak. It is not to be denied that in many tragedies such a treatment might be proper. But here it would disturb the effect ; for into the calm, soft spirit of Duncan, and into the bold heart of Banquo, no mystic voices can penetrate.

"Other poets might perhaps have hoped to produce an exhilarating effect by sharp contrasts, and even to have put the king in a light-hearted, merry mood, which would have been sufficiently out of place.

"Our poet, in his wisdom and clear insight into human nature, has struck the right point, and is thoroughly human and humane in introducing the repose which he here opens before us, in order to deepen the tragic pathos that follows."

Moberly comments on the passage as follows : "Perfect peace seems to welcome the doomed king to his kinsman's house. No startling omens ; a light and cheerful air ; martins building as on a temple, and 'securely hatching their young.' The poetic instinct is the same as that which makes Homer, in *Il.* xxii. 126, introduce into Hector's bitter farewell to life the soft image of the 'youth and maiden conversing near some oak-tree or by some shadowy rock.'"

Compare what Sheridan Knowles says in his *Lectures on Dramatic Literature* :

"We come to the sixth scene, which has been instanced by a celebrated artist and critic—Sir Joshua Reynolds—as an example of relief, analogous to what is technically called repose in painting. The artist and critic I allude to considers this to be the effect of design on the part of Shakespeare—that it is intended by him to relax the tension, the extreme tension of that interest which has been hitherto excited in the audience, and kept constantly upon the strain. Notwithstanding the eloquence of the remark, and the ingenuity with which it is enforced, I am inclined to take a different view of the subject, and to consider this

scene as another and a higher step in the climax of the action. That Duncan should contemplate with satisfaction the pleasant seat of Macbeth's castle, and that Banquo should participate in the feelings of the king, are perfectly natural; but that the audience should partake this view is as preposterous as to suppose that we could see a man about to step into a cavern which we know to be the den of a wild beast, and participate in his admiration of the foliage which might happen to adorn its entrance. So far, if I mistake not, from there being any relaxing of the interest here, there is an absolute straining of it. The unconsciousness of the destined victim to the fate that awaited it, the smiling flowers that dressed it, and its playful motions as it walked to the altar of sacrifice, must have served, not to assuage, but to aggravate in the beholder the feeling of its predicament. There is no relief, no repose here. How often in witnessing this scene have I felt a wish that some suspicion of foul play would flash across the mind of Banquo, and that he would hang upon the robes of the king and implore him not to enter."

1. *Seat*. Reed quotes Bacon, *Essay* 45: "Hee that builds a faire House, upon an ill Seat, committeth himself to Prison."

3. *Senses*. "*Senses* are nothing more than *each man's sense*. *Gentle sense* means *placid, calm, composed*, and intimates the peaceable delight of a fine day" (Johnson). It may be considered an instance of prolepsis. Cf. i. 3. 84 and iii. 4. 76.

4. *Martlet*. The folios have "Barlet." The emendation is Rowe's, and is adopted by all the editors. It is supported by *M. of V.* ii. 9. 28: "Like the martlet, Builds in the weather on the outward wall." Cf. *T. of A.* iii. 6. 31.

Approve = prove; as often in *S.* Cf. *M. of V.* iii. 2. 79; 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 180; *A. W.* iii. 7. 13, etc.

5. *Mansionry*. Theobald's emendation for the "Mansonry" of the folios. Perhaps *masonry*, adopted by Pope (2d ed.), was *S.*'s word. He uses it in *Sonn.* 55. 6 and *A. W.* ii. 1. 31. *Mansionry* is found nowhere else.

6. *Jutty*. The same word as *jetty* (see *Wb.*). The C. P. ed. cites Cotgrave (*Fr. Dict.*): "Soupenduë, f. A penthouse; iuttie, or part of a building that iuttieth beyond, or leaneth ouer, the rest." The folios read "jutty frieze" without a comma between, as if *jutty* were an adjective. It is not, however, found as an adjective, though it occurs both as a substantive and as a verb. For the latter, see the passage just quoted from Cotgrave, and *Hen. V.* iii. 1. 13:

"O'erhang and jutty his confounded base."

S. uses the word only twice.

7. *Coign of vantage*. "Convenient corner" (Johnson). Hunter thinks it means *projecting* corner. Dyce remarks that *coign* is a word of rare occurrence, and cites Sylvester's *Du Bartas*: "Cape of Hope, last coign of Africa;" where the original has, not *coin*, but "*angle dernier d'Afrique*." *S.* uses the word only here and in *Cor.* v. 4. 1, unless *Per.* iii. prol. 17 is to be added.

9. *Most*. The folios have "must," out of which Coll. says "sense might be made." His MS. corrector has "much." *Most* is Rowe's emendation.

11-14. *The love*, etc. "Duncan says that even love sometimes occasions him trouble, but that he thanks it as love, notwithstanding; and that thus he teaches Lady Macbeth, while she takes trouble on his account, to 'bid God yield,' or reward, him for giving that trouble" (Coll.).

S. uses *sometime* and *sometimes* indifferently, both in this sense and as an adjective=former. See *Mer.* p. 130.

God 'ield is a corruption of "God yield." The folios have "God-eyld." "God ild" and "God dild" are common forms of it in the old writers. Cf. *A. V. L.* iii. 3. 76 and v. 4. 56; *A. and C.* iv. 2. 33; *Ham.* iv. 5. 41, etc. For the colloquial contraction, cf. "God gi' good-den" ("Godgigoden" in the folio)=God give you good-evening, in *R. and J.* i. 2. 58.

15. *Twice done*, etc. Moberly remarks that the division into two processes intensifies the idea; as in Milton, *P. L.* i. 742:

"from morn
To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
A summer's day." *

16. *Single business*. "That is, small business. . . . There is a whimsical likeness and logical connection between this phrase and one which has lately come into vulgar vogue, 'a one-horse affair,' 'a one-horse town,' etc." (W.) Cf. i. 3. 140 above. *To contend against*=to vie with.

17. *Deep and broad*. On the transposition of adjectives, see Gr. 419.

19. *To them*. See Gr. 185, and cf. iii. 1. 51 below.

20. *Hermits*. "We as hermits, or *beadsmen*, shall always pray for you" (Steevens). See *Rich. II.* p. 190, note on *Beadsmen*.

21. *Cours'd*. Chased. Cf. *Lear*, iii. 4. 58: "to course his own shadow," etc.

22. *Purveyor*. An officer sent forward to provide food for the king and his retinue, as the *harbinger* to obtain lodging. On the accent, see Gr. 492.

23. *Holp*. Cf. *Rich. II.* v. 5. 62 (see note in our ed. p. 218), *Temp.* i. 2. 63, etc. Gr. 343.

26. *In compt*. In account, accountable. Cf. *T. of A.* ii. 1. 35; *A. W.* v. 3. 57, etc.

30. For the measure, see Gr. 492.

31. *By your leave*. "Here Duncan gives his hand to Lady Macbeth, and leads her into the castle" (C. P. ed.).

SCENE VII.—On *sewer* in the stage direction, see Wb. and Nares. Cf. also *Rich. II.* p. 216, foot-note.

1, 2. The punctuation given is essentially that of the folios, and is followed by most of the editors. W. points it thus:

"If it were done when 't is done, then 't were well.
It were done quickly if th' assassination
Could trammel," etc.

* Moberly (probably quoting from memory) gives the passage thus:

"From eve to morn, from morn to dewy eve,
From eve to morn he fell."

This reading was suggested by G. Blink (*Notes and Queries*, May 25, 1850), and was ably defended by a writer in the *Boston Courier*, April 25, 1857, as the following extracts from his article (quoted by Furness) will show :

"The 'if' means, if, when the murder is committed, there were the end of it. So Schiller, in his admirable translation of the play, clearly discerns it : 'Wär' es auch *abgethan*, wenn es *gethan* ist, Dann wär' es gut, es würde rasch gethan !' . . . The words 'It were done quickly' sound supernumerary and out of place, as they are generally recited. They hang like an encumbrance. They clog the movement of the verse. Above all, they drag in a new and inferior thought, after the great argument has been sufficiently pronounced. Cut them off, then, from their connection with the preceding line, which they do but cumber, and see what new force you will give to the whole soliloquy :

'If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well.'

There is the full theme and true key-note of the piece. It is complete in itself. It prepares the way for all that follows. It announces the terrible problem with which Macbeth's unsteady purpose was wrestling. It reminds us of the first line of Hamlet's bewildered self-confidence : 'To be, or not to be ; that is the question.' The speaker may well pause, in both cases, when he comes to that point of the awful debate. And there the rather, because by such a course the sentence that follows will be as much enriched by what it gains as the sentence that precedes is relieved by what it surrenders. The clause, that seemed almost impertinent where it stood, becomes a reinforcement in its new relation :

'It were done quickly, if the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence,' etc.

Observe how much clearer and more compact the rest of the period becomes by beginning it in this new way.

"Macbeth professes to defy religion, and to care nothing for the threatened retributions of another world ; but he dreads the avenging of his crimes 'here : ' 'But here, upon this bank and shoal of Time.' This description, by the way, of the guilty thane, thinking only of the earth, with its shattering fortunes, and of the present life with its 'petty space' and its 'brief candle,' its creeping to-morrows and its yesterdays, that do nothing but light fools to their death, is wondrously sustained in every part of the play, till at last he cries out in despair :

'I 'gin to grow aweary of the sun,
And wish the estate o' the world were now undone.'"

If we retain the old pointing—which seems best, on the whole—the meaning is : "If the act were really over when done, then the sooner we accomplish it the better." The sentences which follow are thus paraphrased by Moberly : "If the murder could be like a net, taking in all consequences at a single haul, and bringing up, as the haul ceases, a conclusive and final success ; if only the blow could end all apprehensions here in this life, shallow as it is, we might risk the life to come. But it is not so ; besides the great future, there is a nearer future of temporal retribution, which we teach others to execute on ourselves."

3. *Trammel up*. Entangle as in a net. A *trammel* was a kind of net. Cf. Quarles, *Emblems*: "Nay, Cupid, pitch thy trammel where thou please." In Spenser it is a net for the hair; as in *F. Q.* ii. 2, 15:

"Her golden lockes she roundly did uptye
In breaded tramels" (that is, braided nets);

and *Id.* iii. 9, 20:

"Her golden locks, that were in trammells gay
Upbouden, did them selves adowne display
And raught unto her heeles."

4. *His surcease*. Its conclusion, or cessation. On *his*=its, see Gr. 228, and cf. *Temp.* p. 120, note on *With it's sweet air*. *Surcease* (see Wb.) has no etymological connection with *cease*, being derived from the Fr. *surseoir* (Lat. *supersedere*). S. uses it as a noun only here; but as a verb in *R. of L.* 1766, *Cor.* iii. 2. 121, and *R. and J.* iv. 1. 97.

Success. Used in its ordinary sense; as in i. 3. 90, 132, and i. 5. 1 above. St. takes it here as="sequel, what follows," making "to catch, with his surcease, *success*," an "enforcement of 'trammel up the consequence.'" He paraphrases the passage thus: "If the assassination were an absolutely final act, and could shut up all consecution—'be the be-all and the end-all' even of this life only—we would run the hazard of a future state." On *success* in this sense, see *J. C.* p. 151, note on *Opinions of success*; and cf. *T. and C.* ii. 2. 117: "fear of bad success," etc.

6. *But here*. Only here, only in this life.

Shoal. The folios have "Schoole," which some critics would retain. Elwin says: "*Bank* is used for *bench*, and *time* for *mortal life*; which, qualified as a *bench* and *school of instruction*, is placed in antithesis to the *life to come*. Here the idea of calling this life the *school of eternity*, as preparing man for the part he is to perform there, is not only thoroughly in accordance with the truthful genius of Shakespeare, but it is beautifully sustained in the expressions that follow it, 'that we but *teach* bloody instruction.' The feeling expressed is this: If here only, upon this bench of instruction, in this school of eternity, I could do this without bringing these, my pupil days, under suffering, I would hazard its effect on the endless life to come."

Theo. first suggested *shoal*, explaining it: "This *Shallow*, this *narrow Ford* of humane Life, opposed to the *great Abyss* of Eternity."

7. *Jump*. For *jump*=risk, hazard, cf. *Cor.* iii. 1. 154: "To jump a body with a dangerous physic;" *Cymb.* v. 4. 188: "jump the after inquiry on your own peril."

8. *That*. So that; as in line 25 below. Gr. 283.

11. *Commends*. Offers, commits. Cf. *Rich. II.* iii. 3. 116: "His glittering arms he will commend to rust;" *A. and C.* iv. 8. 23: "Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand," etc. See also iii. 1. 38 below.

17. *Faculties*. Official powers or prerogatives. The C. P. ed. cites *Hen. VIII.* i. 2. 73, where Wolsey says:

"If I am
Traduced by ignorant tongues, which neither know
My faculties nor person."

20. *Taking-off*. Delius cites *Lear*, v. 1. 65: "His speedy taking off." See also iii. 1. 104 below.

21. *A naked new-born babe*. "Either like a mortal babe terrible in helplessness; or like heaven's child-angels, mighty in love and compassion" (Moberly).

22. *Cherubin*. Cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 152: "a cherubin," and see note in our ed. p. 115. Some editors print "cherubim" here, but that form is found nowhere in the folio. Malone remarks that the thought seems to have been borrowed from *Psalms*, xviii. 10; and the C. P. ed. quotes *R. and J.* ii. 2. 28-31.

23. *Sightless*. See on i. 5. 47.

25. *That tears*, etc. See on 8 above. Cf. *T. and C.* iv. 4. 55: "Where are my tears? Rain, to lay this wind."

I have no spur, etc. Malone says: "There are two distinct metaphors. I have no spur to prick the sides of my intent: I have nothing to stimulate me to the execution of my purpose, but ambition, which is apt to overreach itself; this he expresses by the second image, of a person meaning to vault into his saddle, who, by taking too great a leap, will fall on the other side."

28. *On the other*. That is, the other side; but there is no necessity for supplying "side," as Hammer, Keightley, and others have done. As H. remarks, "the sense feels better without it, as this shows the speaker to be in such an eagerly expectant state of mind as to break off the instant he had a prospect of any news."

32. *Bought*. "Acquired, gained" (Schmidt); a figurative use of the word natural enough, and common in S. Cf. *L. L. L.* i. 1. 5:

"The endeavour of this present breath may buy
That honour;"

Hen. VIII. i. 1. 65:

"The force of his own merit makes his way;
A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys
A place next to the king," etc.

Cf. the use of *purchase* in *Rich. II.* i. 3. 282 and *M. of V.* ii. 9. 43.

34. *Would*. See Gr. 329.

35. *Was the hope drunk*, etc. "A somewhat violent mixture of metaphors; but the sense is clear. 'Were you drunk when you formed your bold plan, and are you now just awake from the debauch, to be crest-fallen, shrinking, mean-spirited?'" (Moberly). Cf. Gr. 529 (4). For a similar figure, without the "mixture," see *K. John*, iv. 2. 116.

37. *Green and pale*. "This refers to the wretched appearance that Hope presents on awaking from her drunkenness, and in consequence of it" (Delius, quoted by Furness).

41. *Wouldst thou have*, etc. Do you desire the crown, yet resolve to live a coward because your daring will not second your desire? Moberly substitutes *leave* for *have*, explaining it: "Would you forsake that courage which you have always viewed as the ornament of life, and be like the cat who * longed for fish but would not wet her feet."

* This use of *who* in referring to irrational animals is not uncommon in good English writers of our day. Even Mr. Grant White has "a dog who" in one of his papers in the *Galaxy*. On the Shakespearian usage, see Gr. 259 (2) and 264.

45. *The poor cat*, etc. Johnson quotes the Low Latin form of the proverb: "Catus amat pisces, sed non vult tingere plantas." In French it is "Le chat aime le poisson, mais il n'aime pas à mouiller ses pattes" (Peck). Boswell finds it among Heywood's *Proverbs*, 1566: "The cate would eate fishe, and would not wet her feete."

47. *Do more*. Rowe's emendation for the "no more" of the folios. Hunter would retain the old reading, and give the line to Lady Macbeth.

What beast, etc. "If, as you imply, this enterprise be not the device of a *man*, what *beast* induced *you* to propose it?" (Elwin). The antithesis of *beast* and *man* seems natural enough, but Hunter would read "What was 't then," and the Coll. MS. has "What *boast* was 't," which is defended by a writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* (Oct. 1853) quoted by Furness.

Steevens cites *M. for M.* ii. 4. 134:

"Be that you are,
That is, a woman; if you be more, you're none."

48. *Break*. Here followed by *to*, as it would be now, but often in S. by *with*; as in *J. C.* ii. 1. 150; *Hen. VIII.* v. 1. 47 (see note in our ed. p. 197), etc.

50. *To be*. On the use of the infinitive, see Gr. 356.

52. *Adhere*. Cohere, "be in accordance" (Schmidt). Cf. *M. W.* ii. 1. 62 and *T. N.* iii. 4. 86.

53. *That their fitness*. Abbott (Gr. 239) commenting on "that mouth of thine" (*K. John*, iii. 1. 299), remarks: "'This your mouth' requiring a forced and unnatural pause after 'this,' was somewhat more objectionable to S. than to the Latin style of Milton and Addison;" and then adds, in a foot-note: "See, however, 'this our lofty scene,' *J. C.* ii. 1. 112." The present passage affords another example; and (if we adopt the reading of the 1st folio) yet another occurs in *A. and C.* ii. 3. 19: "that thy spirit which keeps thee."* See also ii. 2. 61 and iii. 6. 48 below.

58. *The brains*. As the C. P. ed. remarks, we should now say "its brains," but the *is* found not unfrequently for the possessive pronoun. Cf. the version of *Lev.* xxv. 5 in the Bishops' Bible: "That which groweth of the owne accord of thy harvest, thou shalt not reape;" and Bacon, *Adv. of L.* i. 4. 1: "For we see that it is the manner of men to scandalize and deprave that which retaineth the state and virtue."

59. *We fail*. The folio prints "we faile?" Most eds. have "We fail!" but K., H., and Sr. (2d ed.), "We fail." K. says: "We prefer the quiet self-possession of the punctuation we have adopted." D. remarks: "Whether the words be pointed 'We fail!' or 'We fail?' (and I much prefer the former method), they can only be understood as an impatient and contemptuous repetition of Macbeth's 'we fail,—' Any kind of admission on the part of Lady Macbeth that the attempt might prove unsuccessful appears to me quite inconsistent with all that she has previously said, and all that she afterwards says, in the present scene. She

* The 2d folio has "that's thy spirit," which is adopted by many editors, as the passage in North's *Plutarch* which S. evidently copied reads: "For thy demon, said he (that is to say, the good angel and spirit that keepeth thee), is afraid," etc.

hastily interrupts her husband, checking the very idea of failure as it rises in his mind."

Mrs. Jameson says: "In her impersonation of the part of Lady Macbeth, Mrs. Siddons adopted successively three different intonations in giving the words *we fail*. At first a quick contemptuous interrogation—'*we fail?*' Afterwards with the note of admiration—'*we fail!*' and an accent of indignant astonishment, laying the principal emphasis on the word *we*—*we fail!* Lastly, she fixed on what I am convinced is the true reading—'*we fail*,' with the simple period, modulating her voice to a deep, low, resolute tone, which settled the issue at once—as though she had said, 'if we fail, why then we fail, and all is over.' This is consistent with the dark fatalism of the character and the sense of the line following, and the effect was sublime, almost awful."

Compare what Fletcher (see p. 24) says: "Her quiet reply, '*We fail*,' is every way most characteristic of the speaker—expressing that moral firmness in herself which makes her quite prepared to endure the consequences of failure—and, at the same time, conveying the most decisive rebuke of such moral cowardice in her husband as can make him recede from a purpose merely on account of the possibility of defeat—a possibility which, up to the very completion of their design, seems never absent from her own mind, though she finds it necessary to banish it from that of her husband."

60. *But screw your courage*, etc. "A metaphor perhaps taken from the *screwing up* the chords of stringed instruments" (Steevens). Cf. *Cor. i. 8. 11*: "Wrench up thy power to the highest;" *T. N. v. 1. 125*:

"And that I partly know the instrument
That screws me from my true place in your favour."

Cf. also *T. and C. iii. 3. 22*:

"But this Antenor,
I know, is such a wrest in their affairs
That their negotiations all must slack,
Wanting his manage."

The C. P. ed. remarks that, as a *wrest* is an instrument for tuning a harp, this last passage favours Steevens's interpretation of the metaphor.*

64. *Wassail*. Cf. *L. L. v. 2. 318*: "At wakes and wassails;" *Ham. i. 4. 9*: "keeps wassail," etc. For the origin of the word, see Wb. Milton has *wassailers* in *Comus*, 179: "such late wassailers."

Convince. Overcome (Lat. *convincere*); as in *iv. 3. 142* below. See also *Oth. iv. 1. 28*. On the literal use of Greek and Latin derivatives in the Elizabethan writers, see *Gr. p. 12*.

65-67. The C. P. ed. remarks: "By the old anatomists (Vigo, fol. 6 b. ed. 1586) the brain was divided into three ventricles, in the hindmost of which they placed the memory. That this division was not unknown to Shakespeare we learn from *L. L. L. iv. 2. 70*: 'A foolish, extravagant

* Mr. Neil, in his ed. of *Macbeth* (Edinburgh, 1876), has the following curious note on this passage: "*sticking place*—fixed point, with a covert allusion to the death-dealing spot chosen by the butcher. So [*sic*] in the *Gorgious Gallery of Gallant Inventors*, 1578:

"Which flowre out of my hande shall never passe,
But in my harte shall have a sticking place."

spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions; these are begot in the ventricle of memory.' The third ventricle is the cerebellum, by which the brain is connected with the spinal marrow and the rest of the body; the memory is posted in the cerebellum like a warder or sentinel to warn the reason against attack, when the memory is converted by intoxication into a mere fume (cf. *Temp.* v. i. 67:

'The ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason'),

then it fills the brain itself, the receipt or receptacle of reason, which thus becomes like an alembic or cap of a still. For *fume*, cf. *Cymb.* iv. 2. 301:

'A bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
Which the brain makes of fumes.'

And Dryden's *Aurengzebe*:

'Power like new wine does your weak brain surprise,
And its mad fumes in hot discourses rise.'

See also *A. and C.* ii. i. 24:

'Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,
Keep his brain fuming.'

66. *Receipt*. "Receptacle" (Schmidt); the only instance of this meaning in S. Cf. *Matt.* ix. 9: "the receipt of custom." The C. P. ed. quotes Bacon, *Essay* 46: "a faire receipt of water" (the basin of a fountain).

67. *Limbeck*. Alembic. See Wb. Cf. Milton, *P. L.* iii. 605: "Drain'd through a limbec."

68. *A death*. "The article may be used because it is only a kind of death, a sleep, which is meant" (C. P. ed.). Cf. *W. T.* iv. 2. 3.

71. *Spongy*. "Imbibing like a sponge" (Schmidt). Cf. *T. and C.* ii. 2. 12: "More spongy to suck in the sense of fear."

72. *Quell*. Murder; a euphemism, according to Schmidt. *Quell* in Old English = *kill*, which is originally the same word. See Wb. Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* ii. 7, 40:

"and well could weld
That cursed weapon, when his cruell foes he queld;

and *Id.* v. 10, 36:

"he did him quell,
And, hewing off his head, he it presented
Before the feete of the faire Pastorell."

Man-queller (=manslayer, murderer) occurs in 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 1. 58. The C. P. ed. says that the same compound is used by Wiclif for "executioner" in translating *Mark*, vi. 27, and for "murderer," *Acts*, xxviii. 4. According to Nares, the redoubtable "Jack" was formerly called "the giant-queller," instead of the more modern "giant-killer."

73. *Mettle*. In the early eds. no distinction is made between *metal* and *mettle*. See *Rich. II.* p. 157, note on *That metal*.

74. *Receiv'd*. Accepted as true, believed. Cf. *M. for M.* i. 3. 16:

"For so I have strew'd it in the common ear,
And so it is receiv'd;"

T. G. of V. v. 4. 78: "And once again I do receive thee honest."

77. *Other.* Otherwise. See Gr. 12.

79. *Bend up.* Strain, like a bow. Cf. *Hen. V.* iii. i. 16:

“Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To his full height.”

80. *Each corporal agent.* All my bodily powers.

81. *Mock the time.* See on i. 5. 61.



ACT II.

SCENE I.—The old stage direction says nothing about “a *servant* with a torch,” as in many modern eds.; though, as D. remarks, “a Torch” sometimes means a *torch-bearer*, as “a Trumpet” means a *trumpeter*.

4. *Hold, take my sword*, etc. Flathe, to whose opinion of the character of Banquo we have already referred (p. 165 above), comments on this speech as follows:

“Banquo enters with his son Fleance, who holds a torch. Will not the man do something at last for his king, take some measures to prevent a cruel crime? Everything combines to enjoin the most careful watchfulness upon him, if duty and honour are yet quick within his breast; and here we come to a speech of Banquo’s to his son to which we must pay special heed, since upon it the earlier English commentators, Steevens among them, have based their ridiculous theory that in this tragedy Banquo, in contrast to Macbeth, who is led astray, represents the man

unseduced by evil. Steevens says that this passage shows that Banquo too is tempted by the witches in his dreams to do something in aid of the fulfilment of his hopes, and that in his waking hours he holds himself aloof from all such suggestions, and hence his prayer to be spared the 'cursed thoughts that nature gives way to in repose.'

"A stranger or more forced explanation of this passage can hardly be imagined. . . . As he has already done, Banquo here endeavours as far as possible to assert his own innocence to himself, while, for the sake of his future advantage, he intends to oppose no obstacle to the sweep of Macbeth's sword. It is, therefore, necessary that he should pretend to himself that here in Macbeth's castle no danger can threaten Duncan nor any one else. Therefore his sword need not rest by his side this night, and he gives it to his son. He must be able to say to himself, in the event of any fearful catastrophe, 'I never thought of or imagined any danger, and so I laid aside my arms.'

"And yet, try as he may, he cannot away with the stifling sensation of a tempest in the air, a storm-cloud destined to burst over Duncan's head this very night. He cannot but acknowledge to himself that a certain restless anxiety in his brain is urging him, in spite of his weariness, to remain awake during the remaining hours of the night. But this mood, these sensations, must not last, or it might seem a sacred duty either to hasten to the chamber of King Duncan or to watch it closely, that its occupant may be shielded from murderous wiles. To avoid this, Banquo denounces the thoughts of Macbeth that arise in his mind as 'cursed thoughts.' So detestably false are they that a merciful Power must be entreated to restrain them during sleep, when the mind is not to be completely controlled.

"With every change in the aspect of affairs Banquo's self-deceit appears in some new form. Banquo here banishes his thoughts from his mind, or rather maintains to himself that he has banished them, or that he must banish them because they do injustice to noble Macbeth, whom, nevertheless, he has thought it necessary to warn against the devil."

Husbandry. Thrift, economy. Cf. *Ham.* i. 3. 77: "borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry."

5. *Their.* S. several times uses *heaven* as plural. Cf. *Rich.* II. i. 2. 7:

"Put we our quarrel to the will of heaven:
Who, when they see the hours ripe on earth,
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads;"

and see note in our ed. p. 157.

For the metaphor, cf. *M. of V.* v. 1. 220: "these blessed candles of the night;" *R. and J.* iii. 5. 9: "Night's candles are burnt out;" and *Sonn.* 21. 12: "those gold candles fix'd in heaven's air."

Take thee that too. Probably a dirk or dagger. Elwin says: "Banquo has put from him his several weapons of defence from horror at the particular use his dreams have prompted him to make of them." More likely, as the C. P. ed. suggests, it was because in a friend's house he felt perfectly secure.

Abbott (Gr. 212) considers that *thee* is a dative here.

6. *Heavy.* "Drowsy, sleepy" (Schmidt); as often. Cf. *R. of L.* 121,

163, 1574; *Temp.* i. 2. 189, 194, 198; *M. for M.* iv. 1. 35; *M. N. D.* v. 1. 380, etc.

14. *Offices.* The servants' quarters. Cf. *Rich. II.* i. 2. 69, and see note in our ed. p. 159. Rowe, D., St., and others read "officers" here.

16. *Shut up.* "That is, concluded" (Steevens). Malone quotes Stowe's *Annals*: "the king's majestie shut up all with a pithy exhortation." Schmidt explains the passage thus: "Summed up all that he had to say, in expressing his measureless content." The 2d folio has "shut it up;" and Hunter says that "it" is "undoubtedly the jewel in its case!"

18. *Our will,* etc. "Our entertainment was necessarily *defective*, and we only had it in our power to show the king our *willingness to serve* him. Had we received sufficient notice of his coming, our zeal should have been more clearly manifested by our *acts*. Which refers to *will*" (Malone).

In other words, our will had to submit to our deficient means instead of being free to carry out our wishes.

On the adverbial use of *free*, see Gr. 1; and on the metrical lengthening of *wrought*, Gr. 484. On *weird* in the next line, see Gr. 485.

22. *When,* etc. When we can ask you to put an hour at our service. "Now that the crown is within his grasp he seems to adopt the royal 'we' by anticipation" (C. P. ed.).

Sheridan Knowles comments on this speech of Macbeth's and the context as follows: "What is the meaning of this? A sudden thought of precaution that when the murder is discovered—as of course it must be—this mention of a consultation with reference to the third prophetic 'All Hail,'—the promise of royal having—this hint of some enterprise to be attempted with a view to the fulfilment of that promise (for it is nothing else but a hint to that effect) may help to keep him clear from suspicion on the part of Banquo that he has had any hand in letting out the blood that is destined to flow that night. Banquo's reply ('so I keep My bosom franchis'd,' etc.) clearly establishes the fact. It is a matter that may involve the question of honour and loyalty."

24. *Kind'st.* See Gr. 473, and cf. "stern'st" (ii. 2. 4), "near'st" (iii. 1. 118), and "secret'st" (iii. 4. 126) below.

25. *If you,* etc. If you adhere to my party whenever it is established. As Johnson says, "Macbeth expresses his thought with affected obscurity; he does not mention the royalty, though he apparently had it in his mind." W. remarks: "This may mean, to those who agree with me, to my party. But I think there is not improbably a misprint of 'consort.' As in *T. G. of V.* iv. 1. 64: 'Wilt thou be of our consort?' and in *Lear*, ii. 1. 99: 'He was of that consort.'"

In Davenant's version of *Macbeth*, this passage reads:

"If when the Prophesie begins to look like truth
You will adhere to me, it shall make honour for you."

28. *Franchis'd.* "Free, unstained, innocent" (Schmidt).

31. *My drink.* "This night-cup or posset was an habitual indulgence of the time" (Elwin). Cf. ii. 2. 6: "I have drugg'd their possets."

32. *Shè strike.* See Gr. 311, 369.

33. *Is this a dagger,* etc. "A delusion appearing after the manner of the Highland second sight ; more substantial than the 'image of murder' which shakes his soul in i. 4, but not accepted and believed by him like the apparition of Banquo afterwards" (Moberly).

Sheridan Knowles remarks : "I have long entertained the opinion that this dagger is not, as Macbeth assumes it to be, simply

'A dagger of the mind. . .

Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain ;'

but on the contrary, an apparition coming and vanishing, as the witches themselves do, and that consequently it ought to be actually presented, as indeed it used to be. In my mind the whole thing is too circumstantial, bears too much upon the action, to justify the common interpretation which coincides with that of Macbeth. It is a phantom raised by the witches to draw Macbeth on to his conclusion. It is the supernatural coadjutor of Lady Macbeth, dumbly but irresistibly persuading him to the deed. He falters yet. Yes ! upon the very threshold of guilt he is faltering. But the evil agency of which he is the victim is at hand with the dagger, shows him the instrument he was to use, presents it to him with its handle towards him, inviting him to clutch it as he attempts to do, marshals for him with it the way he was to go ; nor withdraws it then, but while he is yet in doubt whether it is substance or shadow that he looks upon, ends the debate by exhibiting it to him stained with gouts of blood—

'Which was not so before.'

Macbeth's interpretation of the vision is not to be taken as the truth. It is not

'The bloody business which informs
Thus to his eyes.'

Compare what Roffe* says on this point :

"The Spiritualist, when contending for the absolute objectivity of Banquo's Ghost, may possibly be asked whether he also claims a *like* reality for 'the air-drawn dagger.' To this he would reply, that, to the best of his belief, a *like* reality was *not* to be affirmed of that dagger, which he conceives to have been a *representation*, in the spiritual world, of a dagger, not however being on that account less real (if by unreality we are to understand that it was, in some incomprehensible way, generated in the material brain), but only differing from what we should term a real *bonâ fide* dagger, as a painting of a dagger differs from a real one.

"That the spiritual world must have its *representations* as well as its *realities*, is a point which has already been touched upon, and this dagger, called by Lady Macbeth 'the air-drawn dagger,' we suppose to be one of those representations. Its objective reality, however, still remains untouched ; for, once grant that the spiritual world is a real world—nay, the most real world—and it follows that whatsoever is represented in it

* *An Essay upon the Ghost Belief of Shakespeare*, by A. Roffe (Privately printed, London, 1851), quoted by Furness.

has its basis in reality, as much as an imitative dagger in a painting has its basis in the colours and canvas, which are also realities. . . .

"Mr. Fletcher maintains that Banquo's Ghost should be no more visible on the stage than the air-drawn dagger. We fully believe that there is a most powerful stage-reason, namely, *intelligibility*, for making the Ghost of Banquo visible to the theatre; but that reason does *not* apply to the dagger—because what is spoken by Macbeth makes intelligible all that he experiences with respect to that dagger. Also, when we go on to perceive that the spiritual world has, and must have, not only its *realities*, but its *representations* likewise—of which last the dagger is apparently one—we have an additional argument still to show that the reasoning which may belong to Banquo's Ghost would not necessarily apply, in all its points, to this appearance of the dagger."

34. *Toward*. S. used *toward* and *towards* (see line 55 below) interchangeably, or as either suited his ear; at least, both are found in the early eds. Cf. i. 3. 152, i. 4. 27, i. 6. 30, v. 4. 21, etc.

36. *Sensible*. "Perceptible, tangible" (Schmidt). See Gr. 3. Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 9. 89: "sensible greets;" and see note in our ed. p. 145.

41. Abbott remarks (Gr. 511) that Macbeth may be supposed to draw his dagger after this short line.

44, 45. Either my eyes are deceived while the other senses are not, or they are more trustworthy than the latter.

46. *Dudgeon*. This undoubtedly means here the handle of a dagger, but its derivation is disputed. According to several early authorities and Wedgwood, it originally meant "the root of the box-tree," and was then applied to dagger-handles made of that wood. E. Coles, Abr. Fleming, and the Cambridge Dict. of 1693 (cited by Nares) all explain "dudgeon-haft" as *manubrium apiatum* or *buxum*. Bishop Wilkins, in the *Alphabetical Dict.* appended to his *Essay towards a Real Character*, 1668, gives "*Dudgeon*, root of box," and "*Dudgeon-dagger*, a small sword whose handle is of the *root of box*." Gerrard, in his *Herball*, under the article *Box-tree*, says: "The root is likewise yellow, and harder than the timber, but of greater beauty, and more fit for dagger-hafts, boxes, and such like uses. . . . Turners and cutlers, if I mistake not the matter, doe call this wood *dudgeon*, wherewith they make *dudgeon-hafted* daggers." Gifford (notes on Ben Jonson) thinks it means simply *wooden*, and that a "dudgeon-hafted dagger" was so called to distinguish it from those that had more costly handles; whence it became a term of contempt in other connections. Thus in B. and F. (*The Captain*, ii. 1) we find "I am plain and dudgeon;" that is, coarse, rude. Richardson (*Dict.* s. v.), on the other hand, denies that it primarily means either box-root or wooden, and cites Holland's *Pliny*, xvi. 16: "Now for the box-tree, the wood thereof is in as great request as the very best; seldom hath it any graine crisped damaske wise, and never but about the root, the which is dudgin and full of worke." Here it seems to mean tough, or strong; and Richardson thinks it may be derived from the Dutch *dooghen*, A. S. *dugan*, to be strong. For a different derivation, see Wb.

Gouts. Drops (Fr. *goutte*). Steevens quotes *The Art of Good Lyrving and Good Deyng*, 1503: "Befor the jugement all herbys shal sweyt read

goutys of water, as blood." Halliwell (*Archaic Dict.*) states that "*gowtyth* for *droppeth* occurs in an early English MS. mentioned in *Arch.* xxx. 408."

48. *Informis*. Schmidt and Moberly make this=creates forms; the C. P. ed., "gives information." Cf. i. 5. 31.

49. *The one half world*. Commonly printed "the one half-world," but the hyphen is not in the early eds., and without it as with it the meaning is evidently half the world. Cf. I *Hen.* IV. iv. 1. 136: "this one half year." On the pronunciation of *one* in the time of S., see Gr. 80.

50. *Abuse*. Deceive; though Schmidt thinks it may also mean to misuse, pervert. Cf. *Temp.* v. 1. 112: "some enchanted trifle to abuse me;" *Much Ado*, v. 2. 100: "the prince and Claudio mightily abused," etc. In iii. 4. 142, "self-abuse" means self-deception. Cf. *abusio*n (=illusion) in Spenser, *F. Q.* ii. 11, 11:

"For by those ugly formes weren pourtrayd
Foolish delights and fond abusio

51. *The curtain'd sleep*. To help out the metre Rowe (following Davenant) inserted "now" before "witchcraft;" and Steevens suggested "sleeper." But see Gr. 484.

52. *Hecate's*. A dissyllable. Cf. *Lear*, i. 1. 112: "The mysteries of Hecate and of night;" *Ham.* iii. 2. 269: "With Hecate's ban thrice blasted, thrice infected." See also iii. 2. 41 and iii. 5. 1 below.

53. *Alarum'd*. The same word as *alarmed*. See Wb. The derivation (Ital. *all' arme*) may be illustrated by Holland's *Livy*, p. 331: "This sayd, he runs downe with as great a noyse and showing as he could, crying, *al' arme*, help help citizens, the castle is taken by the enemye, come away to defense."

54. *Whose howl's his watch*. "Who marks the periods of his night-watch by howling, as the sentinel by a cry" (C. P. ed.).

55. *Strides*. The folios have "sides," which K. in his 1st ed. retained, making it a verb=matches. Moberly, who also has "sides," thinks it possible that it may be "a form of the A. S. *sith*, a step." Johnson suggested "slides" as more in keeping with "stealthy pace." Steevens cites Spenser, *F. Q.* iv. 8, 37: "With easie steps so soft as foot could stryde;" and Harrington's *Ariosto*, 1591: "He takes a long and leisurable stride." Warb. quotes *Rich.* II. i. 3. 268, and J. Sylvester (in *England's Parnassus*, 1600):

"Anon he stalketh with an easy stride,
By some clear river's lillie-paved side."

57. *My steps, which way*, etc. See Gr. 414.

58. As Z. Grey suggests, an allusion probably to *Luke*, xix. 40. The C. P. ed. compares *R. of L.* 302-306.

Whereabout. Delius remarks that elsewhere S. uses *where* and *wherefore* as substantives. See *Lear*, i. 1. 264, and *C. of E.* ii. 2. 45. We may add *wherewith* in *P. P.* 408: "Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend." Cf. *wherewithal* in *Hen.* VIII. i. 3. 59.

59. *And take*, etc. That is, break the universal silence that added such a horror to the night as suited well with the bloody deed he was

about to perform (Steevens). Malone cites Virgil, *Æn.* ii. 755: "*Horror ubique animos, simul ipsa silentia terrent.*" Delius thinks that *it* refers to "my whereabouts."

60. *Whiles*. See on i. 5. 5. On *threat*, see *Rich. II.* p. 195.

61. The C. P. editors consider this line a "feeble tag" which S. could not have penned. On *gives*, see Gr. 333.

62. *The bell invites me*. A "pre-arranged summons." See extract from W. just below.

63. *Knell*. "Alluding to the passing bell which was formerly tolled when a person was dying" (Elwin).

SCENE II.—The folio has "Scena Secunda" here, but some editors (as Rowe, Theo., D., St., W., and J. Hunter) make no change of scene. W. remarks: "The apparent continuance of the action is vitally essential to the dramatic impression intended to be produced. The ringing of the bell by *Lady M.*, the exit of *Macbeth* upon that pre-arranged summons, the entrance of the lady to fill the stage and occupy the mind during her husband's brief absence upon his fearful errand, and to confess in soliloquy her active accession to the murder, the sudden knocking which is heard directly after she goes out to replace the daggers, and which recurs until she warily hurries her husband and herself away lest they should be found watchers, the entrance of the *Porter*, and finally of *Macduff* and *Lenox*,—all this action is contrived with consummate dramatic skill; and its unbroken continuity in one spot, and that a part of the castle common to all its inhabitants, is absolutely necessary to complete its purpose."

We adhere to the old division of scenes solely to avoid confusion in referring to this part of the play. The Globe ed. follows the folio here.

1. *That which hath made them drunk*, etc. The C. P. ed. says: "Lady Macbeth had had recourse to wine in order to support her courage." Moberly explains it: "'I am emboldened by the guard's intoxication;' not, surely, 'I have given myself courage with wine.' She had taunted Macbeth with a 'drunken hope;' and such a mode of raising her own spirit seems thoroughly alien from her character."

Mrs. Griffiths (*Morality of Shakespeare's Dramas*, p. 412, quoted by Furness) remarks: "Our sex is obliged to Shakespeare for this passage. He seems to think that a woman could not be rendered completely wicked without some degree of intoxication. It required two vices in her, one to intend and another to perpetrate the crime."

Moberly's explanation seems rather forced; and the other, we think, goes too far in assuming that the lady was intoxicated. In saying "That which hath made *them* drunk," she implies that she herself was *not* drunk. Is anything more meant than that she had taken her regular night-cup (see on ii. 1. 31 above), and that she felt the slightly stimulating effect of the "posset?" The grooms would not have been "drunk," or stupefied, if their possets had not been drugged.

3. *The owl*. "Tschischwitz, in his *Nachklänge germanischer Mythe*, ii. 30, points out that the superstitious associations connected with the owl

are common to both England and Germany; indeed, that some of them belong to the whole Indo-Germanic family. They were rife among the Romans. See Ovid, *Met.* v. 550. See also Harting, *Ornithology of Shakespeare*, p. 83" (Furness).

The fatal bellman, etc. The C. P. ed. remarks that the full significance of this passage may be best shown by comparing the following lines from Webster's *Duchess of Malfi*, iv. 2, where Bosola tells the Duchess:

"I am the common bellman,
That usually is sent to condemn'd persons
The night before they suffer."

Here, of course, Duncan is the condemned person. Cf. also Spenser, *F. Q.* v. 6, 27, where the cock is called "the native belman of the night." The owl is again mentioned, line 15, and in 1 *Hen. VI.* iv. 2. 15:

"Thou ominous and fearful owl of death."

We may add *R. of L.* 165: "No noise but owls' and wolves' death-boding cries;" *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 509: "Out on you, owls! nothing but songs of death;" and 3 *Hen. VI.* v. 6. 44: "The owl shriek'd at thy birth—an evil sign."

5. *Grooms*. Originally, servants of any kind. See Schmidt or Wb.

6. *Possets*. Malone quotes Randle Holmes, *Academy of Armourie*, 1688: "Posset is hot milk poured on ale or sack, having sugar, grated bisket, and eggs, with other ingredients, boiled in it, which goes all to a curd." This explains why the posset is often spoken of as "eaten." Cf. *M.W.* v. 5. 180: "Thou shalt eat a posset to-night at my house." S. uses *posset* as a verb in *Ham.* i. 5. 68:

"And with a sudden vigour it doth posset
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood."

See on ii. 1. 31 above.

7. *That*. So that. See Gr. 283, and cf. line 23 below.

8. "Macbeth fancies that he hears some noise (see line 14), and in his nervous excitement has not sufficient control over himself to keep silence. The word '*within*' was added by Steevens. The folios make Macbeth enter before speaking, but it is clear that Lady Macbeth is alone while speaking the following lines" (C. P. ed.).

But, as K. reminds us, the king does not sleep in the first, but in the second chamber, whence a call could not easily be heard in the courtyard below. He adds: "Macbeth lingers yet a moment within; his unquiet mind imagines it hears a noise in the court below, and thoughtlessly, bewildered and crazed, he rushes back to the *balcony*, and calls beneath, 'Who 's there?' In his agony, however, he waits for no answer, but rushes back into the chambers to execute the murder."

11. *Confounds*. Ruins, destroys; the most common meaning of the word in S. Cf. iv. 1. 54 and iv. 3. 99 below. See also *M. of V.* iii. 2. 78; *Rich. II.* iii. 4. 60, etc.

12. *Hud he not*, etc. See Mrs. Jameson's comment on this passage (p. 19). Cf. what Campbell says in his *Life of Mrs. Siddons*: "She is amiably unable to murder the sleeping king, because, to use Mrs. Jame-

son's words, 'he brings to her the dear and venerable image of her father.' Yes; but she can send in her husband to do it for her. Did Shakespeare intend us to believe this murderess naturally compassionate?"

Friesen (quoted by Furness) remarks: "The confession of Lady Macbeth that she could not murder the king with her own hand because in his sleep he resembled her father, is, according to my idea of her, a proof that the strength of will on which she relied in her first conversation with her husband was by no means so entirely at her disposal as she imagined. She enters trembling, convulsed with the most terrible anguish; she starts at every noise, and even her first words, 'That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold: What hath quenched them hath given me fire,' are not justified by her behaviour. I am convinced that this expression has no other aim than to let us know that she is not what she imagines herself to be. Why, otherwise, is she immediately afterwards startled by the cry of the owl?"

16. Hunter suggested the following distribution of speeches here, which Furness adopts:

"*Macbeth.* Did not you speak?
Lady Macbeth. When? Now?
Macbeth. As I descended."

As Hunter remarks, "the 'Ay' of the lady then possesses an effect, which as the scene stands at present it wants." We do not, however, feel quite justified in making the change.

20. *Sorry.* Sad. Often applied, as here, to inanimate things. The C. P. ed. cites 2 *Hen. VI.* i. 4. 79: "a sorry breakfast." Cf. also Spenser, *F. Q.* v. 1, 14:

"To whom as they approched, they espide
 A sorie sight as ever seene with eye,
 An headlesse Ladie lying him beside
 In her own blood all wallow'd woefully."

The stage direction here was added by Pope.

23. *That.* See on line 7 above.

24. *Address'd them.* "Made themselves ready" (Schmidt). Cf. *M. W.* iii. 5. 135; *M. of V.* ii. 9. 19, etc. Gr. 223.

27. *As.* "The *if* is implied in the subjunctive" (Gr. 107).

Hangman. Executioner. Cf. *M. of V.* iv. 1. 125: "the hangman's axe." It is applied jocosely to Cupid in *Much Ado*, iii. 2. 11: "the little hangman dare not shoot at him."

28. *Listening.* Used transitively, as in *Much Ado*, iii. 1. 12; *J. C.* iv. 1. 41; and *Rich. II.* ii. 1. 9. See Gr. 199.

31. *But wherefore*, etc. Bodenstedt (quoted by Furness) remarks: "This is one of those traits in which Macbeth's egotistic hypocrisy is most clearly displayed. He speaks as if murder and praying could join hand in hand in friendly companionship, and is astonished that he could not say 'Amen' when the grooms, betrayed and menaced by himself, appealed to heaven for protection."

Was this the kind of piety that Lady Macbeth had in mind when she said,

"What thou wouldst highly
That wouldst thou holily?"

33. *Thought.* Hamner added "on," which Keightley adopts, though, as he says, it "is not absolutely necessary."

34. *So.* If we so think of them.

35-40. We follow Johnson (as do Coll., D., St., H., W., and others) in limiting what the "voice" says to "Sleep no more! Macbeth does murder sleep!" Hamner, with the earlier editors generally except Johnson, makes the "voice" continue to "feast;" so also Sr. and Moberly. As H. remarks, "all from 'the innocent sleep' is evidently his own conscience-stricken reflections on the imaginary utterances."

37. *Ravel'd.* Tangled. See Wb. Mason cites *T. G. of V.* iii. 2. 52: "Lest it should ravel," etc.

Sleeve. Malone explains this as "coarse, soft, unwrought silk," and quotes Florio, *Ital. Dict.*, 1598: "*Sfilazza*. Any kind of ravelled stuffe, or sleeve silk;" also "*Capitone*, a kind of coarse silk, called sleeve silke." Cf. *T. and C.* v. 1. 35: "Thou idle immaterial skein of sleeve-silk." See also Drayton, *Quest of Cynthia*:

"The bank, with daffidillies dight,
With grass, like sleeve, was matted."

38. *Death.* Warb. wanted to read "birth;" whereupon W. remarks: "Warb., though a clergyman, forgot, what S. did not forget, that in death the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

40. *Nourisher.* Steevens quotes Chaucer, *C. T.* 10661: "The norice of digestion, the sleep." On the measure, see Gr. 467. Rushton (quoted by Furness) cites Ovid, *Met.* xi. 623:

"Somne, quies rerum, placidissime Somne deorum,
Pax animi, quem cura fugit, qui corda diurnis
Fessa ministeriis mulces, reparasque labori."*

Malone suggests that S. may have had in mind the following verses from Sir Philip Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella*, a poem from which he has quoted a line in *M. W.*:

"Come sleepe, O sleepe, the certain knot of peace,
The bathing place of wits, the balm of woe,
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
The indifferent judge between the high and low."

42. *Glamis hath murder'd sleep.* Johnson made the "cry" end with these words; but we prefer to follow Hamner and let it include the two lines.

W. remarks: "These two lines, unless their detailing of Macbeth's titles is the utterance of a distempered fancy, sink into a mere conceit unworthy of the situation." Elwin says: "Having, under one designation, *murdered sleep*, it exists no more for him under any *title or name* he can assume."

* Cf. Golding's quaint translation (1587):

"O sleepe, quoth she, the rest of things, O gentlest of the goddes,
Sweet sleepe, the peace of mind, with whom crookt care is aye at odds;
Which cherishest men's weary limbs appall'd with toying sore,
And makest them as fresh to worke, and lustie as before."

46. *Brainsickly*. "Madly" (Schmidt). The only instance of the adverb in S. The adjective *brainsick* occurs six times (including *R. of L.* 175).

Go get some water, etc. Cf. v. i. 58.

47. *Witness*. "One who, or a thing which, bears testimony" (Schmidt).

55. *A painted devil*. Steevens quotes Webster, *White Devil*: "Terrify babes, my lord, with painted devils."

56. *I'll gild*, etc. Nares remarks that, though there is no real resemblance between the colour of blood and that of gold, to *gild with blood* was an expression not uncommon in the 16th century. Gold was popularly and very generally styled *red* [as it still is in poetry sometimes]. So we have "golden blood," ii. 3. 94 below. Cf. *K. John*, ii. 1. 316: "all gilt with Frenchmen's blood."

For the quibble on *gilt* and *guilt*, cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 5. 129, and *Hen. V.* ii. chorus, 26. See also Middleton, *A Mad World*: "Though guilt condemns, 't is guilt must make us glad;" Marlowe, *Hero and Leander*:

"That, this word *gilt* including double sense,
The double guilt of his incontinence
Might be express'd," etc.

Many other instances of it might be cited from the old plays. Elwin remarks that here it "serves to exhibit most forcibly, in the ferocious levity of the expression, the strained and sanguinary excitement of Lady Macbeth's mind." The C. P. ed. says: "A play of fancy here is like a gleam of ghastly sunshine striking across a stormy landscape, as in some pictures of Ruysdael."

Coleridge has said that except in the soliloquy of the Porter (which he believed to be an interpolation), there is not a pun or play upon words in the whole drama; and Schlegel has made a similar statement. Both seem to have overlooked the present passage, and another (which Abbott points out) in v. 8. 48.

57. *That knocking*. Macduff and Lenox are knocking at the south gate, as the next scene shows.*

* Cf. what De Quincey says on this knocking. After remarking that its effect on his feelings was to "reflect back upon the murder a peculiar awfulness and a depth of solemnity" for which he was long perplexed to account, he gives this solution of the problem:

"Murder, in ordinary cases, where the sympathy is wholly directed to the case of the murdered person, is an incident of coarse and vulgar horror; and for this reason, that it flings the interest exclusively upon the natural but ignoble instinct by which we cleave to life; an instinct which, as being indispensable to the primal law of self-preservation, is the same in kind (though different in degree) among all living creatures; this instinct, therefore, because it annihilates all distinctions, and degrades the greatest of men to the level of the 'poor beetle that we tread on,' exhibits human nature in its most abject and humiliating attitude. Such an attitude would little suit the purposes of the poet. What then must he do? He must throw the interest on the murderer. Our sympathy must be with *him* (of course, I mean a sympathy of comprehension, a sympathy by which we enter into his feelings, and are made to understand them—not a sympathy of pity or approbation). In the murdered person, all strife of thought, all flux and reflux of passion and of purpose, are crushed by one overwhelming panic; the fear of instant death smites him 'with its petrific mace.' But in the murderer, such a murderer as a poet will condescend to, there must be raging some great storm of passion—jealousy, ambition, vengeance, hatred—which will create a hell within him; and into this hell we are to look.

60. *Will all great Neptune's ocean, etc.* Steevens quotes Catullus, *In Gellium*, 5 :

"Suscipit, o Gelli, quantum non ultima Tethys,
Non genitor Nympharum abluat Oceanus;"

and Seneca, *Hippol.* ii. 715 :

"Quis eluet me Tanais? aut quae barbaris
Macotis undis Pontico incumbens mari?
Non ipse toto magnus Oceano pater
Tantum expiarit sceleris!"

Holt White compares Lucretius, vi. 1076 :

"Non, si Neptuni fluctu renovare operam des;
Non, mare si totum velit eluere omnibus undis."

62. *The multitudinous seas.* As admirably descriptive as Homer's *πολυφλοίσβοιο θαλάσσης*. One can almost hear in it the sound of the sea with its numberless waves. And yet Malone thought it might mean "the seas which swarm with myriad inhabitants."

"In *Macbeth*, for the sake of gratifying his own enormous and teeming faculty of creation, Shakespeare has introduced two murderers, and, as usual in his hands, they are remarkably discriminated; but, though in *Macbeth* the strife of mind is greater than in his wife, the tiger spirit not so awake, and his feelings caught chiefly by contagion from her—yet, as both were finally involved in the guilt of murder, the murderous mind of necessity is finally to be presumed in both. This was to be expressed; and on its own account, as well as to make it a more proportionable antagonist to the unoffending nature of their victim, 'the gracious Duncan,' and adequately to expound the 'deep damnation of his taking off,' this was to be expressed with peculiar energy. We were to be made to feel that the human nature, i. e., the divine nature of love and mercy, spread through the hearts of all creatures, and seldom utterly withdrawn from man, was gone, vanished, extinct; and that the fiendish nature had taken its place. And, as this effect is marvelously accomplished in the *dialogues* and *soliloquies* themselves, so it is finally consummated by the expeditious under consideration; and it is to this that I now solicit the reader's attention. If the reader has ever witnessed a wife, daughter, or sister in a fainting-fit, he may chance to have observed that the most affecting moment in such a spectacle is *that* in which a sigh or a stirring announces the recommencement of suspended life. . . . All action in any direction is best expounded, measured, and made apprehensible by reaction. Now apply this to the case of *Macbeth*. Here, as I have said, the retiring of the human heart, and the entrance of the fiendish heart, was to be expressed and made sensible. . . . In order that a new world may step in, this world must for a time disappear. The murderers, and the murder, must be insulated—cut off by an immeasurable gulf from the ordinary tide and succession of human affairs—locked up and sequestered in some deep recess; we must be made sensible that the world of ordinary life is suddenly arrested—laid asleep—tranced—racked into a dread armistice; time must be annihilated; relation to things without abolished; and all must pass self-withdrawn into a deep syncope and suspension of earthly passion. Hence it is that when the deed is done, when the work of darkness is perfect, then the world of darkness passes away like a pageantry in the clouds: the knocking at the gate is heard: and it makes known audibly that the reaction has commenced; the human has made its reflux upon the fiendish: the pulses of life are beginning to beat again; and the re-establishment of the goings-on of the world in which we live first makes us profoundly sensible of the awful parenthesis that had suspended them.

"O mighty poet! Thy works are not as those of other men, simply and merely great works of art; but are also like the phenomena of nature, like the sun and the sea, the stars and the flowers—like frost and snow, rain and dew, hail-storm and thunder, which are to be studied with entire submission of our own faculties, and in the perfect faith that in them there can be no too-much or too-little, nothing useless or inert—but that the further we press in our discoveries, the more we shall see proofs of design and self-supporting arrangement where the careless eye had seen nothing but accident!"

Incarnadine. Nares gives *carnadine* = carnation red, and cites *Anything for a Quiet Life*:

"Gograms, sattins, velvet fine,
The rosy-colour'd carnadine."

Incarnadine is found in Sylvester. Hunter cites his description of the Phoenix:

"Her wings and train of feathers mixed fine
Of orient azure and incarnadine."

Furness quotes Collier's reprint of *An Antidote against Melancholy*, 1661, where it is the name of a red wine:

"In love? 't is true with Spanish wine,
Or the French juice, Incarnadine."

Carew uses it as a verb in his *Obsequies to the Lady Anne Hay* ("Incarnadine Thy rosy cheek"), but he probably borrowed it from S.

63. *Making*, etc. The folio has "Making the Greene one, Red," and some of the earlier editors follow that pointing. Malone says: "*One red* does not sound to my ear as the phraseology of the age of Elizabeth; and *the green*, for the green *one*, or for the green *sea*, is, I am persuaded, unexampled." Nares, too, thinks the interpretation "making the green [sea] one entire red" is "ridiculously harsh and forced." Of course any other interpretation is absurd. As Elwin remarks, "the imagination of Macbeth dwells upon the conversion of the *universal green* into *one pervading red*." Steevens compares *Ham.* ii. 2. 479: "Now is he total gules;" and Milton, *Comus*, 133: "And makes one blot of all the air." St. suggests "green zone," referring to *Cymb.* iii. i. 19, 20; *Id.* iii. i. 81; *A. and C.* ii. 7. 74; *T. A.* iii. i. 94; *K. John*, v. 2. 34, etc.

65. *A heart so white*. The C. P. ed. quotes iv. i. 85: "pale-hearted fear;" and Malone compares Marlowe, *Lust's Dominion* (written before 1593): "Your cheeks are black, let not your soul look white."

68. *Your constancy*, etc. Your firmness has forsaken you. Cf. *A.W.* ii. i. 87; *J. C.* ii. i. 299, etc.

70. *Nightgown*. "A loose gown used for undress" (Schmidt), or, as we should say, a dressing-gown. Cf. v. i. 4 below. See also *Much Ado*, iii. 4. 18; *Oth.* iv. 3. 34; and stage-direction in *J. C.* ii. 2. W. remarks: "In Macbeth's time, and for centuries later, it was customary for both sexes to sleep without any other covering than that belonging to the bed when a bed was occupied. But of this S. knew nothing, and if he had known, he would of course have disregarded it. Macbeth's nightgown . . . answered to our *robe de chambre*."

72. *Poorly*. "Without spirit, dejectedly" (Schmidt). Cf. *Rich. II.* iii. 3. 128: "To look so poorly and to speak so fair." Cf. *poor* in *R. of L.* 710.

73. *To know*, etc. "If I must forever know my own deed" (Moberly). Cf. *W. T.* i. 2. 356:

"To do this deed,
Promotion follows."

See Gr. 357. The C. P. ed. says: "An easier sense might be arrived at by a slight change in punctuation: 'To know my deed? 'T were best not

know myself.' " But the question does not seem naturally to follow what precedes.

74. Rowe and Pope read, "Wake Duncan with this;" and Theo., "Wake, Duncan, with this." Pope, Theo., Johnson, and others omit "I," Steevens, Sr. (2d ed.), and St. have "Ay, 'would."

SCENE III.—The Porter's part in this scene has been the subject of much discussion. Coleridge says of it: "This low soliloquy of the Porter and his few speeches afterwards I believe to have been written for the mob by some other hand, perhaps with Shakespeare's consent; and that finding it take, he with the remaining ink of a pen otherwise employed just interpolated the words—

'I'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire.'

Of the rest not one syllable has the ever-present being of Shakespeare."

The C. P. editors remark: "Probably Coleridge would not have made even this exception unless he had remembered *Ham.* i. 3. 50:

'The primrose path of dalliance.'

To us this comic scene, not of a high class of comedy at best, seems strangely out of place amid the tragic horrors which surround it, and is quite different in effect from the comic passages which Shakespeare has introduced into other tragedies."*

* Dowden (p. 372, foot-note) says that Fleay rejects the Porter's part altogether, but this is not now the case. On p. 246 of his *Shakespeare Manual* he states that he does not agree with Coleridge's view of the passage, and on p. 256 he puts ii. 3 (except "rhymetag") among the portions of the play written by Shakespeare.

Schiller, in his translation of the play, has completely "reconstructed" the Porter's part. Furness (who, though compelled *ex officio* to record many wofully dull things from other commentators, is never dull when he speaks for himself), in his genial account of the various German translations of *Macbeth*, refers to this portion of Schiller's as follows:

"The severest wrench, however, to which Schiller subjected this tragedy is to be found in the Porter's soliloquy, where, instead of a coarse, low, sensual hind, we have a lovely, lofty character, the very jingling of whose keys calls to prayer like Sabbath bells. Is it not surprising that the great German poet should have failed utterly in seeing the purpose of this rough jostling with the outer world after the secret horrors of that midnight murder? Can such things be, and overcome us like a summer's cloud, without our special wonder? Schiller's scene I have here translated:

ACT II. SCENE V.

Enter Porter, with keys. Afterwards MACDUFF and ROSS.

Porter (Singing). The gloomy night is past and gone,

The lark sings clear; I see the dawn
With heaven's splendour blending,
Behold the sun ascending:
His light, it shines in royal halls,
And shines alike through beggar's walls,
And what the shades of night concealed
By his bright ray is now revealed.

[*Knocking.*

Knock! knock! have patience there, who'er it be,
And let the porter end his morning song,
'T is right God's praise should usher in the day;
No duty is more urgent than to pray.—

On the other hand, Wordsworth (*Shakespeare's Knowledge and Use of the Bible*, p. 298) says: "As I do not doubt the passage was written with earnestness, and with a wonderful knowledge of human nature, especially as put into the mouth of a drunken man, so I believe it may be read with edification."

Mr. J. W. Hales, in a paper read before the New Shakspeare Society, May 22, 1874 (see the *Transactions*, 1874, p. 255 fol.), takes the ground:

- (i.) That a Porter's speech is an integral part of the play.
- (ii.) That it is necessary as a relief to the surrounding horror.
- (iii.) That it is necessary according to the law of contrast elsewhere obeyed.
- (iv.) That the speech we have is dramatically relevant.
- (v.) That its style and language are Shakespearian."

After the reading of this paper Mr. Tom Taylor remarked: "The reasons set forth by Mr. Hales appear to me so consonant with what we know of Shakespeare, the general character of his plays, his language, and the relation of serious and comic in his treatment of dramatic subjects, that to me they carry absolute conviction that the Porter's speech is an integral part of the play."

(Singing.) Let songs of praise and thanks be swelling
To God who watches o'er this dwelling,
And with his hosts of heavenly powers
Protects us in our careless hours.
Full many an eye has closed this night
Never again to see the light.
Let all rejoice who now can raise,
With strength renewed, to heaven their gaze.

(He unbars the gate. Enter Macduff and Ross.)

Ross. Well, friend, forsooth, it needs must be you keep
A mighty organ in your bosom there
To wake all Scotland with such trumpeting.

Porter. I' faith, 't is true, my lord, for I 'm the man
That last night mounted guard around all Scotland.

Ross. How so, friend porter?

Porter. Why, you see, does not
The king's eye keep o'er all men watch and ward,
And all night long the porter guard the king?
And therefore I am he that watched last night
Over all Scotland for you.

Ross. You are right.

Macduff. His graciousness and mildness guard the king;
'T is he protects the house, not the house him;
God's holy hosts encamp round where he sleeps.

Ross. Say, porter, is thy master stirring yet?
Our knocking has awaked him. Lo! he comes," etc.

Verily this is "admirable fooling," and another German has seen the absurdity of it. Horn (also quoted by Furness) comments on it thus: "Our Schiller has annihilated the whole Shakespearian Porter, from top to toe, and created instead one entirely new. This new creation is quite a good fellow and pious; he sings a morning song whose noble seriousness makes it worthy of admission into the best hymn-books. The jest also, which he subsequently throws out to the lords as they enter, that he had kept watch over all Scotland through the night, is respectable and loyal, like the whole man. But how comes this preacher in the wilderness here? Does he fit the whole organism of the piece? Does it not appear as if he were all ready to afford the repose which the whole idea of the scene is to give? And might not one almost say that it was a little officious in him that he wants to do it? It is possible that this Porter may be thought excellent, provided Shakespeare is not known; but him we know, and how he knew how to make the Colymbus egg stand up, so I imagine the choice will not be found difficult."

Mr. Furnivall says that he asked Dr. George Macdonald what he thought of the Porter's speech, and the reply was: "Look at the grim humour of it. I believe it's genuine." He put the same question to the poet Browning, who answered: "Certainly the speech is full of humour; and as certainly the humour and the words are Shakespeare's. I cannot understand Coleridge's objection to it. It's as bad as his wanting to emend *blanket* by *blank height* [see on i. 5. 51]. As to Lamb, I've no doubt that he held the speech genuine, for he said that on his pointing out to his friend Munden the quality of the Porter's speech, Munden was duly struck by it, and expressed his regret at never having played the part."*

Bodenstedt (quoted by Furness) remarks: "After all, his uncouth comicality has a tragic background; he never dreams, while imagining himself a porter of hell-gate, how near he comes to the truth. What are all these petty sinners who go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire compared with those great criminals whose gates he guards?"

Mr. and Mrs. Cowden Clarke, in their Annotated Edition of Shakespeare, say of the scene: "Its repulsively coarse humour serves powerfully to contrast, yet harmonize, with the base and gory crime that has been perpetrated. Shakespeare's subtilities of harmony in contrast are among his most marvellous powers; and we venture to think that this Porter scene is one of these subtilities." Cf. Weiss, pp. 187-195.

1. *Porter of hell-gate.* Mr. Hales compares *Oth.* iv. 2. 90:

"You, mistress,
That have the office opposite to St. Peter,
And keep the gate of hell."

2. *Old.* A "colloquial intensive" used several times by S.; as in *M. of V.* iv. 2. 16; 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 21; *M. W.* i. 4. 5; *Much Ado*, v. 2. 98. Mr. J. R. Wise (*Shakespeare: His Birthplace*, etc., p. 106) says: "Whenever there has been an unusual disturbance or ado . . . the lower orders round Stratford-on-Avon invariably characterize it by the phrase, 'There has been *old* work to-day.'" D. remarks that the Italians use (or formerly used) *vecchio* in the same sense.

4. *A farmer*, etc. Malone quotes Hall, *Satires*, iv. 6:

"Ech Muck-worme will be rich with lawlesse gaine,
Altho he smother vp mowes of seven yeares graine,
And hang'd himself when corne grows cheap again."

Malone also considers this (as well as the references to the "equivocator" and the "French hose" below) as helping to fix the date of the play in 1606. He says: "That in the summer and autumn of 1606 there was a prospect of plenty of corn appears from the audit-book of the College of Eton; for the price of wheat in that year was lower than it was for thirteen years afterwards, being thirty-three shillings the quarter. In the preceding year (1605) it was two shillings a quarter dearer, and in

* At the meeting of the *New Shakspeare Society*, June 26, 1874, Mr. Furnivall stated that Mr. Hales's conclusions had been accepted by every critic in England whose opinion he had asked; among them Mr. Tennyson, Mr. J. Spedding, Mr. A. J. Ellis, Professor Dowden, and Professor H. Morley.

the subsequent year (1607) three shillings a quarter dearer. In 1608 wheat was sold at Windsor market for fifty-six shillings and eight pence a quarter; and in 1609 for fifty shillings. In 1606 barley and malt were considerably cheaper than in the two years subsequent."

5. *Come in time.* That is, you've come in time; probably alluding to his suicide. St. would punctuate it "Come in, Time," the "Time" being "a whimsical appellation" for the farmer! Clarke explains it as — "Be in time!"

Napkins. Handkerchiefs. Cf. *L. C.* 15: "Oft did she heave her napkin to her eyne;" also *Oth.* iii. 3. 287, 290, 321, etc.

Enow. The plural of *enough*. Cf. *M. of I.* iii. 5. 24: "Christians enow." See also *Id.* iv. 1. 29; *Hen. V.* iv. 1. 240, etc.

8. *An equivocator*, etc. Warb. believed this to be an allusion to the Jesuits, "the inventors of the execrable doctrine of equivocation;" and Malone thought that it had "direct reference to the doctrine of *equivocation* avowed by Henry Garnet, Superior of the order of Jesuits in England, on his trial for the Gunpowder Treason, on the 28th of March, 1606, and to his detestable *perjury* on that occasion, or, as Shakespeare expresses it, 'to his swearing in both scales against either scale;' that is, flatly and directly contradicting himself on oath."

13. *A French hose.* According to Warb. "the joke consists in this, that the French hose being then very short and strait, a tailor must be master of his trade who could steal anything from them." Malone remarks: "From a passage in *Henry V.*, and from other proofs, we know that about the year 1597 the French hose were very large and lusty; but doubtless between that year and 1600 they had adopted the fashion here alluded to; and we know that French fashions were very quickly adopted in England. The following passage occurs in *The Black Year*, by Anthony Nixon, 1606: 'Gentlemen this year shall be much wronged by their taylors, for their consciences are now much larger than ever they were, for where [whereas] they were wont to steale but half a yeard of brood cloth in making up a payre of breeches, now they do largely nicke their customers in the lace too,' etc."

In *M. of V.* i. 2. So there is another reference to the large "round hose" borrowed from France. Cf. also *Hen. V.* iii. 7. 56.

14. *Goose.* "So called from its handle, which resembles the neck of a goose" (Wb.).

15. *At quiet.* Mr. Furnivall remarks that "as S. uses both '*in rest*' and '*at rest*,' there is nothing strange in his using both '*in quiet*' and '*at quiet*.'" Cf. *Judges*, xviii. 27. On the peculiar uses of *at* in S., see Gr. 143, 144.

17. *The primrose way*, etc. Steevens cites *Ham.* i. 3. 50: "the primrose path of dalliance;" and *A. W.* iv. 5. 56: "the flowery way that leads to the broad gate and the great fire."

22. *The second cock.* The time meant, as Mason suggests, is shown by *R. and J.* iv. 4. 3:

"The second cock hath crow'd,
The curfew bell hath rung, 't is three o'clock."

Cf. *Lear*, iii. 4. 121, and *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 267.

27. *Timely*. S. often uses adjectives ending in *-ly* as adverbs. Cf. *unmannerly* in 98 below, etc. We have *timely* as an adjective in iii. 3. 7. See Gr. i.

31. *Physics*. Cures. Cf. *Cymb.* iii. 2. 34: "For it doth physic love." Steevens cites *W. T.* i. 1. 43; and Malone, *Temp.* iii. 1. 1.

32. *So bold to call*. Cf. *M. of V.* iii. 3. 10: "So fond to come abroad," etc. Gr. 281.

33. *Limited*. Appointed. Cf. *M. for M.* iv. 2. 176: "having the hour limited;" *K. John*, v. 2. 123: "warrant limited;" *Rich. III.* v. 3. 25: "Limit each leader to his several charge;" that is, "appoint to every leader his command" (Schmidt).

38. *Propheying*. Prophecy, prediction. On the measure, see Gr. 470.

39. *Combustion*. Used by S. only here and in *Hen. VIII.* v. 4. 51; in both instances figuratively. *Combustious* occurs in *V. and A.* 1162: "As dry combustious matter is to fire."

40. *Obscure*. Accent on the first syllable, as in *Rich. II.* iii. 3. 154, etc. See Gr. 492. The *obscure bird* is "the nightly owl" (*T. A.* ii. 3. 97). See on ii. 2. 3 above.

42. Steevens quotes *Cor. i.* 4. 61:

"Thou madest thine enemies shake, as if the world
Were feverous and did tremble."

The reference is to an ague fever, or "shaking fever," as it is called in *K. John*, ii. 1. 228.

43. *Parallel*. "Adduce as equal" (Schmidt). It means "equal" in *T. and C.* ii. 2. 162, and *A. W.* iv. 3. 281.

45. *Tongue nor heart*, etc. Cf. i. 3. 60 above. On the use of the negatives, cf. *Sonn.* 86. 9: "He *nor* that affable familiar ghost . . . *cannot* boast." See also Gr. 396.

47. *Confusion*. Destruction. Cf. iii. 5. 29 below; also *K. John*, iv. 3. 153.

49. Delius calls attention to the confusion of metaphors here. The C. P. ed. remarks: "Reference is made in the same clause to 1 *Sam.* xxiv. 10: 'I will not put forth mine hand against my lord, for he is the Lord's anointed;' and to 2 *Cor.* vi. 16: 'For ye are the temple of the living God.'"

53. *Gorgon*. As the C. P. ed. suggests, S. probably derived his knowledge of the Gorgon's head from Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, v. 189-210, where it is related how Perseus turned his enemies to stone by making them look on it. There is an allusion to it also in *T. and C.* v. 10. 18:

"Go into Troy and say there Hector's dead:
There is a word will Priam turn to stone."

57. *Death's counterfeit*. Cf. *R. of L.* 402: "the map of death" (that is, sleep); and *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 364: "death-counterfeiting sleep."

59. *The great doom's image*. "A sight as terrible as an image of the Last Judgment" (Delius). Cf. *Lear*, v. 3. 264.

61. *Countenance*. "Be in keeping with" (Schmidt).

63. *Parley*. Cf. *Rich. II.* i. 1. 192, and 3 *Hen. VI.* v. 1. 16.

72. *Had I but died*, etc. Malone compares *W. T.* iv. 4. 472:

"If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd
To die when I desire."

74. *Mortality*. "Human life" (Schmidt). Cf. *R. of L.* 403: "life's mortality;" *K. John*, v. 7. 5: "the ending of mortality;" *M. for M.* iii. 2. 196: "No might nor greatness in mortality," etc.

75. *Is dead*. For the singular, see Gr. 336; and for *is left* just below, Gr. 333.

83. *Badg'd*. Not elsewhere used as a verb by S. Malone cites 2 *Hen.* VI. iii. 2. 200: "Murder's crimson badge."

92. *Expedition*. Haste. Cf. *T. G. of V.* i. 3. 37: "the speediest expedition," etc.

93. *Outrun*. Johnson (followed by many modern editors) changed this to "outran;" but these past indicative forms in *u* are very common in S. See Gr. 339; and on *pauser*, Gr. 443.

94. *Lac'd*. To lace was "to adorn with a texture sewed on" (Schmidt). S. uses it literally in *Much Ado*, iii. 4. 20: "cloth o' gold, and cuts, and laced with silver;" and figuratively, as here, in *R. and J.* iii. 5. 8:

"What envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east!"

and *Cymb.* ii. 2. 22:

"White and azure lac'd
With blue of heaven's own tinct."

See also *Sonn.* 67. 4.

Golden blood. Pope wanted to change this to "goary blood," but see on ii. 2. 56 above.

95. *A breach in nature*. Steevens cites Sidney, *Arcadia*: "battering down the wals of their armour, making breaches almost in every place, for troupes of wounds to enter;" and *A Herring's Tayle*, 1598: "A batter'd breach where troopes of wounds may enter in."

98. *Breech'd with gore*. Schmidt explains *breech*, "to cover as with breeches, to sheathe." So Douce, Dyce, Delius, and others. Nares takes it to mean, "having the very hilt, or breech, covered with blood." "Reech'd," "drench'd," "hatch'd," etc., have been suggested as emendations; but, as Warb. remarks, "the whole speech is an unnatural mixture of far-fetched and commonplace thoughts, that shows him to be acting a part." Cf. Gr. 529.

100. *Make's*. "The abbreviation *'s* for *his* is very common even in passages which are not colloquial or familiar" (C. P. ed.).

101. T. Whately (*Remarks on Char. of Shakes.*, 3d ed., p. 77, foot-note) says: "On Lady Macbeth's seeming to faint while Banquo and Macduff are solicitous about her, Macbeth, by his unconcern, betrays a consciousness that the fainting is feigned."

Flathe (quoted by Furness) remarks: "Any child could declare that this swoon was only feigned to avoid all further embarrassment. But it must not be imagined that there is any feigning here. The poet, in Lady Macbeth, gives another view of human nature steeped in sin from that portrayed in Macbeth himself. In her, as her former dreams prove mockeries and unreal, the whole mental organization receives an annihilating blow from that first deed of blood, beneath which it may stagger

on for a while, but from which it can never entirely recover. For one moment, immediately after the deed, Lady Macbeth can overmaster her husband, and stand defiantly erect, as if to challenge hell to combat. But this was but a momentary intoxication; it is even now over. She is already conscious that she can never banish from her breast the consciousness of her crime; she has found out that her wisdom, which spurned at reflection, is naught. The deed she has done stands clear before her soul in unveiled, horrible distinctness, and therefore she swoons away."

Horn and Bodenstein also believe that the swoon is real. The latter says: "Various causes have co-operated to beget in Lady Macbeth a revulsion of feeling, which, from henceforth constantly increasing, drives her at last to self-destruction. The first intimation we found in ii. 2. 33, 34. She finds herself mistaken in her husband; a gulf has opened between him and her which nothing can hereafter bridge over. At the same time we perceive here the intimation of that internal and natural reaction of her overtaxed powers. Womanhood reasserts its rights."

Fletcher (see above, p. 29), referring to the theory that the fainting is feigned, remarks: "We believe, however, that our previous examination of her character must already have prepared the reader to give to this circumstance quite a different interpretation. He will bear in mind the burst of anguish which had been forced from her by Macbeth's very first ruminations upon his act: 'These deeds must not be thought After these ways; so, it will make us mad.' Remembering this, he will see what a dreadful accumulation of suffering is inflicted upon her by her husband's own lips [ii. 3. 93-98], painting in stronger, blacker colours than ever the guilty horror of their common deed."

Compare what Weiss (p. 421) says: "She has had no chance to calculate what effect this murder will have upon human sensibilities when they are taken by it unawares. She sees the awfulness of it suddenly reflected from the faces and gestures of Macduff, Banquo, and the rest. It beats at the gate across which she has braced a woman's arm, and breaks it in; and a mob of reproaches rush over her. What have those delicate hands been doing? . . . Nature, in making her, was so little in the male mood, so intently following the woman's model, that it left out the element which carries Macbeth through this scene. To hear her husband describe his simulated rage in butchering the grooms, and draw that painting of Duncan in his blood—'And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature For ruin's wasteful entrance'—it is too much, and 't is plain she is not needed. 'Help me hence, ho!' her sex cries. It is the revulsion of nature in a feminine soul. Love has exhaled all its hardihood into the deed which is just now discovered. She, too, has only now really discovered it. The nerves part at the overstrain of seeing what the deed is like, and drop her helpless into a swoon."

102. *Argument.* Theme, subject. Cf. *Sonn.* 76. 10: "And you and love are still my argument," etc. See also Milton, *P. L.* i. 24: "the highth of this great argument."

104. *Hidden in an auger-hole.* "Concealed in imperceptible or obscure places" (Elwin). Steevens quotes *Cor.* iv. 6. 87: "Confin'd Into an auger's bore." On the measure of the line, see Gr. 480.

106. *Brew'd.* Delius remarks that this metaphor is amplified in *T. A.* iii. 2. 38.

107. The C. P. ed. says: "Sorrow in its first strength is motionless, and cannot express itself in words or tears." Cf. iv. 3. 209, and 3 *Hen. VI.* iii. 3. 22:

"And give my tongue-tied sorrows leave to speak."

108. *When we have*, etc. "When we have clothed our half drest bodies, which may take cold from being exposed to the air" (Steevens). The Porter had observed that the place was "too cold for hell." Malone quotes *T. of A.* iv. 3. 228:

"Call the creatures
Whose naked natures live in all the spite
Of wreakful heaven."

113. *Pretence.* Intention, purpose. Cf. *W. T.* iii. 2. 18; *Cor.* i. 2. 20, etc. In ii. 4. 24 below we have *pretend*=intend, design.

Steevens explains the passage thus: "I here declare myself an eternal enemy to this treason, and to all its further designs that have not yet come to light."

115. *Put on manly readiness.* "That is, dress ourselves" (Schmidt). So *ready*=dressed. Cf. *Cymb.* ii. 3. 86:

"Cloten. Your lady's person: is she ready?
Lady. Ay,
To keep her chamber;"

and the stage direction in 1 *Hen. VI.* ii. 1. 38: "The French leap over the walls in their shirts. Enter, several ways, the Bastard of Orleans, Alençon, and Reigner, half ready and half unready."

119. *Easy.* Easily. See Gr. I.

122. *There's.* See Gr. 335; and on *near*=nearer, Gr. 478, and *Rich.* II. p. 190.

Steevens remarks: "He suspected Macbeth; for he was the *nearest in blood* to the two princes, being the cousin-german of Duncan." The C. P. ed. quotes Webster, *Appius and Virginia*, v. 2:

"Great men's misfortunes thus have ever stood—
They touch none nearly but their nearest blood."

124. *Hath not yet lighted.* Has not yet spent its force.

126. *Dainty of.* Particular about. Cf. *T. and C.* i. 3. 145: "grows dainty of his worth."

127. *There's warrant*, etc. Delius compares *A. W.* ii. 1. 33:

"*Bertram.* I 'll steal away.
First Lord. There's honour in that theft."

SCENE IV.—Mr. Fleay (in his paper read before the *New Shaks. Soc.*, June 26, 1874) says: "The old man in ii. 4 is suspicious. . . . He is of no use; the preternatural phenomena had been already dwelt on sufficiently in ii. 3. 35-44 in Shakespeare's best manner, not in the prosy would-be poetry of this scene: I am not sure that the effect in ii. 4 is not even comic. 'Dark night strangling the travelling lamp' is certainly queer, and 'Duncan's horses' (from Kilkenny) 'eating each other' might

well amaze Ross's eyes when he 'looked upon 't.' I reject lines 1-20, and 'strangle' the old man."

To which Mr. Hales replied: "Shakespeare brings in the old man as the 'oldest inhabitant' of the newspapers to tell us he does not remember any such dreadful convulsions in his time. . . . There is a passage exactly parallel to this in *Lear*, iii. 1, where to be sure we have not an old man, but we have 'a gentleman.' At the end of act ii. we are told of the storm to which *Lear* is exposed. This gentleman describes it more particularly. Mr. Fleay proposes to strangle the old man; but the old man is much more likely, I suspect, to strangle Mr. Fleay--of course I mean Mr. Fleay *quâ* Shakespeare critic."*

4. *Trifled*. Made trivial. See Gr. 290.

Knowings. Experiences. Schmidt refers to *Cymb.* i. 4. 30 and ii. 3. 102; but, as the C. P. ed. notes, the present passage is the only one in which the plural is used.

6. *Threaten his bloody stage*. "Frown upon the earth where such horrors are enacted" (Moberly).

7. *Strangles the travelling lamp*. Cf. the description of the sun in 1 *Hen.* IV. i. 2. 226:

—"breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapours, that did seem to strangle him."

The folio has here "the trauailing Lampe." In the time of S. the present distinction between *travel* and *travail* was not recognized, the forms being used indiscriminately without regard to the meaning. See Schmidt s. v. Coll. prefers *travailing* here as "having reference to the struggle between the sun and night;" but D. reminds him that, as the sun has not been previously mentioned in the passage, "the word *lamp* ceases to signify the sun," if *travelling* is changed to *travailing*.

8. *Is 't night's predominance*, etc. "Is it that night is aggressive, or that the day is ashamed to appear?" (Moberly). *Predominant* and *predominance* were astrological terms. Cf. *Lear*, i. 2. 134: "Knaves, thieves, and treachers by spherical predominance;" *A. W.* i. 1. 211:

"*Helena*. The wars have so kept you under that you must needs have been born under Mars.

Parolles. When he was predominant?"

see also *W. T.* i. 2. 202.

10. On the description of prodigies that follows, cf. extract from Holinshed, p. 136 above.

12. *Towering* and *place* are terms of falconry. D. cites Donne, who in one of his poems says of a hawk: "Which when herself she lessens in the aire, You then first say that high enough she toweres;" and Turbervile, *Booke of Falconrie*, 1611: "Shee is of the number of those Hhawkes that are hie flying and towre Hhawks."† *Place* = "pitch, the

* This the old man, with Mr. Hales's help, appears to have done; for Mr. Fleay omits the passage in reprinting the paper in his *Shakespeare Manual*. The "horses," by the by, are not "from Kilkeny," but from Holinshed. See p. 136.

† Cf. Milton, *P. L.* xi. 185: "The bird of Jove, stooped from his aery tour;" where, as D. suggests, "tour" is probably="tower" in this technical sense.

highest elevation of the hawk" (Schmidt). For *pitch*, cf. *Rich. II.* i. 1. 109, and see note in our ed. p. 153.

13. *Mousing*. "A very effective epithet, as contrasting the falcon, in her pride of place, with a bird that is accustomed to seek its prey on the ground" (Talbot).

14. *Horses*. A monosyllable here. See Gr. 471; and cf. *sense* in v. 1. 22 below, and in *Sonn.* 112. 10. In *A. and C.* iii. 7. 7 we have "horse" = "horses;" and in *K. John*, ii. 1. 289, "horse back" for horse's back."

15. *Minions*. Darlings. See on i. 2. 19 above.

16. *In nature*. "Their wildness was no casual or passing fit, but their whole nature had become suddenly changed" (Delius, quoted by Furness).

17. *As*. See on i. 4. 11 and ii. 2. 27. Gr. 107.

18. *Eat*. Changed by many critics to *ate*, which is nowhere found in the early copies. The present is there more frequently printed "eate." For the participle S. uses both *eat* (as in *L. L. L.* iv. 2. 26, *Rich. II.* v. 5. 85, etc.) and *eaten* (see i. 3. 84 and iv. 1. 64 in the present play). Milton always uses *eat* for the past tense (as in *P. L.* ix. 781, *P. R.* i. 352, and *L'All.* 102, where it rhymes with *feat*), but never, we believe, for the participle.

24. *Pretend*. See on ii. 3. 113.

28. *Ravin up*. "Devour greedily" (Schmidt). Cf. *M. for M.* i. 2. 133: "Like rats that ravin down their proper bane." In iv. 1. 24 below we have "ravin'd" = ravenous. Cf. *A. W.* iii. 2. 120: "the ravin lion."

29. *Like*. Likely; as often in S. Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 7. 49: "Is 't like that lead contains her?"

31. *Scone*. Of this ancient town, which was situated about two miles and a half from Perth, few memorials now remain. Of Scone Abbey, founded by Alexander I. in 1107, in which the Scottish kings from that date down to the time of James II. were crowned, nothing is left but part of an aisle now used as a mausoleum by the Earl of Mansfield, on whose estate it stands. The old market-cross of Scone also remains in the pleasure-grounds of Scone Palace, as the seat of the earl is called. At the north side of the mansion is a tumulus, known as the Moat Hill, said to have been composed of earth from the estates of those who here attended on the kings.

The famous "stone of Scone," which served for many ages as the seat on which the kings were crowned, now forms part of the English coronation-chair in Westminster Abbey. The connection that the stone is supposed to have with the destinies of the Scots is commemorated in ancient verse,* which has been thus rendered:

"Unless the Fates are faithless grown,
And prophet's voice be vain,
Where'er is found this sacred stone,
The Scottish race shall reign."

According to national tradition, this stone was the pillow of Jacob at Bethel, and long served for the coronation-seat of the kings of Ireland.

* "Ni fallat fatum, Scoti quocumque locatum
Invenient lapidem regnare tenentur ibidem."

It is said to have been brought from Ireland to Iona by Fergus, the son of Erc, then to have been deposited in Dunstaffnage Castle (still standing near Oban), and to have been transported thence to Scone by Kenneth II. in the year 842. Its history from that date is well authenticated, but the rest is of course more or less mythical.

33. *Colme-kill*. "The cell (or chapel) of Columba," now known as Icolmkill, or Iona, a barren islet, about eight miles south of Staffa. Here St. Columba, an Irish Christian preacher, founded a monastery in A.D. 563, and here he died about A.D. 597, or at the time when Augustine landed in Kent to convert the English. From this monastery in Iona Christianity and civilization spread, not only through Scotland, but even to the Orkneys and Iceland. Hence the island came to be considered holy ground, and there was a traditional belief that it was to be specially favoured at the dissolution of the world. According to the ancient prophecy,

"Seven years before that awful day
When time shall be no more,
A watery deluge shall o'ersweep
Hibernia's mossy shore;
The green-clad Isla, too, shall sink,
While with the great and good,
Columba's happier isle shall rear
Her towers above the flood."

It is not to be wondered at that monarchs desired to be buried in this sacred spot, and that thus it became the cemetery where, as Collins has sung,

"The mighty kings of three fair realms are laid"—

Scotland, Ireland, and Norway. No trace of their tombs now remains, the oldest monuments left on the island being those of Irish ecclesiastics of the 12th century. Besides these there are the ruins of a chapel (of the 11th century), of a nunnery (founded about 1180), and of the cathedral church of St. Mary, built early in the 13th century. Of the three hundred and fifty sculptured stone crosses which formerly adorned the island, only two are still standing. One is called "Maclean's Cross," and is a beautifully carved monolith, eleven feet high; the other, "St. Martin's Cross," is about fourteen feet high. All the other crosses were thrown into the sea, about the year 1560, by order of the anti-Popish Synod of Argyll.

Dr. Johnson, who visited Iona during his Scottish tour, writes of it: "We were now treading that illustrious island which was once the luminary of the Caledonian regions, whence savage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge and the blessings of religion. Far from me and from my friends be such frigid philosophy as may conduct us indifferent and unmoved over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue. That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona."

36. *Thither*. That is, to Scone.

40. *Benison*. Cf. *Lear*, i. i. 268: "our grace, our love, our benison;" *Id.* iv. 6. 229: "The bounty and the benison of heaven."



FORRES—EMINENCE AT THE WESTERN EXTREMITY.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—7. *Shine*. “Appear with all the *lustre of conspicuous truth*” (Johnson).

10. *Hush, no more*. “These words are in perfect moral keeping with Banquo’s previous resolute fightings against evil suggestions” (Clarke).

Sennet. Also written *sennit*, *senet*, *synnet*, *cynet*, *signet*, and *signate*. It occurs often in the old stage directions, and “seems to indicate a particular set of notes on the trumpet, or cornet, different from a flourish” (Nares). See *Hen. VIII.* p. 176.

13. *All-thing*. “Every way” (Schmidt). Cf. the adverbial use of *nothing* and *something*. The 2d folio has “all-things;” the 3d and 4th, “all things.” See Gr. 12, and cf. 55 and 68.

14. *Solemn*. “Ceremonious, formal” (Schmidt). Cf. *T. A.* v. 2. 115: “Solemn feast” (also in *A. W.* ii. 3. 187); *T. of S.* iii. 2. 103: “our solemn festival,” etc.

15. *Let, etc.* Rowe changed this to “Lay your Highness’s;” Pope, to “Lay your highness,” which is also in the Coll. MS. “Command upon” is not found elsewhere in S., but in *Per.* iii. 1. 3 we have the *noun* similarly used:

“and thou, that hast
Upon the winds command, bind them in brass.”

See Gr. 191, and cf. 139.

Flathe (see above, p. 165) remarks here: “And Banquo can declare

firm, unalterable fealty to the very man whom to himself he has just accused, almost in so many words, of attaining the throne by the assassination of his royal master! Such a declaration could only have been made by one whose own heart is closely allied to evil. The emotion excited in Banquo's breast against Macbeth must become stronger. He feels obliged to invent fair words to conceal his secret. The hypocrite Macbeth is served with hypocrisy."

16. *The which.* See Gr. 270.

21. *Still.* Always, ever; as very often in S. Cf. *M. of V.* i. i. 17, 136; *Temp.* i. 2. 229; *Rich. II.* ii. i. 22, etc.

Grave. Weighty, of importance; like the Latin *gravis*. Schmidt compares *Rich. III.* ii. 3. 20: "politic grave counsel." *Prosperous* = to our advantage.

22. *Take.* Needlessly changed by Malone to "talk."

25. *Go not my horse,* etc. Cf. *Rich. II.* ii. i. 300: "Hold out my horse, and I will first be there." See Gr. 361, 364.

The better. "The better, considering the distance he has to go" (C. P. ed.). See Gr. 94, 102.

29. *Are bestow'd.* Have betaken themselves. Cf. iii. 6. 24 below; also *Ham.* iii. i. 33, 44; *Hen. V.* iv. 3. 68, etc.

33. *Therewithal,* etc. That is, we shall have other state matters to discuss along with it. Cf. *Henry V.* i. i. 45: "any cause of policy."

38. *Commend.* See on i. 7. 11 above. "*Commend you to their backs* is said jestingly, with an affectation of formality" (C. P. ed.).

39. *Farewell.* For the short line, see Gr. 512.

41, 42. The folios have a comma after *night*, and a colon after *welcome*; which pointing is followed by Rowe, Pope, Delius, and others. Most editors adopt the punctuation in the text, which was first suggested by Theo.

Schmidt makes *welcome* a noun; the C. P. ed. is doubtful whether it is a noun or an adjective. In the latter case, *sweeter* is used adverbially. Cf. *T. of A.* i. 2. 135: "Music, make their welcome."

Ourself. S. uses both *ourself* and *ourselves* in this "regal" sense. Cf. *Rich. II.* i. i. 16: "ourselves will hear;" *Id.* i. 4. 42: "We will ourself in person," etc.

43. *While then.* Till then. Cf. *Rich. II.* i. 3. 122, and see note in our ed. p. 163. Gr. 137.

God be with you = "God b' wi' you" (Walker). Gr. 461. Our *good-by* (cf. the Fr. *adieu*) is perhaps a contraction of this contraction. See Wb.

45. *Our pleasure.* Some of the early editors (so K. and St.) join these words to the preceding line. Abbott (512) thinks that S. "could not possibly make 'our pleasure' a detached foot."

47, 48. "To be thus (that is, to reign) is nothing; but to be safely thus is something" (Gr. 385).

49. *Royalty.* "Nobleness" (Schmidt).

50. *Would be fear'd.* Is to be feared, should be feared. Gr. 329.

51. *To.* In addition to. Gr. 185. Cf. i. 6. 19.

53. *But.* See Gr. 118.

55, 56. *My genius,* etc. Cf. *A. and C.* ii. 3. 19:

"Thy demon, that 's thy spirit * which keeps thee, is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
Where Cæsar's is not; but near him thy angel
Becomes a fear, as being o'erpower'd."

This is from North's *Plutarch*: "For thy demon, said he (that is to say, the good angel and spirit that keepeth thee), is afraid of his; and being courageous and high when he is alone, becometh fearful and timorous when he cometh near unto the other." On *Genius*, cf. *J. C.* ii. 1. 65.

62. *With*. By. See Gr. 193.

64. *Fil'd*. Defiled; but not that word contracted. It is used in prose; as in Holland's *Pliny*, xiv. 19: "If the grapes have been filed by any ordure or dung falne from above thereupon." Johnson says that *to file* is found in the Bishops' Bible. See Wb. also.

66. *Vessel*. Often used figuratively by S. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 4. 44; *J. C.* v. 5. 13; *W. T.* iii. 3. 21, etc.

67. *Eternal jewel*. "Immortal soul" (C. P. ed.). For the use of *eternal*, cf. *K. John*, iii. 4. 18: "the eternal spirit."

69. *Seed*. The folios have "seedes" or "seeds," which W. retains.

70. *The list*. Elsewhere S. has *lists* in this sense. Cf. *Rich. II.* i. 2. 52; *Id.* i. 3. 32, 38, 43; 1 *Hen. VI.* v. 5. 32, etc. He has *list* several times in the more general sense of boundary, limit; as in *A. W.* ii. 1. 53; 1 *Hen. IV.* iv. 1. 51; *Ham.* iv. 5. 99, etc.

71. *Champion me to the utterance*. Fight with me *à outrance*. "A challenge, or a combat *à l'outrance*, to extremity, was a fixed term in the law of arms, used when the combatants engaged with an *odium internecinum*, an intention to destroy each other, in opposition to trials of skill at festivals, or on other occasions, where the contest was only for reputation or a prize" (Johnson). Cf. *Cymb.* iii. 1. 73: "Behoves me keep at utterance" (that is, defend to the uttermost). Steevens quotes Golding's Ovid, *Met.* xiv. :

"To both the parties at the length from battell for to rest,
And not to fight to utterance."

79. *Conference*. Metrically a dissyllable. Gr. 468.

Pass'd in probation with you. Spent in proving to you. For *probation* = proof, cf. *Oth.* iii. 3. 365; *M. for M.* v. 1. 156; *Cymb.* v. 5. 362, etc.

80. *Borne in hand*. Kept in expectation, flattered with false hopes. Cf. *T. of S.* iv. 2. 3; *Cymb.* v. 5. 43; *Ham.* ii. 2. 67, etc. In 1572, an act was passed against "such as practise abused sciences, whereby they bear the people in hand that they can tell their destinies, deaths," etc.

82. *To a notion craz'd*. "Even to the most feeble apprehension" (Moberly). Cf. *Leur*, i. 4. 248: "His notion weakens;" *Cor.* v. 6. 107: "his own notion," etc.

87. *Gospell'd*. Governed by gospel precepts. See *Matt.* v. 44.

88. *To pray*. As to pray. Gr. 281.

91. *Ay, in the catalogue*, etc. Yes, in a mere list of men as male human beings you would be reckoned, just as the meanest cur is counted among dogs.

93. *Shoughs* = shocks (see Wb.). *Water-rugs* were "a kind of poodle"

* See above on i. 7. 53.

(Schmidt); and "*demi-wolves*, a cross between dogs and wolves, like the Latin *lycisci*" (Johnson).

Clept. Participle from *clepe*, to call. Cf. *Ham.* i. 4. 19: "They clepe us drunkards;" *L. L. L.* v. 1. 23: "he clepeth a calf cauf;" *V. and A.* 995: "She clepes him king of graves," etc. *Yclept* is the same participle with the old English prefix. *S.* uses it in *L. L. L.* i. 1. 42 and v. 2. 602.

94. *The valued file.* The classification according to value or quality, as distinguished from the "catalogue," or "the bill that writes them all alike." Schmidt makes it an adjective; some take it to be the passive participle used in an active sense (*valued* = valuing). Cf. *Gr.* 374.

96. *Housekeeper.* Watch-dog. The C. P. ed. says that in Topsell's *Hist. of Beasts* (1658) the "housekeeper" is enumerated among the kinds of dogs. Cf. *οἰκουρὸς* in Aristophanes, *Vespæ*, 970.

98. *Clos'd.* "Enclosed" (Schmidt). Cf. *R. and J.* i. 4. 110: "a despised life clos'd in my breast."

99. *Addition.* Cf. i. 3. 106. On *from* = apart from, see *Gr.* 158.

102. *Worst* is lengthened metrically into a "quasi-dissyllable" (*Gr.* 485), as *enemy*, two lines below, is contracted into one (*Gr.* 468).

105. *Grapples.* On the metaphor, cf. *Ham.* i. 3. 63: "Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel." See also *Hen. V.* iii. prol. 18.

106. *In.* "In the case of" (*Gr.* 162). Cf. *Rich. II.* ii. 2. 10: "In Ross and Willoughby," etc.

107. On the measure, see *Gr.* 497.

111. *Tugg'd with fortune.* Pulled about in wrestling with fortune. Cf. *W. T.* iv. 4. 508: "Let myself and fortune Tug for the time to come." See also *K. John*, iv. 3. 146; 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 173, etc.

113. *On 't.* Of it. Cf. line 130 below, and see on i. 3. 84 above. *Gr.* 182.

115. *Distance.* "Alienation" (Schmidt). It was a fencing term, denoting the space between antagonists (*D.*). Cf. *M. W.* ii. 1. 233: "In these times, you stand on distance, your passadoes, stoccadoes, and I know not what;" *Id.* ii. 3. 27: "thy punts, thy stock, thy reverse, thy distance," etc. See also *A. W.* v. 3. 212; *R. and J.* ii. 4. 22, etc.

117. *My near'st of life.* My inmost life. See on ii. 1. 24: "kind'st leisure." *Gr.* 473.

119. *Bid my will avouch it.* Let my will answer for it, own it as an arbitrary act. Cf. *M. N. D.* i. 1. 106; *Hen. V.* v. 1. 77, etc.

120. *For.* Because of. *Gr.* 150.

121. *Loves.* For the plural, cf. *Rich. II.* iv. 1. 314: "your sights;" and see note in our ed. p. 206. On *may*, see *Gr.* 310; and on *but*, *Gr.* 385.

122. *Who.* See *Gr.* 218, 274. Cf. iii. 4. 42 and iv. 3. 171 below.

128. *Advise.* Instruct. Cf. *Lear*, i. 3. 23; *Hen. VIII.* i. 2. 107, etc.

129. *The perfect spy o' the time.* The precise time when you may look for him. The Coll. MS. has "a perfect spy," which *W.* adopts, referring it to the man who joins the murderers in scene 3. Various emendations have been suggested, but they are not worth mentioning.

130. *On 't.* Of the time; or, perhaps, of the deed.

131. *Something from.* At some distance away from. See *Gr.* 68, 158. *Always thought*, etc. It being kept in mind (*Gr.* 378) that I must be free from suspicion.

133. *Rubs*. Hindrances, impediments; a term in bowling. See *Rich. II.* iii. 4. 4, and note in our ed. p. 197.

136. *Embrace*. "Undergo, suffer" (Schmidt). Cf. *T. G. of V.* v. 4. 126: "Thurio, give back, or else embrace thy death."

137. *Resolve yourselves*. Come to a determination, make up your minds. Cf. *A. and C.* iii. 11. 9; 3 *Hen. VI.* i. 1. 49; *W. T.* v. 3. 86, etc.

140. Hunter remarks that such negotiations with assassins were not uncommon in the age of Elizabeth. An instance had recently occurred in the neighbourhood of Stratford. Lodowick Grevile, who dwelt at Sesoncote, in Gloucestershire, and at Milcote, in Warwickshire, coveting the estate of one Webb, his tenant, plotted to murder him and get the estate by a forged will. This was successfully accomplished by the aid of two servants whom Grevile engaged to do the deed. Fearing detection, one of the assassins afterwards murdered his comrade. The body was found, and the investigation led to the arrest and conviction of Grevile and his servant, the surviving murderer. Grevile stood mute, and was pressed to death on November 14, 1589. The circumstance must have been well known to S., as the Greviles were at this time patrons of the living of Stratford.

SCENE II.—5. *Content*. Satisfaction. Clarke remarks: "This brief soliloquy allows us to see the deep-seated misery of the murderess, the profound melancholy in which she is secretly steeped; while on the instant that she sees her husband she can rally her forces, assume exterior fortitude, and resume her accustomed hardness of manner, with which to stimulate him by remonstrance almost amounting to reproach."

Gericke (quoted by Furness) says: "This profound sigh from the depths of a deeply wounded soul is the key to all that we afterwards hear and learn of Lady Macbeth. A complaint has been urged that between her first and last appearance the connecting link, the bridge, is wanting: *here*, and *only here*, is this bridge supplied. Here for an instant we overhear her, and from her own lips learn what her pride, her love for Macbeth even, will not suffer to be uttered aloud; it is what she convulsively locks in her breast, and what at last breaks her heart. This short monologue is the sole preparation for the sleep-walking and the death of the woman; her death would be unintelligible did we not here see the beginning of the end."

9. *Sorriest*. See on ii. 2. 20 above.

10. *Using*. Cherishing. St. suggested "Nursing" as an emendation, but as Schmidt remarks, S. joins *use* "with the most different nouns almost periphrastically."

11. *Without all remedy*. Beyond all remedy; or *all* = any (Schmidt), as in *Hen. VIII.* iv. 1. 113: "without all doubt;" *Sonn.* 74. 2: "without all bail." See Gr. 12, 197; and for the measure, 468.

13. *Scotch'd*. The folios have "scorch'd." Theo. made the change. Cf. *Cor.* iv. 5. 198.

16. *Frame of things*. Cf. *Ham.* ii. 2. 310: "This goodly frame, the earth."

Both the worlds. Heaven and earth. Cf. *Ham.* iv. 5. 134, where it means "this world and the next."

20. *To gain our peace.* The later folios have "our place," which is adopted by Pope, Johnson, Steevens, Malone, Sr., Hudson, St., and D. As K. remarks, "the repetition of the word *peace* seems very much in S.'s manner; and . . . there is something much higher in the sentiment conveyed by the original word than in that of *place*. In the very contemplation of the murder of Banquo, Macbeth is vainly seeking for peace. Banquo is the object that makes him eat his meal in fear and sleep in terrible dreams."

21. *On the torture, etc.* "To lie upon the rack of our own thoughts, in a frenzy of restlessness" (Moberly). *Ecstasy* in S. means "any state of being beside one's self" (Schmidt). Cf. iv. 3. 170 below. See also *Temp.* iii. 3. 108; *Much Ado*, ii. 3. 157; *T. A.* iv. 1. 125, etc.

23. *Life's fitful fever.* Cf. *M. for M.* iii. 1. 75: "a feverous life."

27. *Gentle my lord.* Like "Good my lord," etc. See Gr. 13.

Sleek is not used elsewhere as a verb by S. Cf. Milton, *Comus*, 882: "Sleeking her soft alluring locks." "The word, verb or adjective, is almost always applied to the hair" (C. P. ed.).

30. *Let your remembrance, etc.* "Take care to do all honour to Banquo by looks and words of the deepest respect; though our royalty will never be safe, so long as it is necessary to keep our honours bright by steeping them in flattery" (Moberly).

Remembrance is here a quadrisyllable. See Gr. 477.

32. *That.* On the construction, see Gr. 284.

34. *Visards.* Masks. Cf. *M. W.* iv. 4. 70; *L. L. L.* v. 2. 242, 246, 271, 385, 404, etc.

35. *Leave.* Leave off. Cf. "Where did I leave?" in *V. and A.* 715 and *Rich. II.* v. 2. 4; and "Where left we last?" in *T. of S.* iii. 1. 26.

37. *Lives.* Cf. *runs* in i. 3. 147. Gr. 336.

38. *But in them, etc.* The C. P. ed. explains the passage thus: "The deed by which man holds life of Nature gives no right to perpetual tenure. Nature is here compared to a lord of the manor under whom men hold their lives by copyhold tenure. 'Copyhold, *Tenura per copiam rotuli curie*, is a tenure for which the tenant hath nothing to shew but the *copy* of the rolls made by the steward of his lord's court. . . . Some copyholds are fineable at will, and some certain: that which is fineable at will, the lord taketh at his pleasure' (Cowel's *Law Dictionary*, s. v.). Monck Mason takes 'Nature's copy' to mean the human form divine. Steevens and Elwin agree in this interpretation. The latter quotes *Oth.* v. 2. 11:

'Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling Nature.'

But from what follows in line 49 it would seem that Shakespeare made here, as in so many other passages, a reference to legal phraseology. Compare, for instance, *Sonn.* 13. 5:

'So should that beauty which you hold in lease
Find no determination.'

And see also iv. 1. 99 of this play."

Note Fletcher's comments on this passage (p. 29 above).

41. *Cloister'd.* Steevens remarks: "The bats wheeling round the dim

cloisters of Queen's College, Cambridge, have frequently impressed on me the singular propriety of this original epithet."

42. *Shard-borne*. The old English name of the horny wing-cases of the beetle was *shards*. Cf. *A. and C.* iii. 2. 20: "They are his shards and he their beetle" (that is, they serve as wings for him); *Cymb.* iii. 3. 20: "the sharded beetle." Steevens cites Gower, *Conf. Am.*: "a dragon tho, Whose scherdes shinen as the sonne" (that is, his scales, or scaly wings). The 3d and 4th folios have "shard-born," and some have retained that reading, explaining the word as="dung-born." For the various meanings of *shard*, and its derivation, see Wb.

44. *Note*. The word, as Schmidt says, is used for "any distinction or eminence." Cf. *A. W.* v. 3. 14: "Offence of mighty note;" *L. C.* 233: "of holiest note," etc.

45. *Chuck*. A term of endearment, corrupted from *chick*. Cf. *Oth.* iii. 4. 49: "What promise, chuck?" and see *Id.* iv. 2. 24; *A. and C.* iv. 4. 2; *Hen. V.* iii. 2. 26, etc.

R. H. Hiecke (*Shakespeare's Macbeth erläutert und gewürdigt*, quoted by Furness) remarks: "Must all the reiterated terms of endearment in this scene, these manifold inflections in ever softer modulations, be deemed meaningless in such a poet as Shakespeare? . . . Of all the deeply tragic passages of this drama, this is the deepest. *Unintentionally* and *unconsciously* there here breathes from Macbeth's soul an echo of that happier time when the mutual esteem of a heroic pair was accompanied by the delicate attentions of first love. And, moreover, this state of feeling (at such a moment as this) is psychologically true, when we see them, as in the days of first love, united by the possession of a common secret. But what a secret is it that they now share! This involuntary return to the tone of a happier time, now, alas! vanished—for that early love has been long since overgrown in each by ambition—becomes in the phrases with which he unfolds his present situation to his wife the most cutting irony. Just as ambition, at first not alien to either of the pair, but grown at last by degrees the complete master of all other sentiments, has caused their love for each other to cool, until we see them united solely by a fiendish alliance in pursuit of an ambitious end—so here this love, *grown cold*, was *murdered* in the murder of the king, and the tenderness in this scene is naught but a dirge, rising unconsciously from the soul, over the sentiments of an earlier time."

46. *Seeling*. Blinding; a term in falconry. "To *seel* is to close the eyelids partially or entirely, by passing a fine thread through them; this was done to hawks until they became tractable" (Nares). Cf. *Oth.* i. 3. 270 and iii. 3. 210; also *A. and C.* iii. 13. 112.

49. *Cancel*, etc. Cf. *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 77: "Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray;" and *Cymb.* v. 4. 27:

"take this life,
And cancel these cold bonds."

50. *Light thickens*. Cf. *A. and C.* ii. 3. 27:

"He beats thee 'gainst the odds; thy lustre thickens
When he shines by."

Steevens quotes Fletcher, *Faithful Shepherdess*: "Fold your flocks up, for the air Gins to thicken;" and Malone adds Spenser, *Shep. Kal.*: "But see, the welkin thickens apace."

51. *Rooky*. It would seem natural to interpret this as = rook-haunted, frequented by rooks or crows. Mitford says: "The passage simply means, 'the rook hastens its evening flight to the wood where its fellows are already assembled;'" and Clarke remarks: "The very epithet *rooky* appears to us to caw with the sound of many bed-ward rooks bustling and croaking to their several roosts." But this does not satisfy certain editors, who have found an old word *roky* meaning misty. So Edwards (*Canons of Criticism*, 1765), Steevens, and the C. P. ed. explain it as = damp, misty, foggy, gloomy, etc.

52. See extract from Dowden, p. 39 above. *Drowse* is used by S. only here and in *1 Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 81.

53. *Whiles*. See on ii. 1. 60. For the plural *preys* (perhaps = "their several preys") cf. iii. 1. 121 and v. 8. 61. *Rouse* is used intransitively by S. only here and in v. 5. 12.

54, 55. The C. P. editors think that "this couplet reads like an interpolation."

56. *Go with me*. Delius takes this to mean "Aid me, or let me quietly carry out my plan," and compares *Lear*, i. 1. 107: "But goes thy heart with this?" Moberly explains it, "Understand what my meaning is." Schmidt gives examples of *go with* = agree, accord; as *Ham.* i. 2. 15, i. 3. 28, i. 5. 49; *Lear*, iv. 7. 5, etc.

SCENE III.—Some critics have thought that the 3d Murderer was Macbeth himself in disguise. See Furness, p. 160, and *Notes and Queries* for Sept. 11, Oct. 2, Nov. 13, and Dec. 4, 1869.

2. *He needs not our mistrust*, etc. "We may trust him, for Macbeth has evidently told him all we have to do. Macbeth's uneasiness makes him reinforce the party with a cleverer hand" (Moberly). See Gr. 308; and on *to* in line 4, Gr. 187.

6. *Lated*. Belated. Used by S. only here and in *A. and C.* iii. 11. 3: "I am so lated in the world." Gr. 290.

7. *To gain the timely inn*. Probably, to gain the inn betimes. The C. P. ed. prefers to make *timely* = "welcome, opportune;" and Schmidt explains it, "early, soon attained."

10. *The note of expectation*. The list of expected guests. Under *note* = list, Schmidt cites also *M. W.* iv. 2. 64; *T. of S.* i. 2. 145, etc.

11. *His horses*. Horn (quoted by Furness) says: "S., who dared do all that poet ever dared, nevertheless did not dare to bring upon the stage—a horse. And very properly; for there where noble poets represent the world's history upon the 'boards that imitate the world,' there no brutes should be allowed. But in the present scene it is hard to avoid introducing a horse, and the poet has to obviate the difficulty in four almost insignificant lines, in order to account for the absence of the steeds. It is after all undoubtedly better not to shrink from two or three such trivial lines than to have a horse come clattering on the stage."

14. *Enter Fleance with a torch*. Here again, as Coll. notes, Fleance

carries the torch to light his father. The "Servant" of many modern eds. is an interpolation. See on ii. i. i.

SCENE IV.—1. *At first And last.* Probably = once for all. Schmidt explains it "from the beginning to the end," and compares 1 *Hen. VI.* v. 5. 102. Johnson would read "to first And last;" that is, to "all, of whatever degree, from the highest to the lowest."

3. *Ourselves.* See on iii. i. 42.

5. *Her state.* "Her chair of state at the head of the table" (Steevens). Cf. *T. N.* ii. 5. 50: "Sitting in our state;" 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 415: "This chair shall be my state;" *Cor.* v. 4. 22: "He sits in his state," etc.

In best time. Used by S. only here, though he often has "in good time."

6. *Require.* Request, ask; not in the stronger sense of "demand." Cf. *Hen. VIII.* ii. 4. 144: "In humblest manner I require your highness;" *A. and C.* iii. 12. 12:

"Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee,
And requires to live in Egypt," etc.

8. *Speaks.* Says. Cf. *Oth.* v. 2. 327, and iv. 3. 154 below.

11. *Large.* "Unrestrained" (Schmidt). Cf. *A. and C.* iii. 6. 93: "large In his abominations."

Anon. Macbeth has just caught sight of the murderer standing at the door, and wishes to dismiss him before pledging the measure (Delius). On *measure*, cf. *Oth.* ii. 3. 31.

14. *'T is better,* etc. 'T is better that the blood should be on thy face than in his body; or it may possibly mean, "it is better that his blood were on thy face than he in this room" (Johnson). Hunter believes that the words are uttered aside, and mean "that, horrible as it is, thus in the midst of the feast, to behold the assassin of his friend just without the door, it is still better than that Banquo himself should be alive and within the hall a guest at this entertainment." If we accept the first explanation, *he within* = within *him*. Cf. *A. and C.* iii. 13. 98: "So saucy with the hand of she here." See other examples in Gr. 206-214.

19. *Nonpareil.* S. always uses the definite article with this word, except in *Temp.* iii. 2. 108 (Delius).

20. *Scap'd.* Not "'scap'd," as often printed. The word is found in prose; as in Bacon, *Adv. of L.* ii. 14. 9: "such as had scaped shipwreck." S. uses it much oftener than *escape*. Cf. Wb.

23. *Casing.* Surrounding. Moberly quotes *Oth.* iii. 3. 464: "You elements that clip us round about."

25. *Saucy doubts and fears.* His fellow-prisoners in this confinement (Delius). Schmidt explains *saucy* here as "unbounded, extravagant," and considers the passage "a very expressive oxymoron." The C. P. ed. makes *saucy* = "insolent, importunate, like the Latin *improbus*." Cf. *Oth.* i. i. 129; *J. C.* i. 3. 12, etc.

27. *Trenched gashes.* Cf. *V. and A.* 1052:

"the wide wound that the boar had trench'd
In his soft flank;"

and *T. G. of V.* iii. 2. 7 :

"This weak impress of love is as a figure
Trenched in ice."

29. *Worm.* Frequently used by Elizabethan writers for a serpent (Nares). Cf. *M. for M.* iii. 1. 17 ; *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 71 ; *A. and C.* v. 2. 243, 256, 261, 268, etc.

32. *We 'll hear ourselves again.* We 'll talk the matter over again. Under "*ourselves* = each other," Schmidt cites, besides this passage, *T. and C.* iv. 4. 42 :

"We two, that with so many thousand sighs
Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves ;"

Id. iv. 4. 140 :

"Lady, give me your hand, and, as we walk,
To our own selves bend we our needful talk ;"

and *K. John*, ii. 1. 407 : "Make work upon ourselves."

Some editors put a comma after *hear*, making *ourselves again* = when I am once more myself ; others point it thus : "We 'll hear, ourselves, again." Theo., Warb., and Johnson read "We 'll hear 't ourselves again ;" Hammer and Capell, "We 'll hear thee ourselves again."

33. *The cheer.* Schmidt explains this, "the merry disposition which should attend a feast ;" the C. P. ed. "the usual welcome." The latter seems more in keeping with the context.

The feast is sold, etc. It is like selling a feast, not giving it, if you do not often assure your guests that it is given gladly. On *a-making*, see Gr. 24, 140.

35. *To feed*, etc. "Mere feeding would be best done at home" (C. P. ed.).

36. *From thence.* Away from home. See Gr. 41 ; and on *to*, Gr. 185. As the C. P. ed. remarks, there is no play upon words in *meat* and *meeting*, as the former word was pronounced *mate* in S.'s time. See White's *Shakespeare*, vol. xii. p. 417 ; and cf. the rhyme of *sea* with *play* in *Hen. VIII.* iii. 1. 9, 10, etc. In *T. G. of V.* i. 2. 68, 69, there is a play upon "meat" and "maid."

37. On the measure, see Gr. 494.

38. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* i. 4. 92 :

"A good digestion to you all ; and, once more,
I shower a welcome on ye. Welcome, all."

Dr. Bucknill calls this "a somewhat physiological grace."

39. *May 't please your highness sit.* That is, *to sit*. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* i. 4. 19, and Gr. 349. We have the *to* inserted after *please* just below in line 45.

40. *Roof'd.* Under one roof. S. does not use the verb *roof* in its modern sense.

41. *Grac'd.* "Full of graces" (Schmidt). Cf. *Lear*, i. 4. 267 : "a grac'd palace."

42. *Who.* See on iii. 1. 122. Gr. 274. Douce paraphrases the passage thus : "I have more cause to accuse him of unkindness for his absence than to pity him for any accident or mischance that may have occasioned

it;" but, as Sr. remarks, *May I* seems to imply here a wish ("I hope I may rather have to accuse him," etc.) than an assertion.

43-45. Hunter remarks that it is during this speech that the ghost first becomes visible to Macbeth. He had been about to take his seat according to the invitation of Lennox, but now, full of horror, instead of doing so, he starts back, which leads to the invitation of Ross.

Some critics have thought that it is Duncan's ghost, not Banquo's, that first appears. It is said that lines 71-73 cannot apply to Banquo, who had not been buried; but the same objection may be made to the words, "thy bones are marrowless" (94), addressed to the *second* ghost. These are simply Macbeth's vivid expression of the general idea of coming back from the dead, and must not be taken literally. Macbeth was thinking and speaking of Banquo, and it is both natural and dramatically proper that his ghost, if any, should rise at the mention of his name; and the second appearance is in response to Macbeth's renewed reference to him. This view is confirmed by Dr. Forman's testimony (see p. 10, foot-note).

For an abstract of the arguments on both sides of this question, see Furness's *Macbeth*, pp. 167-172.

Another question that has been much discussed is whether the ghost should be represented on the stage. Even if the ghost is an objective reality, and not a mere hallucination, like the "air-drawn dagger," it is evident that no one sees it but Macbeth;* and, as Fletcher remarks, it seems an outrage to our senses that the apparition should be visible "to us, the distant audience, when he is invisible to every one of the guests who crowd the table at which he seats himself in the only vacant chair."

But is the ghost objective or subjective? Here too the critics are at odds. Dr. Bucknill (*Mad Folk of S.* p. 27) says: "Macbeth at this juncture is in a state of mind closely bordering upon disease, if he have not actually passed the limit. He is hallucinated, and he believes in the hallucination. The reality of the air-drawn dagger he did not believe in, but referred its phenomena to their proper source. Between that time and the appearance of Banquo the stability of Macbeth's reason had undergone a fearful ordeal. . . . In the point of view of psychological criticism, the fear of his wife in ii. 2. 33, 34 appears on the eve of being fulfilled by the man, when to sleepless nights, and days of brooding melancholy, is added that undeniable indication of insanity, a credited hallucination. . . . Macbeth, however, saved himself from actual insanity by rushing from the maddening horrors of meditation into a course of decisive, resolute action. From henceforth he gave himself no time to reflect; he made the firstlings of his heart the firstlings of his hand; he became a fearful tyrant; but he escaped madness."

Rötscher (*Die Kunst der dramatischen Darstellung*, quoted by Furness) remarks: "The appearance of Banquo's ghost is the direct result of Macbeth's state of mind; the ghost is therefore visible only to him. Everything around and about Macbeth is, for Macbeth, as though it were

* Mrs. Siddons had an idea that Lady Macbeth beheld the spectre, and that her self-control and presence of mind enabled her to appear unconscious of the ghostly presence; but, as Mrs. Jameson remarks, this would be superhuman, and neither the character nor the text bears out the supposition.

not ; the instant that Banquo's ghost rises, he is completely transported out of himself, and is engrossed solely with the creatures of his brain. The difficult task which the actor has before him, when portraying the effect upon Macbeth of this apparition, is to make us feel in every speech addressed to the ghost that mental horror of the soul, that demoniacal terror of the mind, which communicates itself with irresistible power to every expression of the face and voice. The more conscious Macbeth becomes of this irresistible power, by the reappearance of the ghost, the more horror-stricken does he grow, until at last he is completely unmanned. The gradually increasing effect of this apparition depends, therefore, upon the power the actor has of unfolding the mental distraction, the growing discord, in the soul of Macbeth. Most actors endeavour to portray this climax by mere physical strength of voice, by struggling as it were to make a more powerful impression upon the ghost, whereas the mental horror at the sight of an apparition can only be made truly manifest by the intense strength of a terror which one strives to repress. It is not the heightened voice of passion, growing ever louder and louder, but the trembling tones almost sinking to a whisper, that can give us the true picture of the power of the apparition in this scene. It is Macbeth's vain struggle to command himself, and the dark forces constantly bursting forth with increasing power from his internal consciousness, that we want to see portrayed by the revelation of his mental exhaustion, and by his control over face and voice, weakened by mental terror. Thus alone can this scene be produced as it was in the mind of the poet ; assuredly one of the greatest tasks ever set before an actor."

A. Mézières (*Shakespeare, ses Œuvres et ses Critiques*, also quoted by Furness) says on this point : " If the contemporaries of Shakespeare believed in witches, they also believed in spectres, and ghosts permitted to quit their abode of darkness to revisit this upper world. But the poet introduces spirits of a different sort in *Hamlet* and *Macbeth*, when he resuscitates Banquo and the King of Denmark. Are we to believe, as has been asserted, that these shadows are mere phantoms of the brain, appearing only to men of vivid imagination ? Undoubtedly Banquo shows himself only to Macbeth, and remains invisible to the guests at table ; and Gertrude does not see the spirit of her dead husband at the moment he is visible to their son. But the king's ghost walked in sight of the sentries on the ramparts of Elsinore, before accosting Hamlet. So far is it from the poet's intention to leave in the vague realm of dreams the phantoms he evokes that he is careful to clothe them with garments and with all the external peculiarities of life ; he gives gashes to one, and to the other his very armour, his sable-silvered beard, his majesty and measured speech. Herein lies the originality of these apparitions. Possessing in truth only a conventional existence, the magic wand of the poet that invoked them has bestowed on them an appearance of living reality. They play the same part that the traditional dream filled in our classic tragedy, but they play it with all the advantage of action over recital. Instead, like Athalie, of beholding an imaginary vision, Macbeth and Hamlet see with their bodily eyes, the one his victims, the other his father, and these ghosts act more powerfully upon them than any mere

dream possibly could. Shakespeare, far bolder than our poets, brings before the very eyes of the spectator those supernatural figures which our stage contents itself with depicting only to the fancy, without producing them to the sight."

50. *Thou canst not say I did it.* This is cited by W. and others as proving that the ghost was Banquo's. K. remarks: "If it be Duncan's ghost, we must read: 'Thou canst not say I did it.'"

55. *Upon a thought.* Used by S. only here. It is = "with a thought," which occurs in *Temp.* iv. 1. 64, *J. C.* v. 3. 19, *A. and C.* iv. 14. 9, 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 241, etc. Cf. *K. John*, iv. 2. 175: "fly like thought;" *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 330: "as swift as thought," etc.

57. *Extend his passion.* Prolong the fit. *Passion* is used by S. of "any violent commotion of the mind" (Schmidt). Cf. iv. 3. 114. On *shall*, see Gr. 315; and on the measure of the next line, Gr. 453.

60. *O proper stuff.* Ironical and contemptuous. *Proper* (=fine, pretty, etc.) is often so used. Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* i. 1. 132: "A proper jest, and never heard before;" *Hen. VIII.* i. 1. 98: "A proper title of a peace;" *Much Ado*, i. 3. 54: "A proper squire!" On *stuff*, cf. *Temp.* ii. 1. 254: "What stuff is this?" 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 214: "Here's goodly stuff toward!" etc.

63. *Flaws.* It is of course *flaw*=gust of wind, that is here used figuratively; as in *M. for M.* ii. 3. 11: "the flaws of her own youth," etc.

64. *Impostors to true fear.* "Impostors when compared with true fear" (Mason). See Gr. 187.

65. The C. P. ed. quotes *W. T.* ii. 1. 25:

"A sad tale 's best for winter: I have one
Of sprites and goblins."

66. *Authoriz'd by.* Given on the authority of. Cf. *L. C.* 104: "His rudeness so with his authoriz'd youth;" and *Sonn.* 35. 6: "Authorizing thy trespass with compare." S. uses the word in these three places only, and in all with the accent on the second syllable. See Gr. 491.

73. Stevens compares Spenser, *F. Q.* ii. 8, 16:

"What herce or steed (said he) should he have dight,
But be entombed in the raven or the kight?"

The stage direction, "Ghost vanishes," which is required by the context, was inserted by Rowe.

76. *Human.* It is "humane" in the folios, in which the modern "human" is nowhere found (Schmidt). The accent is always on the first syllable, not excepting (says Schmidt) *W. T.* iii. 2. 166. In Milton, the modern distinction, in meaning and accent, between *humane* and *human* is recognized. As the C. P. ed. remarks, there are some passages in S. where it is difficult to determine which of the two senses best fits the word; indeed both might be blended in the mind of the writer.

Gentle is proleptic. Cf. i. 6. 3.

80. *There an end.* Cf. *Rich. II.* v. 1. 69.

81. *Mortal.* See on i. 5. 39; and cf. iv. 3. 3.

84. *Lack.* Miss; as in *Cor.* iv. 1. 15, *A. Y. L.* iv. 1. 182, *A. and C.* ii. 2. 172, etc.

85. *Muse*. Wonder. Cf. *V. and A.* 866: "Musing the morning is so much o'erworn;" *T. G. of V.* i. 3. 64: "Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed," etc.

91. *To all and him*, etc. I long to drink his health and that of all; and to wish every one all good. The C. P. ed. quotes *J. C.* iv. 3. 160, *T. of A.* i. 2. 234, and *Hen. VIII.* i. 4. 38.

95. *Speculation*. Cf. *T. and C.* iii. 3. 109. In *Lear*, iii. 1. 24 ("spies and speculations Intelligent of our state"), it is used in a concrete sense = speculators, observers, watchers (Schmidt). The C. P. ed. remarks: "The eyes are called 'speculative instruments' in *Oth.* i. 3. 271. Johnson, quoting this passage, explains 'speculation' by 'the power of sight;' but it means more than this—the intelligence of which the eye is the medium, and which is perceived in the eye of a living man. So the eye is called 'that most pure spirit of sense,' in *T. and C.* iii. 3. 106; and we have the haste that looks through the eyes, i. 2. 46 of this play, and a similar thought, iii. 1. 127. See also *1 Hen. VI.* ii. 4. 24, and *L. L. L.* v. 2. 848:

'The window of my heart, mine eye.'

100. *Russian bear*. Cf. *Hen. V.* iii. 7. 154.

101. *Arm'd*. "Armoured;" to use a word applied nowadays to iron-clad ships of war.

For *the Hyrcan tiger*, cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* i. 4. 155: "tigers of Hyrcania," and *Ham.* ii. 2. 472: "the Hyrcanian beast." In *M. of V.* ii. 7. 41, we have "Hyrcanian deserts." Malone quotes Daniel, *Sonnets* (1594): "To Hyrcan tigers, and to ruthless beares;" and Reed adds Riche's *Simoni-des* (1584): "like to Hyrcan tigers." Hyrcania was a district south and south-east of the Caspian Sea. The C. P. ed. says that these English poets probably derived their ideas of Hyrcania and the tigers from Pliny's *Natural History*, but not through Holland's translation, which was not published till 1601. It seems to us quite as likely that they had in mind Virgil's mention of the beasts in *Æn.* iv. 367: "Hyrcanaeque admorunt ubera tiges."

104. *Dare me to the desert*, etc. Cf. *Rich. II.* i. 1. 62-66.

105. *If trembling I inhabit then*. This is the great *crux* of the play, and space would fail us for enumerating the various emendations and explanations that the critics have suggested. We give the reading and pointing of the 1st folio. The later folios have, "If trembling I inhabit, then protest," etc. Pope changed this to "inhibit, then," which Steevens modified to "inhibit thee." These are the most plausible of the many readings proposed, but on the whole we prefer to keep to the folio. W. explains the passage: "If I then am encompassed by trembling, and so, if I inhabit trembling—a use of *inhabit* highly figurative and exceedingly rare, but which is neither illogical nor without example." Cf. *Psalms*, xxii. 3: "O thou that inhabitest the praises of Israel." Schmidt makes *inhabit* = "to take as a habit (whether a costume or a custom), to do on." Moberly renders it, "If I keep house, shrink under shelter," but prefers "I inhibit thee." Henley and St. take it to be = "If I, through fear, remain trembling in my castle." Cf. Milton, *P. L.* vii. 163: "Meanwhile inhabit lax, ye powers of heaven" (that is, dwell at large—Cice-

ro's "habitare laxe"). Steevens thinks that *inhabit* may mean "stay within doors," and cites *A. Y. L.* iii. 3. 10: "O knowledge, ill-inhabited! worse than Jove in a thatched house!" (that is, ill-lodged).

106. *The baby of a girl.* Walker, D., W., Moberly, Schmidt, and others make *baby*=doll; the C. P. ed. explains it as "infant," the other meaning not being found elsewhere in S. It occurs, however, in Sidney, Jonson, and other writers of the time. Walker quotes Sidney, *Arcadia*: "young babes think babies of wondrous excellency, and yet the babies are but babies;" and *Astrophel and Stella*: "Sweet babes must babies have, but shrewd girls must be beaten."

107. *Mockery.* "Mimicry, delusive imitation" (Schmidt). Cf. *Rich. II.* iv. 1. 260, and *Hen. V.* iv. prol. 53.

109. *Displac'd.* "Banished" (Schmidt). On *broke*, see Gr. 343.

110. *Admir'd.* To be wondered at, strange; if it be not used ironically=admirable.

111. *Overcome.* Spread over, overshadow. Farmer quotes Spenser, *F. Q.* iii. 7, 4: "All coverd with thick woodes that quite it overcame."

112, 113. *You make me strange*, etc. "You render me a stranger to, or forgetful of, the brave disposition which I know I possess, and make me fancy myself a coward, when I perceive that I am terrified by a sight that has not in the least alarmed you" (Malone). So Schmidt makes *disposition* here="natural constitution of the mind." The C. P. ed. takes it to mean "temporary mood," as in *Lear*, i. 4. 241, and *Ham.* i. 5. 172, and adds: "The general sense of the present passage may therefore be thus expressed: 'You make me a stranger even to my own feelings, unable to comprehend the motive of my fear.' He is not addressing his wife alone, but the whole company. He is particularly staggered by the fact that every one except himself is unmoved."

For *owe*=own, possess, see i. 3. 76, i. 4. 10, etc.

116. *Mine.* Possibly, as some explain it, referring to *ruby*, not to *cheeks*; but S. did not always trouble himself to make his pronouns agree in number with their antecedents. He very often has a singular *relative* (or at least one used as the subject of a singular verb) with a plural antecedent; as in *Cymb.* i. 6. 117: "your graces that charms." See many other examples in Gr. 247. W., following Hanmer and Johnson, reads "cheek," because "S., when he makes the cheek a sign, or exponent, or type, uses the word in the singular number." But see v. 3. 16: "those linen cheeks of thine;" *1 Hen. IV.* ii. 3. 47: "Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks?" *T. A.* iii. 2. 38: "her sorrow, mesh'd upon her cheeks;" *K. John*, ii. 1. 225: "To save unscratch'd your city's threaten'd cheeks;" *Rich. II.* iii. 3. 57: "the cloudy cheeks of heaven" (but in *Temp.* i. 2. 4: "the welkin's cheek"); and many similar passages in which W. himself has the plural.

119. *Stand not*, etc. That is, do not be particular about retiring in the order of your rank (as court etiquette required). Cf. the first line of this scene.

122. *It will have blood*, etc. The 1st folio reads:

"It will haue blood they say:
Blood will haue blood!"

and this pointing is followed by the later folios. The arrangement in the text was proposed by Theo., and adopted by Capell and Malone; also by Coll., St., W., and Delius in our day. Most of the other editors follow Whalley and Johnson in reading: "It will have blood; they say blood will have blood." Johnson observes: "Macbeth justly infers that the death of Duncan cannot go unpunished, 'It will have blood!' then after a short pause declares it as the general observation of mankind that murderers cannot escape." Capell thinks that the line is "injured in the solemnity of the movement" by the change in pointing, and that "the proverb's naked repeating, coming after words that insinuate it, has great effect." The question between the two readings is a very close one.

123. *Stones*, etc. Mr. Paton (*Notes and Queries*, Nov. 6, 1869, cited by Furness) suggests that there may be an allusion "to the rocking stones, or 'stones of judgment,' by which it was thought the Druids tested the guilt or innocence of accused persons." There was one of these stones near Glamis Castle, and if S. visited Scotland (see p. 15) he probably saw it.

Trees to speak may allude to the story of Polydorus in Virgil, *Æn.* iii. 22-68 (Steevens).

124. *Augurs*, etc. The folios have "Augures," retained by Rowe, Pope, Sr., and the Camb. and C. P. eds. Schmidt is doubtful whether the word means *augurs* or *auguries*. The C. P. ed. says: "In Florio's *Ital. Dict.* 1611, the word 'augure' is given as the equivalent both for *augurio*, soothsaying, and *auguro*, a soothsayer. In the edition of 1598 'augure' is only given as the translation of *augurio*, and it is in this sense that it is used here. The word occurs nowhere else in S. For 'augur' in our modern sense he uses 'augurer,' *J. C.* ii. 1. 200 and ii. 2. 37; *Cor.* ii. 1. 1; *A. and C.* iv. 12. 4 and v. 2. 337. We find 'augure' used in the sense of 'augur' or 'augurer,' in Holland's *Pliny*, viii. 28, which was published in 1601."

Augur is not found in the *plays* of S., but it occurs in *Sonn.* 107. 6: "And the sad augurs mock their own presage;" and in *The Phoenix and the Turtle*, 7: "Augur of the fever's end."

Delius remarks that S. sometimes uses *and* to connect words which are "subordinate, not co-ordinate," and that the meaning here is, "the relations understood by augurs." Moberly explains it, "augurs by the help of understood relations between omens and events." Rowe changed the text to "Augurs that understood;" and Warb. and Johnson to "Augurs that understand;" the latter explaining *relations* as "the connection of effects with causes."

125. *Magot-pies*, etc. Nares explains *magot-pie* as "the bird now called, by abbreviation, a *mag-pie*." Minsheu and Cotgrave both have *maggatapie*, and Middleton *magot o' pie*. See Wb.

Chough, according to Schmidt, is the *Corvus monedula*. Cf. *Temp.* ii. 1. 266: "I myself could make A chough of as deep chat," and see note in our ed. p. 127.

126. *Secret'st*. See on *kind'st*, ii. 1. 24. Gr. 473.

What = "in what state, how far advanced" (Gr. 253).

127. *At odds.* At variance, contesting; as in *M. W.* iii. 1. 54; *Rich. III.* ii. 1. 70, etc.

The C. P. ed. remarks: "Lady Macbeth, worn out by the effort she has made to maintain her self-possession in the presence of her guests, answers briefly and mournfully to her husband's questions, adding no word of comment, much less of reproach. Thus the part was rendered by Miss Helen Faucit, one of the best of all modern interpreters of Shakespeare." Cf. what Mrs. Jameson says, p. 22 above.

128. *How say'st thou*, etc. "What do you think of this circumstance, that Macduff refuses to come," etc. (Mason). Schmidt compares *T. G. of V.* ii. 5. 43, and *M. of V.* i. 2. 58. On *deny*=refuse, cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 80, *M. of V.* iii. 3. 26, *Rich. II.* ii. 1. 204, etc. See also iv. 1. 104 below.

130. *By the way.* Indirectly, casually.

131. *A one.* See Gr. 81. Theo. reads "a Thane," and W. "a man." In *T. of A.* v. 1. 96 we have "There's never a one." Walker says that the old poets ordinarily write *an one*, not *a one*; but, as Schmidt notes, S. generally has *a one*.

136. *I am in blood*, etc. For the repetition of *in*, cf. *Cor.* ii. 1. 18. Gr. 407.

The C. P. ed. cites *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 47-49. Steevens remarks that Dryden borrows the figure in *Ædipus*, iv. 1:

"I have already pass'd
The middle of the stream; and to return
Seems greater labour than to venture o'er."

138. *As go o'er.* On the construction, see Gr. 384.

140. *Scann'd.* "Examined nicely" (Steevens). Cf. *Ham.* iii. 3. 75, and *Oth.* iii. 3. 245.

141. *The season of all natures.* "That which keeps them fresh" (Schmidt).

142. *Self-abuse.* Self-deception. See on ii. 1. 50.

143. *The initiate fear.* The fear of a novice, or of one who has not had "hard use" (hardening experience) in crime.

144. *In deed.* The folios have "indeed." The correction is due to Theo.

SCENE V.—The C. P. editors believe that "if this scene had occurred in a drama not attributed to Shakespeare, no one would have discovered in it any trace of Shakespeare's manner." Fleay also rejects it. See p. 12 above. It is almost certainly an interpolation.

S. has been criticised for introducing the classical Hecate in connection with modern witches; but Scot (*Discovery of Witchcraft*) mentions it as the common opinion of all writers that witches were supposed to have nightly "meetings with Herodias and the Pagan gods," and that "in the night-times they ride abroad with *Diana*, the goddess of the Pagans," etc. *Hecate* is only another name for *Diana*. Cf. Virgil, *Æn.* iv. 511: "Tergeminamque Hecaten, tria virginis ora Dianae."

1. *Hecate.* For the pronunciation, see on ii. 1. 52. It is a trisyllable in 1 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 64. Milton makes it a dissyllable in *Comus*, 135, but

a t.i syllable in *Comus*, 535, the only other instance in which he uses the word.

Angrily. Angrily. See Gr. 447, and cf. *K. John*, iv. 1. 82.

7. *Close.* Secret. Cf. *R. and J.* i. 1. 155; *Cymb.* iii. 5. 86, etc.

13. *Loves.* As the C. P. ed. remarks, there is no hint elsewhere in the play of Macbeth's pretending love to the witches. Halliwell is "inclined to think that *loves* is an error for *lives*;" and St. conjectures "*loves evil* for," which makes the measure the same as that of the other line in the couplet.

15. *Acheron.* "The witches are poetically made to give this name to some foul tarn or gloomy pool in the neighbourhood of Macbeth's castle, where they habitually assemble" (Clarke).

23. *The corner of the moon.* Cf. Milton, *Comus*, 1016:

"And from thence can soar as soon
To the corners of the moon."

24. *Profound.* "Having deep or hidden qualities" (Johnson). The C. P. ed. explains it, "deep, and therefore ready to fall." Steevens suggests that the *vaporous drop* is "meant for the same as the *virus lunare* of the ancients, being a foam which the moon was supposed to shed on particular herbs or other objects, when strongly solicited by enchantment." Lucan mentions it, *Pharsalia*, vi. 666:

"Et virus large lunare ministrat."

26. *Sleights.* Artifices. S. uses the word only here and in 3 *Hen. VI.* iv. 2. 20.

27. *Artificial.* Produced by art, or made visible by art. The word means "artful" in *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 203: "like two artificial gods."

29. *Confusion.* Destruction. See on ii. 3. 47.

31. *'Bove.* See Gr. 460.

32. *Security.* Carelessness. Cf. *Rich. II.* iii. 2. 34, and see note in our ed. p. 189.

Moberly quotes Webster, *Duchess of Malfi*, v. 2:

"Security some men call the suburbs of hell,
Only a dead wall between."

33. The folio has the stage direction, "*Sing within. Come away, come away, &c.*" It undoubtedly refers to the following "Song" in *The Witch of Middleton*:

"*Song above.*

Come away, come away,
Hecate, Hecate, come away!

Hec. I come, I come, I come, I come,
With all the speed I may,
With all the speed I may.

Where 's Stadlin?

[*Voice above.*] Here.

Hec. Where 's Puckle?

[*Voice above.*] Here;

And Hoppo too, and Hellwain too;
We lack but you, we lack but you;
Come away, make up the count.

Hec. I will but 'noint, and then I mount.

[*A Spirit like a cat descends.*

[*Voice above.*] There 's one comes down to fetch his dues,
A kiss, a coll, a sip of blood;
And why thou stay'st so long
I muse, I muse,
Since the air 's so sweet and good.

Hec. O, art thou come?

What news, what news?

Spirit. All goes still to our delight:

Either come, or else

Refuse, refuse.

Hec. Now I 'm furnish'd for the flight.

Fire. Hark, hark, the cat sings a brave treble in her own language!

Hec. [*going up.*] Now I go, now I fly,
Malkin my sweet spirit and I.

O what a dainty pleasure 't is

To ride in the air

When the moon shines fair,

And sing and dance, and toy and kiss!

Over woods, high rocks, and mountains,

Over seas, our mistress' fountains,

Over steep* towers and turrets,

We fly by night, 'mongst troops of spirits:

No ring of bells to our ears sounds,

No howls of wolves, no yelps of hounds;

No, not the noise of water's breach,

Or cannon's throat our height can reach.

[*Voices above.*] No ring of bells," etc.

In Davenant's version of *Macbeth*, this passage is inserted, with some variations, and until the MS. of *The Witch* was discovered it was supposed to be his composition. Dyce remarks: "It is so highly fanciful, and comes in so happily where Davenant has placed it, that one is almost tempted to believe it was written by Shakespeare, and had been omitted in the printed copies of his play."

The C. P. ed. suggests that "from what Hecate says, 'Hark, I am called,' it is probable that she took no part in the song, which perhaps consisted only of the two first lines of the passage from Middleton."

SCENE VI.—*Enter Lennox and another Lord.* As there seems to be no reason for introducing a nameless character here, Johnson conjectured that the original copy had "*Lennox and An.*," meant for "*Lennox and Angus*," but mistaken by the transcriber.

Flathe remarks: "It is not without significance that in this scene there is frequent mention of most pious men and holy angels. Such mention is meant to remind us that there is a moral force always present in the world, ready to come forth victorious in its time and place."

1. *Have but hit your thoughts.* "Were only intended to stir your thoughts" (Moberly); or, more likely, *hit*=agreed with.

2. *Only.* On the position of the word, see Gr. 420.

3. *Borne.* Managed, conducted. Cf. line 17 below; also 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 4. 88; *Cor.* v. 3. 4, etc.

* Davenant gives "Over steeples, towers, and turrets," which is probably the true reading. In another part of the play, Hecate says "In moonlight nights, on steeple-tops," etc.

4. *Marry*. Probably a corruption of *Mary*, and originally a mode of swearing by the Virgin. It is often, as here, equivalent to a monosyllable. Gr. 463. On *of* = *by*, see Gr. 170.

8. *Who cannot want*, etc. A much controverted passage. The sense, as Malone pointed out, seems to require *can* instead of *cannot*. Coll. explains it, "Who cannot but think," etc. Delius (trans. by Furness) says: "As S. sometimes, in order to express a single negative, multiplies the negatives *not*, *nor*, *never*, etc., so on the other hand he sometimes adds them, as in this case, to negative verbs or particles without altering the sense. Thus in *W. T.* iii. 2. 55 :

"That any of these bolder vices wanted
Less impudence;"

and in *Cymb.* i. 4. 23 : 'a beggar without less quality,' the negative *less* merely strengthens the negative already included in *wanted* and *without*." If we do not adopt this explanation (cf. *A. Y. L.* p. 156, note on 12), we must consider it one of the accidental "confusions of construction" which are so common in S. Cf. Gr. 409-416.

White, who in his *Shakespeare's Scholar* (p. 403) suggested making the sentence declarative instead of interrogative, and joining it to the preceding one ("Men must not walk too late who cannot help thinking," etc.), afterwards in his ed. of S. returned to the original reading, a more careful consideration of the passage having led him "unwillingly" to the belief that Malone may have been right, and that "the disagreement between the words and the thought is due to a confusion of thought which S. may have sometimes shared with inferior intellects."

Monstrous (which Capell printed "monsterous") is metrically a trisyllable. Gr. 477.

10. *Fact*. Delius points out that S. uses this word only in a bad sense = an evil deed; never in the sense of reality as opposed to fiction. The only meaning Schmidt gives for the word is "evil deed, crime." It occurs in S. fourteen times : *R. of L.* 239, 349; *M. for M.* iv. 2. 141, v. 1. 439; *A. W.* iii. 7. 47; *W. T.* iii. 2. 86; 1 *Hen. VI.* iv. 1. 30; 2 *Hen. VI.* i. 3. 176, ii. 1. 173; *T. A.* iv. 1. 39; *T. of A.* iii. 5. 16; *Cymb.* iii. 2. 17; *Per.* iv. 3. 12, and the present passage. If it is a mere coincidence that the word always has this bad sense, it is curious enough to be worth noting.

13. *Thralls*. Slaves, bondmen. S. uses the noun six times, and always in this sense except in *P. P.* 266, where it means slavery. Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* i. 2. 117, ii. 3. 36; *Rich. III.* iv. 1. 46; and *Sonn.* 154. 12.

19. *An't*. The folios, as elsewhere, have "And't." See Gr. 101, 102, 103.

21. *From*. In consequence of, on account of. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* i. 1. 152; *Ham.* ii. 2. 580, etc. (Schmidt).

Broad. Free, unrestrained. Cf. *Ham.* iii. 4. 2 : "his pranks have been too broad to bear with;" *T. of A.* iii. 4. 64 : "Who can speak broader than he that has no house to put his head in? Such may rail against great buildings." See also iii. 4. 23 above.

On 'cause, see Gr. 460.

Fail'd His presence. Failed to be present. Cf. iii. i. 27: "Fail not our feast;" *Lear*, ii. 4. 144: "Would fail her obligation," etc.

24. *Bestows himself.* See on iii. i. 29.

25. *Tyrant.* Perhaps = usurper, like the Greek *τύραννος* (Schmidt). Cf. *A. V. L.* ii. i. 61:

"Swearing that we
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what 's worse;"

and 3 *Hen. VI.* iii. 3. 69:

"For how can tyrants safely govern home,
Unless abroad they purchase great alliance?
To prove him tyrant this reason may suffice,
That Henry liveth still."

Holds = withholds.

27. *The most pious Edward.* Edward the Confessor. On *of* = by, cf. line 4 above. Gr. 170.

30. On the measure, see Gr. 498; and on *upon* = "for the purpose of," Gr. 191. Cf. *Oth.* i. i. 100.

35. *Free.* Schmidt makes it here = "remove, do away," and compares *Cymb.* iii. 6. 80: "Would I could free 't!" Malone made the plausible suggestion that the line originally stood, "Our feasts and banquets free from bloody knives."

36. *Free honours.* "Either honours *freely bestowed*, not purchased by crimes; or honours *without slavery*, without dread of a tyrant" (Johnson). The C. P. ed. explains it: "Honours such as freemen receive from a lawful king."

38. *Exasperate.* Cf. *T. and C.* v. i. 34: "Why art thou then exasperate?" So "consecrate" (*T. A. i.* i. 14; *M. N. D.* v. i. 422), "create" (*M. N. D.* v. i. 412), and sundry other words directly derived from Latin perfect participles. See Gr. 342. Cf. Milton, *P. L.* iii. 6: "Bright effluence of bright essence increate;" *Id.* iii. 208: "But to destruction sacred and devote," etc. Examples might be added from the poets of our own time.

41. *Cloudy.* Frowning. Delius explains it as "foreboding, ominous;" the C. P. ed., "gloomy, sullen." Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. i. 155: "cloudy brow." Sometimes it means "under a cloud," sorrowing; as in *Rich. III.* ii. 2. 112: "You cloudy princes and heart-sorrowing peers;" *R. of L.* 1084: "But cloudy Lucrece shames herself to see," etc. On *me*, see Gr. 220.

42. *As who should say.* See Gr. 257. Cf. *M. of V.* i. 2. 45, *Rich. II.* v. 4. 8, etc.

48, 49. *Our suffering country*, etc. That is, our country suffering under, etc. Gr. 419a. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* iii. i. 134: "a constant woman to her husband;" *Rich. II.* iii. i. 9: "A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments," etc. See also v. 8. 7 below:

"thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out."



OAK IN BIRNAM WOOD.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The C. P. editors remark : “The rich vocabulary, prodigal fancy, and terse diction displayed in iv. i. 1–38, show the hand of a master, and make us hesitate in ascribing the passage to any one but the master himself. There is, however, a conspicuous falling-off in lines 39–47, after the entrance of Hecate.”

Fleay rejects 39–44 and 94–100 (“That will never be. . . mortal custom”). The *Hecate* part is probably spurious, as in iii. 5 above.

1. *Brinded*. Meaning the same as *brindled*, which (see Wb.) is a “diminutive” of it. S. uses it only here. Milton has it twice (*P. L.* vii. 466; *Comus*, 443), in both cases applied to the lion.

2. *Thrice and once*. Theo. wished to read “Twice and once;” because, “as Virgil has remarked, ‘Numero Deus impare gaudet,’ and three and nine are the numbers used in all enchantments.” Many editors point it thus, “Thrice; and once.”

Hedge-pig. Krauth (quoted by Furness) remarks : “The urchin, or

hedge-hog, is nocturnal in its habits, weird in its movements; plants wither where it works, for it cuts off their roots. Fairies of one class were supposed to assume its form. *Urchin* came to mean *fairy* without reference to the hedge-hog shape; hence, because fairies are little and mischievous, it came to be applied to a child."

3. *Harpier*. Some eds. have "Harper," others "Harpy." It may be a corruption of the latter word.

'*T is time*, etc. This is not what "Harpier cries," as some have understood it. Cf. the Hecate of Middleton:

"*Hecate*. Heard you the owle yet?

Stadlin. Briefely in the coppes.

Hecate. 'T is high time for us then."

Cries = "gives them the signal" (Steevens).

5. *In the poison'd entrails throw*. Guizot translates the line "*Jetons dans ses entrailles empoisonnées*," and adds the note: "Shakespeare met souvent ainsi dans la bouche de ses sorcières des phrases interrompues, auxquelles elles semblent attacher un sens complet."

6. *Cold* is a dissyllable (Gr. 484). There is a shiver in the prolongation of the word. Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* iv. 3. 14: "While he himself keeps in the cold field." Many eds. read "the cold;" some, "coldest."

8. *Venom*. Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 2. 138: "venom toads;" *A. Y. L.* ii. 1. 13: "the toad, ugly and venomous;" *Rich. III.* i. 2. 148: "Never hung poison on a fouler toad;" and many other passages in which the same idea occurs. Hunter says: "There is a paper by Dr. Davy in the *Philosophical Transactions* of 1826, in which it is shown that the toad *is* venomous, and moreover that 'sweltered venom' is peculiarly proper, the poison lying diffused over the body immediately under the skin. This is the second instance in this play of Shakespeare's minute exactness in his natural history." Whether Dr. Davy, in his dissection of the toad, found also the "precious jewel in his head," is not stated.

16. *Blind-worm*. The slow-worm. Cf. *M. N. D.* ii. 2. 11: "Newts and blind-worms." In *T. of A.* iv. 3. 182, it is called the "eyecless venom'd worm." Steevens cites Drayton, *Noah's Flood*, 481: "The small-eyed slow-worm held of many blind;" and the C. P. ed. quotes the Suffolk proverb:

"If the viper could hear and the slow-worm could see,
Then England from serpents would never be free."

17. *Howlet's*. The old spelling, altered in some eds. to "owlet's." Cf. Holland's *Pliny*, x. 17: "Of Owles, or Howlets."

22. *Mummy*. Cf. *Oth.* iii. 4. 74:

"there 's magic in the web of it:

The worms were hallow'd that did breed the silk;
And it was dyed in mummy which the skilful
Conserv'd of maidens' hearts."

The C. P. ed. remarks that mummy was used as a medicine both long before and long after the time of S. Sir Thomas Browne tells us that Francis I. always carried mummy with him as a panacea against all disorders. He adds: "The common opinion of the virtues of mummy bred

great consumption thereof, and princes and great men contended for this strange panacea, wherein Jews dealt largely, manufacturing mummies from dead carcases, and giving them the names of kings, while specifics were compounded from crosses and gibbet leavings." The same author, in his *Hydriotaphia* (ch. v.), says: "The Egyptian mummies which Cambyeses spared, avarice now consumeth. Mummy is become merchandize; Mizraim cures wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsams." Cf. Webster, *The White Devil*, i. 1:

"Your followers
Have swallowed you like mummia, and, being sick
With such unnatural and horrid physic,
Vomit you up i' the kennel."

Maw and gulf. On *maw*, cf. iii. 4. 73 above. *Gulf* = gullet. Schmidt compares *R. of L.* 557, and *Cor.* i. 1. 101.

24. *Ravin'd.* Ravenous; like *ravin* in *A. W.* iii. 2. 129: "the ravin lion." See on ii. 4. 28. Steevens quotes P. Fletcher, *Locusts*, iii. 18: "his raven'd prey."

25. *Digg'd.* The only form used by S. for the past tense and participle of *dig*. Cf. *Rich. II.* iii. 3. 169; *T. A.* v. 1. 135, etc. The same is true of Milton (see *P. L.* i. 690, vi. 516, etc.) and of the *A. V.* (*Gen.* xlix. 6, l. 5; *Exod.* vii. 24, etc.).

27. *Yew.* This tree was reckoned poisonous (Douce).

28. *Sliver'd.* This word, which is common in this country (at least in New England), must be less familiar in England, as D. and others think it necessary to explain it.

Eclipse. An unlucky time. Cf. *Sonn.* 107. 5:

"The mortal moon hath her eclipse endur'd,
And the sad augurs mock their own presage."

See also Milton, *Lycidas*, 101:

"It was that fatal and perfidious bark,
Built in the eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark."

32. *Slab.* Viscous, glutinous. *Slabby* has the same meaning. Cf. Selden (quoted by Wb.): "you must drink of a slabby stuff."

33. *Chaudron.* Entrails. Steevens found in a cookery book, printed in 1597, a receipt "to make a pudding of a calf's chaldron." Cf. Decker, *H. W.*: "calves' chauldrons and chitterlings." At the coronation feast of Elizabeth of York, queen of Henry VII., one of the dishes was "a swan with chaudron," meaning sauce made with its entrails.

37. *Baboon's.* Accented here on the first syllable, but on the second in *T. of A.* i. 1. 260: "Into baboon and monkey," etc. Cf. Gr. 490.

38. The stage direction in the folios is "*Enter Hecat, and the other three Witches*;" but there is no good reason for supposing that there are any other witches in the scene than those already on the stage. Steevens suggested that others might be brought in to join in the coming dance. The Camb. ed. reads "Enter Hecate to the other three Witches."

43. The stage direction is from the 1st folio. The "Song" is found in *The Witch* of Middleton, where it begins thus:

"Black spirits and white, red spirits and gray,
Mingle, mingle, mingle, you that mingle may!"

Davenant introduced this much of it into his version, but did not change "Red" to "Blue," as the C. P. ed. states. That change was made by Rowe, who inserted the lines here in *Macbeth*, and was followed by Pope and other editors until Steevens restored "Red" in 1785.

44. *Pricking*, etc. "It is a very ancient superstition that all sudden pains of the body, which could not naturally be accounted for, were pre-sages of somewhat that was shortly to happen. Hence Upton has explained a passage in the *Miles Gloriosus* of Plautus: 'Timeo quod rerum gesserim hic, ita dorsus totus prurit'" (Steevens).

50. *Conjure*. "Used by S. always with the accent on the first syllable, except in *R. and J.* ii. 1. 26, and *Oth.* i. 3. 105" (C. P. ed.). Add *Ham.* v. 1. 279: "Conjures the wandering stars, and makes them stand."

53. *Yesty*. Foamy. Cf. *Ham.* v. 2. 198, where it is used figuratively = light, frivolous (Schmidt).

55. *Bladed*. In the blade. Cf. *M. N. D.* i. 1. 211: "the bladed grass." As corn in the blade is not liable to be "lodged," Coll. follows his MS. corrector, who has "bleaded," a provincial word = ripe, ready for the sickle. On *lodg'd* (= thrown down, laid), cf. *Rich. II.* iii. 3. 162.

57. *Slope*. S. has the word nowhere else, either as verb or noun. Its transitive use here is peculiar. The Coll. MS. substitutes "stoop," which had been suggested by Capell.

59. *Germens*. Germs, seeds. The folios have "germaine" or "germain." Pope gave "germains," which he explained as "relations, or kindred elements." *Germens* (spelled by him "germins," as by most editors) was first suggested by Theo. Cf. *Lear*, iii. 2. 8: "Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at once" ("germaines" or "germains" in the early eds.).

60. *Sicken*. Be surfeited. Cf. *T. N.* i. 1. 3.

Masters. The pointing of the folio. Pope gave "masters?" which is followed by many modern editors, though the interrogation point should not be used with *indirect* questions. Some eds. adopt Capell's "masters'?"

65. *Farrow*. A litter of pigs. Steevens cites the law of Kenneth II., of Scotland, given by Holinshed: "If a sowe eate hir pigges, let hyr be stoned to death and buried."

On *sweaten*, see Gr. 344.

68. As Upton remarks, the *armed head* represents symbolically Macbeth's head cut off and brought to Malcolm by Macduff (v. 8. 53). The *bloody child* is Macduff (v. 8. 15). The *child crowned, with a tree in his hand*, is the royal Malcolm (v. 4. 4).

78. *Had I three ears*, etc. H. compares the expression still in use, "I listened with all the ears I had." Whately (*Rhetoric*, iv. 2. 2), in illustrating the imperfection of any system of marks or signs to indicate tones in elocution, says of this passage: "No one would dispute that the stress is to be laid on the word *three*, and thus much might be indicated to the reader's eye; but if he had nothing else to trust to, he might chance to deliver the passage in such a manner as to be utterly absurd; for it is possible to pronounce the emphatic word *three* in such a tone as to indicate that 'since he has but *two* ears he cannot hear.'" "

80. *For none*, etc. Simrock (*Die Quellen des Shakespeare*, quoted by Furness) remarks: "This prediction we can trace in '*Prince Wladimir and his Table-round*' (Leipzig, 1819), where the same prophecy is made over the cradle of the hero Tugarin, the son of a snake. In the *Sháh-náma* of Firdausi, Rustum* was born as was Macduff. And in many other instances heroes and demi-gods were similarly ushered into the world, and it always implied power and heroic strength. Such an one was Wölsung, Sigurd's ancestor. It was, however, not the case with the unborn Burkart, Burchardus ingenitus, whose skin remained always so tender that every gnat brought blood, and his tutor was therefore obliged to abolish the rod utterly, and after all he grew up a learned and virtuous man."

84. *And take a bond of fate*. The C. P. ed. remarks: "Macbeth has just been assured that Macduff, whom he supposes to be comprised among those 'of woman born,' shall not harm him. By slaying Macduff he will bind fate to perform the promise, he will put it out of fate's power to break the promise, 'referring,' says Mr. Rushton (*Shakespeare a Lawyer*, p. 20), 'not to a single, but to a conditional bond, under or by virtue of which, when forfeited, double the principal sum was recoverable.' In iii. 2. 49 the same figure is used with a different application."

85. *Pale-hearted fear*. See on ii. 2. 65.

88. *The round*, etc. On *round*, cf. i. 5. 26; and on *top* (which, as Schmidt points out, is used metaphorically, and not in the prosaic literal sense of "the ornament that rises above" the crown, as Johnson explains it), *Temp.* iii. 1. 38: "the top of admiration;" 2 *Hen.* VI. i. 2. 49: "the top of honour;" *M. for M.* ii. 2. 76: "the top of judgment," etc.

92. Simrock (see on line 80 above) remarks that the incident of the moving forest is found in various myths: "It corresponds closely to the story of King Grünewald, which Professor Schwarz has preserved in his Hessian *Notabilia* derived from oral tradition. 'A King had an only daughter, who possessed wondrous gifts. Now, once upon a time there came his enemy, a King named Grünewald, and besieged him in his castle, and, as the siege lasted long, the daughter kept continually encouraging her father in the castle. This lasted till May-day. Then all of a sudden the daughter saw the hostile army approach with green boughs: then fear and anguish fell on her, for she knew that all was lost, and said to her father—

"Father, you must yield, or die,
I see the green-wood drawing nigh."

See Grimm's *German Popular Tales*, i. 148. Here the correspondence to the legend of Macbeth is not to be mistaken. The daughter plays the same part here as the witches there. She knows, by means of her miraculous gifts, that her father cannot be conquered till the green-wood moves upon them; but, as she considers this impossible, she incites him to confidence; but when the supposed impossible incident actually comes to pass, she counsels him to surrender. On the other

* The "Hercules of Persia," as he is termed by Mr. Fitzgerald in his exquisite rendering of the *Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám* (Furness).

hand, no prophecy appears to have anticipated the cunning of Fredegunda, who hung bells on her horses, and ordered each of her warriors to take a bough in his hand, and thus to march against the enemy; whereby the sentinels of the hostile camp were deceived, believing their horses were browsing in the neighbouring forest, until the Franks let their boughs fall, and the forest stood leafless, but thick with the shafts of glancing spears. (See Grimm's *German Popular Tales*, ii. 91.) It was merely a military stratagem; just as Malcolm, when he commanded his soldiers, on their forward march, to conceal themselves with boughs, had no other end in view, for he knew not what had been prophesied to Macbeth. The following passage from Joh. Weyer, *De Præstigiis*, Frankfurt, 1586, p. 329, is noteworthy: 'Whoever wishes to give himself the appearance of having a thousand men or horse round him, let him have a year-old willow bough cut off at a single stroke, with certain conjurations, repetition of barbarous words, and rude characters.' A single man might really find some difficulty in giving himself, by the use of this boasted charm, the appearance of a whole army; but the inventor evidently founded his pretension upon a popular legend, according to which a bold army had, by this artifice, concealed its weakness from an enemy superior in numbers. According to Holinshed, however, Malcolm's army was superior in number to that of Macbeth, and the concealment with the boughs was only made use of in order that, when they were thrown away, sudden vision of the superiority of numbers might create more terror. In my *Manual of German Mythology*, p. 557, it is shown that the legend of the moving forest originated in the German religious custom of May-festivals, or Summer-welcomings, and that 'King Grünewald' is originally a Winter-giant, whose dominion ceases when the May-feast begins and the green-wood draws nigh. This is the mythical basis of the Macbeth legend."

Halliwell says: "The incident of cutting down the branches of trees is related in the old romance life of Alexander the Great, thus translated in the Thornton MS., in the library of Lincoln Cathedral: 'In the mene tyme, Kyng Alexander remowed his oste, and drew nere the cite of Susis, in the whilke Darius was lengand the same tyme, so that he mygte see alle the heghe hillez that ware abowune the citee. Than Alexander commanded alle his mene that ilkane of thame suld cutte downe a brawnche of a tree, and bere thame furth with thame, and dryfe bfore thame alle manere of bestez that thay mygte fynde in the way; and, when the Percyenes saw thame fra the heghe hillez, thay wondred thame gretly.'"

93. *Birnam wood*, etc. The village of Birnam is a modern suburb of the beautiful town of Dunkeld, which is about sixteen miles from Perth by road or railway. Birnam Hill (1580 feet high) rises in front of the village, at present almost bare of trees, though an attempt is being made to clothe it again with fir saplings taken from the original "Birnam Wood." In the rear of the hotel are two trees, an oak (see cut on p. 227) and a plane, which are believed to be a remnant of this famous forest. The Dunsinane hills, twelve miles distant, are visible from the northern side of Birnam Hill, which, as a recent writer remarks, "is pre-

cisely the point where a general, in full march towards Dunsinane, would be likely to pause to survey the plain which he must cross, and from this spot would the leafy screen devised by Malcolm become necessary to conceal the number of the advancing army."

Dunsinane is here accented on the second syllable; but elsewhere in the play on the last syllable, or the first and last. The C. P. ed. says that the former is the local pronunciation, and that the word is now spelt "Dunsinnan." The statement in regard to the pronunciation is confirmed by *Chambers's Encyclopædia* (though Lippincott's *Gazetteer* gives the other accent), but the spelling is "Dunsinnane" in both these authorities. In Black's *Picturesque Guide to Scotland* (Edinburgh, 1875), as in Murray's, it is "Dunsinane."

95. *Impress*. Press (as in *Rich. II.* iii. 2. 58, etc.), force into his service. Cf. *1 Hen. IV.* i. 1. 21, etc.

96. *Bodements*. Prophecies. Used by S. only here and in *T. and C.* v. 3. 80.

97. *Rebellion's head*. The folio has "Rebellious dead," which is retained by Davenant, Rowe, Pope, and Halliwell. The last defends it on the ground that Macbeth, confiding in the prophecy that none of woman born could harm him, would fear nothing but the reappearance of the dead, as in the case of Banquo's ghost; and this fear would be relieved by the second prophecy. But the emendation in the text (due to Theo.) yields a simpler sense, and is adopted by most of the modern editors. Some prefer "Rebellious head."

98. *Our high-plac'd Macbeth*. This seems strange in Macbeth's mouth, and we have seen no satisfactory explanation of it. Moberly says: "He who is so called by his subjects. So a Greek master called himself *avróς* in addressing his slaves, and the driver of Italian galley-slaves was called the 'nóstromo.'" Walker suggested "Your" for "Our," which does not help the case much. Fleay remarks: "'Our high-plac'd Macbeth' cannot be said by Macbeth himself; it must be part of a speech of a witch. 'Sweet bodements!' looks also like Middleton, and the whole bit is, in my opinion, a fragment of *Hecate's* inserted by him. 'Rebellious dead' seems to me an allusion to Banquo's ghost, misplaced by Middleton."

99. *Lease of nature*. "That is, lease for term of life" (Rushton).

106. *Noise*. Music (Schmidt). Cf. *Temp.* iii. 2. 144:

"the isle is full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not."

See also *Cor.* iii. 1. 95; *Ham.* v. 2. 360, etc. Cf. too Spenser, *F. Q.* i. 12, 39: "During the which there was a heavenly noise;" Milton, *Hymn on Nativ.* 97: "the stringed noise;" *Ode at a Solemn Musick*, 18: "that melodious noise;" and Coleridge, *Ancient Mariner*:

"It ceased; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon—
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune."

The word was also used in the sense of a company of musicians; as in 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 13.

111. The stage direction in the folio reads: "*A shew of eight Kings, and Banquo last, with a glasse in his hand;*," but this is inconsistent with what Macbeth says in line 119. "*A show*, in theatrical language, is a procession, or pantomime in which the actors remained silent, hence usually called 'a dumb show'" (Delius).

113. *Hair*. Johnson substituted "air," which D. thinks receives some support from *W. T.* v. 1. 127. Monck Mason says: "It means that the *hair* of both was of the same colour, which is a natural feature more likely to mark a family likeness than the *air*, which depends upon habit, and a dancing-master."

116. *Start, eyes!* "Start from your sockets, so that I may be spared the horror of the vision" (C. P. ed.).

117. *The crack of doom*. The "burst of sound" (Schmidt) at the day of doom; or the thunder announcing that day (C. P. ed.). Cf. *T. A.* ii. 1. 3: "thunder's crack;" and *Temp.* i. 2. 203: "cracks of sulphurous roaring." See also on i. 2. 37 above.

121. *Twofold balls*. Probably referring to the double coronation of James, at Scone and Westminster (C. P. ed.). See Introduction, p. 9.

123. *Blood-bolter'd*. Malone says that *boltered* is a provincial term in Warwickshire. "When a horse, sheep, or other animal, perspires much, and any of the hair, or wool . . . becomes matted in tufts with grime and sweat, he is said to be 'boltered;,' and whenever the blood issues out and coagulates, forming the locks into hard clotted bunches, the beast is said to be 'blood-boltered.'" Banquo, therefore, both here and at the banquet, ought to be represented with his hair clotted with blood. Cf. what the murderer says, iii. 4. 27:

"Safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;
The least a death to nature;"

and the exclamation of Macbeth himself, iii. 4. 50:

"Thou canst not say I did it; never shake
Thy gory locks at me."

The word, with slight difference of spelling, is used by Holland, himself living at Coventry, in his translation of *Pliny*, xii. 17, speaking of a goat's beard: "Now by reason of dust getting among, it *battereth* and cluttereth into knobs and bals." Halliwell states that, according to Sharp's MS. *Warwickshire Glossary*, snow is said to *balter* together, and Batchelor (*Orthoepical Analysis*, 1809) says that "hasty pudding is said to be *boltered* when much of the flower remains in lumps."

127. *Sprights*. This is the spelling of the folio, and is preferred by some editors when, as here, the word does not refer to apparitions. Cf. *V. and A.* 181: "And now Adonis, with a lazy spright;" *R. of L.* 121: "with heavy spright," etc. Even when the word is spelled "spirits" in the early eds. it is generally a monosyllable.

130. *Antic*. The folio has "Antique" here. We find "antick" and "antique" (the accent always on the first syllable) used promiscuously

in the early eds. without any regard to the meaning. For the relation of the various meanings, see Wb.

Round. Steevens suggests that the idea (as well as that in i. 3. 32) may have been adopted from *Churchyard's Dreame*, 1593 :

"All hand in hand they traced on
A tricksie ancient round;
And soone as shadowes were they gone,
And might no more be found."

144. *Anticipat'st.* Dost prevent. Cf. *Sonn.* 118. 9 : "to anticipate Th
ills that were not," etc.

145. *Flighty.* Fleeting. Used by S. nowhere else. The C. P. ed.
cites, for the general sense, *A. W.* v. 3. 40 :

"For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
The inaudible and noiseless foot of Time
Steals ere we can effect them."

On *o'ertook*, see Gr. 343.

147. *Firstlings.* "First produce or offspring" (Schmidt). Cf. *T. and C.* prol. 27 : "The vaunt and firstlings of those broils."

150. *The castle of Macduff.* Tradition makes this Dunnemarle Castle, near Culross, on the Forth.

152. *All unfortunate souls, etc.* All who are so unlucky as to be of his lineage.

153. *Trace.* Follow. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* iii. 2. 45 : "Now all my joy Trace the conjunction !" See also 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 1. 47.

155. *Sights.* The Coll. MS. has "Flights," which Sr. adopts. W. reads "sprights," but no change seems called for.

SCENE II.—4. *Traitors.* The treason is the desertion of his family.

7. *Titles.* Claims, rights (Schmidt).

9. *Touch.* Sensibility (Johnson), or feeling. Cf. *T. G. of V.* ii. 7. 18 ; *A. W.* i. 3. 122 ; *A. and C.* i. 2. 187, etc.

The poor wren, etc. Harting (*Ornithology of S.* p. 143) remarks that the wren is not the smallest of birds, that it is doubtful whether it would fight against a bird of prey in defence of its young, and that the owl will not take young birds from the nest. See on iv. 1. 8 above.

12. *All is the fear.* The fear is all that can have influenced him.

15. *For.* As regards (Gr. 149). Cf. *Rich. II.* v. 3. 137 : "But for our trusty brother-in-law," etc.

17. *The fits o' the season.* The caprices or uncertainties of the time. Cf. *Cor.* iii. 2. 33.

18. *When we are traitors, etc.* That is, are counted traitors, but are not conscious of being such.

19. *When we hold rumour, etc.* When we believe rumours because of our fears, yet know not why we should fear, being conscious of no fault. The C. P. ed. remarks : "It is uncertain whether this very difficult expression means 'when we interpret rumour in accordance with our fear,' or 'when our reputation is derived from actions which our fear dictates,' as Lady Macduff has said in lines 3, 4 :

‘When our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.’

Others would give to ‘hold’ the sense of ‘receive,’ ‘believe.’ A somewhat similar passage is found in *K. John*, iv. 2. 145 :

‘I find the people strangely fantasied;
Possess’d with rumours, full of idle dreams,
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear.’”

On *from* = because of, cf. iii. 6. 21 above.

22. *Each way and move*. Theobald conjectured that we should read, “Each way and wave;” Capell, “And move each way;” Johnson, “Each way, and move;” Steevens, “And each way move;” and Dr. Ingleby, “Which way we move.” The C. P. ed. says: “The following, which we put forward with some confidence, yields, by the change of two letters only, a good and forcible sense: ‘Each way, and none.’ That is, we are floating in every direction upon a violent sea of uncertainty, and yet make no way. We have a similar antithesis, *M. of V.* i. 2. 65: ‘He is every man in no man.’” Perhaps S. wrote “Each way we move.”

If we retain the old reading, it seems best to make *move* = toss about, as Schmidt explains it. Cf. *Cymb.* iii. 1. 28 :

“and his shipping—
Poor ignorant baubles!—on our terrible seas,
Like egg-shells moved upon their surges,” etc.

H. (2d ed.) makes *move* = “movement, or motion;” which we might prefer if S. anywhere else used *move* as a noun.

23. *Shall*. For the “ellipsis of the nominative,” see Gr. 399.

29. *It would be my disgrace*. That is, I should give way to unmanly weeping. The C. P. ed. compares *Hen. V.* iv. 6. 30 :

“But I had not so much of man in me,
And all my mother came into mine eyes,
And gave me up to tears.”

30. *Sirrah*. Used playfully. It was ordinarily addressed to inferiors, and was considered disrespectful, or unduly familiar, if applied to a superior. Cf. *Much Ado*, iv. 2. 14 :

“Dogberry. . . . Yours, sirrah?
Conrade. I am a gentleman, sir, and my name is Conrade.”

It was also addressed to women. See *A. and C.* v. 2. 229: “sirrah Iras, go.” Furness cites other instances from B. and F. and Webster.

32. *With worms*. On worms. Cf. *Rich. II.* iii. 2. 175: “I live with bread like you.” Gr. 193.

34. *Lime*. Bird-lime. Cf. *Temp.* iv. 1. 246 and *T. G. of V.* ii. 2. 68.

35. *Gin*. Snare. Cf. *T. N.* ii. 5. 92; 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 1. 262, etc. See also *Psalms*, cxi. 5.

36. *They*. It is a question whether this refers to the traps just mentioned or to *birds* (Gr. 243). Delius makes it the latter. In either case, as the C. P. ed. remarks, the emphasis is on *Poor*, and the meaning is that in life traps are not set for the poor but for the rich.

47. *Swears and lies*. That is, proves false to his oath, perjures himself.

56. *Enow*. See on ii. 3. 7.

65. *In your state*, etc. I am perfectly acquainted with your noble rank and character. Clarke remarks: "The man sees her in her own castle, and knows her to be its lady mistress; but he also seems to know that she is a virtuous, a kind, a good lady as well as a noble lady, and therefore comes to warn her of approaching danger." On *perfect*, cf. *W. T.* iii. 3. 1:

"Thou art perfect then, our ship hath touch'd upon
The deserts of Bohemia?"

and *Cymb.* iii. 1. 73:

"I am perfect
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians for
Their liberties are now in arms."

66. *I doubt*. I suspect, fear. Cf. *M. W.* i. 4. 42, etc.

67. *Homely*. Plain, humble. S. also uses it in the other sense of plain-featured, ugly; as in *T. G. of V.* ii. 4. 98, *C. of E.* ii. 1. 89, etc.

69. *To fright*, etc. On the construction, see Gr. 356, 357.

70. *To do worse*. That is, to let her and her children be destroyed without warning (Johnson). Another explanation assumes that the messenger was one of the murderers who, actuated by pity and remorse, had outstripped his companions to give warning of their approach.

75. *Sometime*. See on i. 6. 11, or *Rich. II.* p. 158.

81. *Where*. On *where* following *so*, see Gr. 279; and for *mayst*, Gr. 412.

82. *Shag-hair'd*. The folios have "shagge-ear'd," "shag-eard," or "shag-ear'd," which some modern eds. retain. Steevens was the first to substitute "shag-hair'd," which he shows to be common in the old plays. Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 1. 367: "a shag-hair'd crafty kern" (the "rough, rug-headed kerns" of *Rich. II.* ii. 1. 156). Malone notes that *hair* was sometimes written "heare," and cites Lodge, *Incarnate Devils*, etc., 1596: "shag-heard slave."

Egg. The C. P. ed. quotes *L. L. L.* v. 1. 78: "thou pigeon-egg of discretion;" and *T. and C.* v. 1. 41: "Finch-egg!"

83. *Fry*. Cf. *V. and A.* 526: "No fisher but the ungrown fry forbears."

SCENE III.—*Before the King's Palace*. Given by D. in place of "*A Room in the King's Palace*," found in most eds. The change is favoured by line 140: "Comes the king forth, I pray you?"

Cf. the extract from Holinshed, p. 145 above.

3. *Mortal*. Deadly. Cf. i. 5. 39.

4. *Bestride*. Stand over to defend. Cf. *C. of E.* v. 1. 192:

"When I bestrid thee in the wars and took
Deep scars to save thy life;"

and 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 1. 207:

"Tells them he doth bestride a bleeding land,
Gasping for life under great Bolingbroke."

Birthdom (used by S. nowhere else) = mother country. It is "Birthdome" in the folio.

6. *Strike heaven*, etc. The C. P. ed. notes the somewhat similar hyperbole in *Temp.* i. 2. 4:

"But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out."

Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 7. 45:

"The watery kingdom, whose ambitious head
Spets in the face of heaven."

We have also "the face of heaven" in *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 239; "the cloudy cheeks of heaven" in *Rich. II.* iii. 3. 57. The sun is called "the eye of heaven" in i. 3. 275, and "the searching eye of heaven" in iii. 2. 37, of the same play.

For *that=so* that, see on i. 2. 58. Gr. 283.

8. *Syllable*. Expression, cry. Cf. the figurative use of the word in v. 5. 21.

10. *To friend*. On *to=for*, see Gr. 189. Cf. *J. C.* iii. 1. 143: "I know that we shall have him well to friend;" *Rich. II.* iv. 1. 307: "I have a king here to my flatterer," etc. See also *Matt.* iii. 9, *Luke*, iii. 8, etc.

11. *It*. On the redundant use of pronouns, see Gr. 242, 243.

12. *Sole name*. Mere name, very name.

Blisters our tongues. We have the same figure in *R. and J.* iii. 2. 90, *L. L. L.* v. 2. 335, and *W. T.* ii. 2. 33.

14. *Touch'd*. Cf. iii. 2. 26.

15. *Deserve*. The folios have "discerne" or "discern." The correction, like so many others, is due to Theo.

And wisdom. And it is wisdom. See examples of similar ellipsis in Gr. 403. Various emendations have been suggested; as "'t is wisdom," "and wisdom 't were," "and wisdom bids," "and wisdom is it," etc.

19. *Recoil*. "Fall off, degenerate" (Schmidt). Cf. *Cymb.* i. 6. 128: "Recoil from your great stock." *In an imperial charge=* "when acting by a king's command" (Moberly). J. Hunter explains it, "when invested with sovereignty," apparently referring it to Macbeth.

21. *Transpose*. Change, transform. It has the same meaning in the only other passage where S. uses it, *M. N. D.* i. 1. 233:

"Things base and vile, holding no quality,
Love can transpose to form and dignity."

23. *Would*. Apparently *=should*; but cf. Gr. 331.

24. *Look so*. That is, look like grace. Cf. *M. for M.* ii. 1. 297: "Mercy is not itself that oft looks so."

I have lost my hopes. That is, because they depended upon his being trusted by Malcolm.

25. *Perchance*, etc. Perhaps because your own course (in leaving your family as you did) compels me to distrust you.

26. *Rawness*. "Want of due preparation and provision" (Schmidt). S. uses the word only here, but the adverb *rawly* (also used but once) has a similar sense in *Hen. V.* iv. 1. 147: "children rawly left." The C. P. ed. quotes Tennyson: "Raw haste, half-sister to delay."

27. *Motives*. Often applied by S. to persons (Delius). Cf. *T. of A.* v. 4. 27; *Oth.* iv. 2. 43; *A. and C.* ii. 2. 96, etc.

29. *Jealousies*. "The plural indicates the repeated occasions for his suspicion to which the arrival of messengers from Scotland gives rise, not merely his present feelings towards Macduff; and this plural occasioned the two others, *dishonours* and *safeties*" (Delius).

30. On the measure, see Gr. 454.

34. *Affeer'd*. "Confirmed, sanctioned" (Schmidt). It is a law term, applied to the fixing of a fine in cases where it is not fixed by the statute. Tollet explains the passage thus: "Poor country, wear thou thy wrongs; the title to them is legally settled by those who had the final adjudication of it."

37. *To boot*. In addition; still in colloquial use, at least in New England.

39. *I think*. I think on the fact that, bear in mind that. Cf. iii. i. 131: "always thought," etc.

43. *England*. The king of England. Cf. line 189 below. See also *K. John*, iii. 4. 8: "And bloody England into England gone;" *Hen. V.* iii. 6. 131: "England shall repent his folly;" *Id.* iii. 6. 166: "Though France himself," etc.; *W. T.* i. i. 23: "Sicilia cannot show himself over-kind to Bohemia," etc.

48. *More sundry*. In more various. For the omission of the preposition, see Gr. 202.

49. *What should he be?* See Gr. 254, 325.

52. *Open'd*. Unfolded, like buds or leaves; carrying out the metaphor in *grafted*. The Coll. MS. has "ripen'd."

55. *Confineless*. Boundless. Not found elsewhere in S., but we have "fineless" in the same sense in *Oth.* iii. 3. 173: "riches fineless."

57. *Top*. Overtop, surpass. Cf. *Cor.* ii. i. 23: "topping all others in boasting," etc.

58. *Luxurious*. Lustful, licentious; the only sense in which S. uses the word. Cf. *Much Ado*, iv. i. 42, etc. *Luxury* is used in a kindred sense; as in *Rich. III.* iii. 5. 80, *Ham.* i. 5. 83, etc.

59. *Sudden*. Violent, impetuous, passionate (Schmidt). Cf. *A. Y. L.* ii. 7. 151: "Sudden and quick in quarrel;" *Oth.* ii. i. 279: "he is rash and very sudden in choler," etc.

64. *Continent*. Restraining. Cf. *Lear*, i. 2. 182: "a continent forbearance." Cf. also the use of the noun in *Lear*, iii. 2. 58, *A. and C.* iv. 14. 40, etc.

66. *Such an one*. Cf. 101 below, where we have "such a one." Both forms are found in the early eds.

67. *In nature*. Delius connects these words with tyranny = "organic intemperance," as contrasted with the "political tyranny" of Macbeth. It seems simpler to make it = in its nature. The C. P. ed. explains *tyranny* as "usurpation," and compares iii. 6. 25.

71. *Convey your pleasures*. "Indulge them secretly" (Schmidt). So in *Rich. III.* iv. 2. 96, "convey letters" = send them secretly. Cf. also *Lear*, i. 2. 109, and *Hen. V.* i. 2. 74. *Convey* was used as a cant term for *steal*; as in *M. W.* i. 3. 32, *Rich. II.* iv. i. 317, etc. The Coll. MS. has "enjoy."

72. *The time you may so hoodwink*. "That no man shall be aware thereof" (Holinshed).

74. *That*. On the construction, see Gr. 277.

77. *Ill-composed*. Compounded of evil qualities. The C. P. ed. compares "well composed" in *T. and C.* iv. 4. 79. *Affertion* = disposition.

78. *Stanchless*. Insatiate. Cf. *stanch* = satiate, in *T. A.* iii. 1. 15.

80. *His*. This one's. See Gr. 217.

82. *That*. So that. Gr. 283.

Forge. Frame, fabricate. Used by S. in both a good and a bad sense. Cf. *A. W. i.* 1. 85: "The best wishes that can be forged in your thoughts;" *Id.* iv. 1. 26: "the lies he forges," etc.

86. *Summer-seeming*. "Which appears to belong to the heyday of youth, and to pass with it" (Moberly). It is contrasted with *avarice*, which is lifelong. "Summer-teeming" and "summer-seeding" have been suggested as emendations. Malone notes that Donne has "winter-seeming" in *Love's Alchymy*:

"So, lovers dreame a rich and long delight,
But get a winter-seeming summers night."

88. *Foisons*. Rich harvests, plenty. Cf. *Sonn.* 53. 9:

"Speak of the spring and foison of the year;
The one doth shadow of your beauty show,
The other as your bounty doth appear."

See also *Temp.* ii. 1. 163, iv. 1. 110, etc.

89. *Mere own*. Absolutely your own. Cf. line 152 below, and see *Temp.* p. III, note on *We are merely cheated*. Gr. 15.

Portable. Endurable; as in *Lear*, iii. 6. 115: "How light and portable my pain seems now." In the only other instance of the word in S. it is used in the literal modern sense: "an engine not portable" (*T. and C.* ii. 3. 144). Holinshed has *importable* in this connection: "mine intemperance should be more importable vnto you," etc. See p. 146 above.

90. *Weighed with*. Weighed against, counterbalanced by.

92. *Verity*. Truthfulness, honesty. Cf. *A. Y. L.* iii. 4. 25: "his verity in love."

Temperance. Self-restraint. Cf. *M. for M.* iii. 2. 251; *Hen. VIII.* i. 1. 124; *Cor.* iii. 3. 28; *Ham.* iii. 2. 8, etc.

93. *Perseverance*. Accented on the second syllable, as in *T. and C.* iii. 3. 150. S. uses the word nowhere else. *Persever* he always accents on the penult; as in *T. G. of V.* iii. 2. 25: "Ay, and perversely she perseveres so." See also *C. of E.* ii. 2. 217; *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 237, etc. Gr. 492.

95. *Relish of*. Not = relish *for*, but smack or flavour of. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 111: "some smack of age, some relish of the saltness of time;" *Ham.* iii. 3. 92: "no relish of salvation."

98. *The sweet milk*, etc. Cf. i. 5. 15.

99. *Uproar*. "Stir up to tumult" (Schmidt). It is found nowhere else as a verb.

104. *Untitled*. Steevens quotes Chaucer, *C. T.* 17172: "a titleles tiraunt."

105. *Wholesome*. Healthy, prosperous. Cf. *M. W.* v. 5. 63: "In state as wholesome as in state 't is fit; *Lear*, i. 4. 230: "wholesome weal," etc.

106. *Since that.* See Gr. 287.

108. *Breed.* Parentage. Cf. *Rich. II.* ii. 1. 45: "This happy breed (race) of men;" and *Id.* ii. 1. 52: "royal kings, Fear'd by their breed" (on account of their birth), etc.

111. *Died every day she liv'd.* Lived a life of daily mortification (Delius). Malone cites *1 Cor.* xv. 31: "I die daily."

The folio has "liv'd," which is retained by Sr., St., W., and others. *Fare* is then a dissyllable. Gr. 480. Pope has "Oh fare."

118. *Trains.* Artifices, lures. Cf. the use of the verb (= entice, allure) in *C. of E.* iii. 2. 45; *L. L. L.* i. 1. 71; *1 Hen. IV.* v. 2. 21, etc.

119. *Modest wisdom,* etc. Cautious wisdom holds me back.

123. *Unspeak.* Cf. "unsay" in *Rich. II.* iv. 1. 9; *M. N. D.* i. 1. 181; *Hen. VIII.* v. 1. 177, etc.

125. *For.* As. See Gr. 148.

133. *Here-approach.* Cf. "here-remain" in line 148. Gr. 429.

134. *Old Siward.* As the C. P. ed. remarks, he was the son of Beorn, Earl of Northumberland, and rendered great service to King Edward in the suppression of the rebellion of Earl Godwin and his sons, 1053. According to Holinshed, who follows Boethius, Duncan married a daughter of Siward. It is remarkable that S., who seems to have had no other guide than Holinshed, on this point deserts him, for in v. 2. 2 he calls Siward Malcolm's uncle. It is true that "nephew" was often used like "nepos," in the sense of grandson, but we know of no instance in which "uncle" is used for "grandfather."

135. *Already.* The folio reading. Some editors adopt Rowe's "All ready."

At a point, like *at point* = completely, prepared for any emergency (Schmidt). Cf. *Ham.* i. 2. 200: "Arm'd at point;" *Lear,* i. 4. 347: "keep At point a hundred knights," etc. The C. P. ed. compares Foxe's *Acts and Monuments*, ed. 1570: "The Register there sitting by, beyng weery, belyke, of taryng, or els perceauyng the constant Martyrs to be at a point, called vpon the chauncelour in hast to rid them out of the way, and to make an end." So also in Bunyan's *Life*: "When they saw that I was at a point and would not be moved nor persuaded, Mr. Foster told the justice that then he must send me to prison." Florio (*Ital. Dict.*) gives, "Essere in punto, to be in a readinesse, to be at a point." Cf. Holinshed's "fallen at a point," p. 139 above.

136. *The chance,* etc. "May the chance of success be as certain as the justice of our quarrel" (C. P. ed.). Delius explains *chance of goodness* as "successful issue," and *warranted quarrel* as "our righteous cause." On *quarrel*, cf. i. 2. 14. Hamner gave "our chance, in goodness," and Johnson suggested "the chance, O goodness." St. has "be-like" = approve or favour.

140-159. The C. P. editors express the opinion that these lines "were probably interpolated previous to a representation at Court." Fleay ascribes them to Middleton. Mr. Hales suggests that, if they are an interpolation, S. may himself have inserted them for the Court performance.

142. *Stay his cure.* Wait to be healed by him. Cf. *T. G. of V.* ii. 2.

13: "My father stays my coming;" *M. of V.* ii. 8. 40: "But stay the very riping of the time," etc.

Convinces, etc. Overpowers the utmost efforts of medical skill. On *convincies*, cf. i. 7. 64.

145. *Presently*. Immediately. See *Mer.* p. 131, or *Rich.* II. p. 182.

146. *The evil*. The scrofula, or "the king's evil," as it was long called. The C. P. ed. remarks: "Edward's miraculous powers were believed in by his contemporaries, or at least soon after his death, and expressly recognized by Pope Alexander III., who canonized him. The power of healing was claimed for his successors early in the twelfth century, for it is controverted by William of Malmesbury, and asserted later in the same century by Peter of Blois, who held a high office in the Royal Household (see Freeman's *Norman Conquest*, vol. ii. pp. 527, 528). The same power was claimed for the kings of France, and was supposed to be conferred by the unction of the 'Sainte Ampoule' on their coronation. William Tooker, D.D., in his *Charisma seu Donum Sanationis*, 1597, while claiming the power for his own sovereign, Elizabeth, concedes it also to the Most Christian King; but André Laurent, physician to Henry IV. of France, taxes the English sovereigns with imposture. His book is entitled, 'De Mirabilis trumas sanandi vi solis Galliae Regibus Christianissimis divinitus concessa,' etc., 1609. The Roman Catholic subjects of Elizabeth, perhaps out of patriotism, conceded to her the possession of this one virtue, though they were somewhat staggered to find that she possessed it quite as much after the Papal excommunication as before. James the First's practice of touching for the evil is mentioned several times in Nichols's *Progresses*, e. g. vol. iii. pp. 264, 273. Charles I., when at York, touched seventy persons in one day. Charles II. also touched when an exile at Bruges, omitting perhaps, for sufficient reason, the gift of the coin. He practised with signal success after his restoration. One of Dr. Johnson's earliest recollections was the being taken to be touched by Queen Anne in 1712 (Boswell, vol. i. p. 38). Even Swift seems to have believed in the efficacy of the cure (*Works*, ed. Scott, vol. ii. p. 252). The Whigs did not claim the power for the Hanoverian sovereigns, though they highly resented Carte's claiming it for the Pretender in his *History of England*."

A form of prayer to be used at the ceremony was introduced into the Book of Common Prayer as early as 1684, and was retained up to 1719. As late as 1745 Prince Charles at Holyrood touched a child for the evil.

149. *Solicits*. Moves by his prayers. Cf. *Rich.* II. i. 2. 2: "Doth more solicit me than your exclams."

152. *Mere*. See on line 89 above.

153. *A golden stamp*. As the C. P. ed. remarks, there is no warrant in Holinshed for the statement that the Confessor hung a golden coin or stamp about the necks of the patients. This was, however, a custom which prevailed in later days. Previously to Charles II.'s time some current coin, as an angel, was used for the purpose, but in his reign a special medal was struck and called a "touch-piece." The identical touch-piece which Queen Anne hung round the neck of Dr. Johnson is preserved in the British Museum.

On *stamp*=coin, cf. *M. W.* iii. 4. 16: "Stamps in gold or sums in sealed bags;" and *Cymb.* v. 4. 24: "they weigh not every stamp."

154. *Spoken.* Said. See on iii. 4. 8. Gr. 200.

160. *My countryman.* He recognizes him as such by his dress.

163. *Makes.* This may be viewed as the "3d person plural in -s" (Gr. 333), like "gives" in ii. 1. 61; but S. sometimes uses *means* as a singular. Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 1. 19: "that means;" *W. T.* iv. 4. 632: "this means;" *C. of E.* i. 1. 76: "Other means was none," etc. He also often uses the singular *mean*; as in *W. T.* iv. 4. 89, *Oth.* iii. 1. 39, *J. C.* iii. 1. 161, etc.

168. *Rent.* The folio reading, generally changed to the equivalent "rend." Cf. *M. N. D.* p. 166.

170. *Modern.* Ordinary, common; as in *R. and J.* iii. 2. 120: "modern lamentation;" *A. W.* ii. 3. 2: "modern and familiar," etc.

For *ecstasy*, see on iii. 2. 21.

171. *Scarce ask'd for who.* See Gr. 274, 414.

172. *Flowers in their caps.* H. Rowe observes that it was customary with the Highlanders, when on a march, to stick sprigs of heath in their bonnets.

173. *Or ere.* Cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 11; *Ham.* i. 2. 147, etc. The *or*, like the *ere*, is the A. S. *ær*, which is found in Early English in the forms *er*, *air*, *ar*, *ear*, *or*, etc. *Ere* seems to have been added to *or* for emphasis when the meaning of the latter was coming to be forgotten. *Or* is still found in northern dialects (Halliwell's *Archaic Dict.*). Cf. Scott, *Rob Roy*: "Ther will be broken heads amang us or it's long." See Mätzner, iii. 446, or Gr. 131.

174. *Too nice.* Too precise (Schmidt) or minute; not "too fancifully minute," as the C. P. ed., H., and others explain it. "Notwithstanding the relation is so full of distressing particulars, it is yet too true" (Noble Butler).

175. *That of an hour's age*, etc. Moberly explains this: "If a man tells a crime that is an hour old, they say 'buzz' to him for stale news;" and compares *Ham.* ii. 2. 412:

Polonius. The actors are come hither, my lord.
Hamlet. Buz, buz!"

Blackstone says, "*Buz* used to be an interjection at Oxford when any one began a story that was generally known before." Cf. *T. of S.* ii. 1. 207. But in the present passage *doth hiss the speaker* may mean nothing more than "exposes him to derision."

176. *Teems.* Brings forth. Cf. *T. of A.* iv. 3. 179, and *Hen. V.* v. 2. 51.

177. *Children.* A trisyllable here. Gr. 477.

179. *At peace.* Cf. *Rich. II.* iii. 2. 127:

Richard. I warrant they have made peace with Bolingbroke.
Scroop. Peace have they made with him indeed, my lord."

183. *Were out.* "Had taken the field" (Schmidt). In *Lear*, i. 1. 33 ("He hath been out nine years") *out*=abroad, in foreign countries.

184. *Witness'd.* Made credible.

185. *For that.* See Gr. 287, 288. *Power*=army, forces; as often.

Cf. line 236 below. The plural was used in the same sense (so *force* and *forces* now). See *J. C.* p. 168, note on *Are levying powers*.

191. *None*. There is none. For the ellipsis, see Gr. 403.

On *give out* = show (Schmidt), cf. *W. T.* iv. 4. 149; *T. N.* iii. 4. 203; *Oth.* iii. 3. 209, etc.

194. *Would*. See Gr. 329.

195. *Latch*. Catch. Cf. *Sonn.* 113. 6:

"For it no form delivers to the heart
Of bird, or flower, or shape, which it doth latch."

Schmidt explains the verb similarly in *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 36, where some make it = smear; a meaning found nowhere else.

Spenser has *latched* = caught, in *Shep. Kal.* March, 94:

"So long I shott, that al was spent;
Tho pumie stones I hastily hent,
And threw; but nought availed;
He was so wimble and so wight,
From bough to bough he lepped light,
And oft the pumies latched."

Cf. Golding's Ovid, *Met.* i.: "As though he would, at everie stride, betweene his teeth hir latch;" and *Met.* viii.:

"But that a bough of chesnut-tree, thick-leaved, by the way
Did latch it," etc.

196. *A fee-grief*. "A grief that hath a single owner" (Johnson).

202. *Possess them with*. Fill them with. Cf. *K. John*, iv. 2. 203: "Why seek'st thou to possess me with these fears?" See also 1 *Hen.* IV. ii. 2. 112; *Hen.* VIII. ii. 1. 158; *M. W.* i. 3. 110, etc.

206. *Quarry*. Dead bodies; literally, the game killed in hunting. Cf. *Cor.* i. 1. 202, and *Ham.* v. 2. 375.

208. *Ne'er pull your hat*, etc. Steevens notes that the same expression occurs in the old ballad of "Northumberland betrayed by Douglas:"

"He pulled his hatt down over his browe,
And in his heart he was full woe," etc.

209. *The grief that does not speak*, etc. Steevens quotes Webster, *White Devil*:

"Poor heart, break;
These are the killing griefs which dare not speak;"

Seneca, *Hippolytus*: "Curæ leves loquuntur, ingentes stupent;" and Greene, *Fair Bellora*:

"Light sorrowes often speake,
When great the heart in silence breake."

Cf. *V.* and *A.* 329:

"the heart hath treble wrong
When it is barr'd the aidance of the tongue."

210. *Whispers*. For the omission of the preposition, see Gr. 200.

212. *Must be*. Was destined to be (Gr. 314).

216. *He has no children*. The C. P. ed. takes this as referring to Macbeth: "therefore my utmost revenge must fall short of the injury he has

inflicted upon me." We prefer, with Malone, to apply it to Malcolm. Cf. *K. John*, iii. 1. 91: "He talks to me that never had a son." Moberly refers it to Macbeth, but explains it thus: "Had he had children, he could not have done it." He cites 3 *Hen. VI.* v. 5. 63:

"You have no children, butchers; if you had,
The thought of them would have stirr'd up remorse."

220. *Dispute it*. "Contend with your present sorrows" (Steevens), fight against it; or, perhaps, "reason upon it," as Schmidt explains it.

221. *But I must also feel it*, etc. On this passage Horn (quoted by Furness) remarks: "Put these lines before hundreds of French, English, and German tragedies, and they sound like scathing satire; put them before Egmont or William Tell, and they give us a hearty delight. Let them never again, ye dear poets, sound like irony, but give us human beings with hearts that can bleed and heal! Then you will never shrink from that motto."

223. *That*. On *that* following *such*, see Gr. 279.

225. *Naught*. Worthless thing. Cf. *Ham.* iii. 2. 157: "You are naught," etc.

229. *Convert*. Change. Cf. *R. of L.* 592: "For stones dissolv'd to water do convert;" *Id.* 691: "This hot desire converts to cold disdain;" *Much Ado*, i. 1. 123: "Courtesy itself must convert to disdain," etc.

231. *But, gentle heavens*, etc. It is here, and not at line 216, that the possibility of revenge on Macbeth first occurs to Macduff (Delius).

232. *Intermission*. Delay. Cf. *M. of V.* iii. 2. 201:

"You lov'd, I lov'd; for intermission
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you."

234. *Scape*. See on iii. 4. 20.

235. *Too*. "If I don't kill him, then I am worse than he, and I not only forgive him myself, but pray God to forgive him also; or perhaps it is, then I am as bad as he, and may God forgive us both. I cannot point to an instance, anywhere, of language more intensely charged with meaning" (H.).

Tune is Rowe's emendation for the "time" of the folios. On the adverbial use of *manly*, see Gr. 447. Cf. iii. 5. 1.

Coleridge observes: "How admirably Macduff's grief is in harmony with the whole play! It rends, not dissolves the heart. 'The tune of it goes manly.' Thus is S. always master of himself and of his subject—a genuine Proteus;—we see all things in him, as images in a calm lake, most distinct, most accurate—only more splendid, more glorified."

237. *Our lack*, etc. We need only the king's leave to set out; or, perhaps, to take our leave of the king. Schmidt makes it the latter.

239. *Put on*. "Set to work" (Schmidt). Cf. *Ham.* iv. 7. 132, v. 2. 408, etc. It often means to instigate, incite; as in *Lear*, i. 4. 227, *Oth.* ii 3. 357, etc.

For *instruments* applied to persons, cf. i. 3. 124 and iii. 1. 80 above.



SCENE I.—3. *Went into the field.* Steevens thinks S. forgot that he had shut up Macbeth in Dunsinane; but, as Boswell notes, Ross says (iv. 3. 185) that he had seen “the tyrant’s power afoot.” The strength of his adversaries, and the revolt of his own troops (v. 2. 18), had probably led him to retreat into his castle.

4. *Nightgown.* See on ii. 2. 70.

9. *Effects.* Actions. Cf. *Ham.* iii. 4. 129; *Lear*, i. 1. 188, ii. 4. 182, etc.

10. *Slumbery.* For other adjectives of similar formation, see Gr. 450.

11. *Actual.* “Consisting in doing anything, in contradistinction to thoughts or words” (Schmidt); as in *Oth.* iv. 2. 153, the only other instance of the word in S.

17. *Close.* Hidden; as in *J. C.* i. 3. 131, etc.

20. *’T is her command.* Dr. Bucknill asks: “Was this to avert the presence of those ‘sightless substances’ (i. 5. 47) once impiously invoked? She seems washing her hands, and ‘continues in this a quarter of an hour.’ What a comment on her former boast, ‘A little water clears us of this deed!’”

22. *Is shut.* The folios have "their sense are shut." It may be an instance under Gr. 471, like *horse*, etc. See on ii. 4. 14. Cf. *Sonn.* 112. 10:

"my adder's sense
To critic and to flatterer stopped are."

32. *Hell is murky.* Steevens thinks that she imagines herself talking to Macbeth, and that these are his words which she repeats contemptuously; but it seems better (with Clarke and Noble Butler) to regard them as the expression of her own dread of hell.

40. *You mar all*, etc. "Alluding to the terrors of Macbeth, when the Ghost broke in on the festivity of the banquet" (Steevens).

42. *Go to.* Often used as an expression of exhortation or reproof (Schmidt). Cf. *Temp.* iv. 1. 253; *Oth.* iv. 2. 194, etc. See also *Genesis*, xi. 3, 4, 7 and xxxviii. 16; 2 *Kings*, v. 5, etc.

46. *Smell.* Verplanck, after remarking that "the more agreeable associations of this sense" are often used for poetic effect, adds: "But the smell has never been successfully used as a means of impressing the imagination with terror, pity, or any of the deeper emotions, except in this dreadful sleep-walking scene of the guilty Queen, and in one parallel scene of the Greek drama, as wildly terrible as this. It is that passage of the *Agamemnon* of Æschylus, where the captive prophetess, Cassandra, wrapt in visionary inspiration, scents first the smell of blood, and then the vapours of the tomb breathing from the palace of Atreides, as ominous of his approaching murder."

49. *Sorely charged.* Heavily laden. Cf. iv. 3. 210: "the o'erfraught heart."

52. *The dignity*, etc. "The queenly rank of the lady herself" (C. P. ed.).

56. *Which.* See Gr. 266.

60. *On 's.* Cf. "on 't," i. 3. 42, etc. See also *Lear*, i. 4. 114, iv. 5. 20, etc. Gr. 182.

72. *Remove*, etc. Lest the lady in her despair might commit suicide (Delius). On *annoyance*, cf. *K. John*, v. 2. 150; *T. and C.* i. 3. 48, etc.

74. *Mated.* Bewildered, paralyzed. Cf. *V. and A.* 909; *C. of E.* iii. 2. 54, v. 1. 281; and 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 1. 265.

SCENE II.—3. *Revenues.* For the plural, cf. *M. for M.* iv. 3. 140; *A. W.* v. 3. 10; *T. N.* v. 1. 385; *Cor.* iv. 5. 143, etc.

Dear causes. Cf. *Lear*, iv. 3. 53: "Some dear cause." On the peculiar uses of *dear* in S. see *Temp.* p. 124, note on *The dear'st o' th' loss*.

4. *Alarm.* Call to arms. See on "alarum'd," ii. 1. 53.

5. *The mortified man.* "The veriest ascetic" (Moberly). Cf. *L. L. L.* i. 1. 28. Schmidt explains *mortified* as "deprived of vital faculty, made apathetic and insensible." There is little to choose between the two. The C. P. ed. suggests that it may mean "dead, mortified in the literal sense;" as in *Hen. V.* i. 1. 26.

8. *File.* List. See on iii. 1. 94.

10. *Unrough.* Beardless. Cf. *Temp.* ii. 1. 250: "rough and razor-

able." See also *W. T.* i. 2. 128, iv. 4. 744. Malone cites *K. John*, v. 2. 133: "This unhair'd sauciness and boyish troops."

11. *Protest*. Proclaim. Cf. iii. 4. 105; and on *first of manhood*, iii. 1. 117.

13. *Lesser*. S. uses it several times as an adverb. See on i. 3. 65.

15. Steevens notes that we have the same metaphor in *T. and C.* ii. 2. 30:

"And buckle in a waist most fathomless
With spans and inches so diminutive
As fears and reasons."

Sr., D., Coll., and H. (2d ed.) adopt Walker's "course" for *cause*. The C. P. ed. explains *distemper'd cause* as the disorganized party, the disordered body over which he rules. Instead of being like "a well-girt man," εὖζυγος ἀνὴρ, full of vigour, his state is like one in dropsy. We have the same metaphor more elaborated in 2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 1. 38:

"King. Then you perceive the body of our kingdom
How foul it is; what rank diseases grow,
And with what danger, near the heart of it.
Warwick. It is but as a body yet distemper'd," etc.

18. *Mindely*. "Happening every minute, continual" (Schmidt). Used nowhere else by S.

20. *Nothing*. Adverbial, as in v. 4. 2. Gr. 55. For the figure that follows, cf. i. 3. 145.

23. *Pester'd*. Troubled, perplexed. Cf. *Ham.* i. 2. 22; *T. and C.* v. 1. 38, etc. On *to recoil* = for recoiling, see Gr. 356. Cf. iv. 3. 19.

27. *Medicine*. Some critics take this to mean physician (*Fr. médecin*), as in *A. W.* ii. 1. 75, and *W. T.* iv. 4. 598. Schmidt so explains it here. But the next line rather favours taking it in its ordinary sense. *Him* may refer to Malcolm, as Heath suggests, not to *medicine*. It is not easy to decide between the two interpretations. Cf. iii. 4. 76.

30. *Dew*. Also used as a verb in *V. and A.* 66; *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 9; *R. and J.* v. 3. 14, etc.

SCENE III.—I. *Them*. That is, the thanes.

3. *Taint*. Be infected. Cf. *Cymb.* i. 4. 148, and *T. N.* iii. 4. 145. Walker conjectured "faint."

5. On the measure, see Gr. 496. For *pronounce*, cf. *Hen. VIII.* i. 1. 196.

8. *English epicures*. The C. P. ed. observes that gluttony was a common charge brought by the Scotch against their wealthier neighbours. "The English pock-puddings" is a phrase of frequent occurrence in the *Waverley Novels*. The English too brought similar charges against their Continental neighbours. Delius quotes from the drama of *Edward III.*, falsely attributed to Shakespeare:

"Those ever-bibbing epicures,
Those frothy Dutchmen, puff'd with double beer."

9. *The mind I sway by*. That is, am directed by (Schmidt). Some explain it, "by which I bear rule."

10. *Sag*. Droop. We infer from the C. P. ed. that the word is only provincial in England. Like some other words we have noted in S., it

is still in common use in New England. See *Mer.* p. 139, note on *Fill-horse*; also on *Paddock*, i. 1. 10, and *Sliver'd*, iv. 1. 28 above.

13. *There is.* See Gr. 335.

15. *Lily-liver'd.* Cowardly. Cf. *Lear*, ii. 2. 18: "A lily-liver'd, action-taking knave;" *M. of V.* iii. 2. 86: "livers white as milk;" 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 3. 113: "the liver white and pale," etc.

Patch. Clown, fool. See *Mer.* p. 142. Cf. *Temp.* iii. 2. 71; *C. of E.* iii. 1. 32, etc.

16. *Linen cheeks.* Steevens quotes *Hen. V.* ii. 2. 74: "Their cheeks are paper." See on iii. 4. 116.

20. *Push.* Attack, onset (Schmidt); as in *J. C.* v. 2. 5, etc.

21. *Will cheer me*, etc. The 1st folio has "Will cheere me euer, or dis-eate me now;" the other folios have "disease" for "dis-eate." Capell conjectured "disseat," which has been generally adopted by the editors, with Bishop Percy's suggestion of "chair" for "cheer." S. uses neither *disseat* nor the verb *chair* anywhere else. Furness suggests "dis-ease," which, as he remarks, "is the logical antithesis to *cheer*, and is used with no little force in the earlier versions of the New Testament." Cf. *Luke*, viii. 49 (both in Cranmer's Version, 1537, and in the version of 1581): "Thy daughter is dead, disease not the Master." Cotgrave gives "disease, trouble," etc., as translations of the Fr. *malaisier*. See also Spenser, *F. Q.* ii. 2, 12: "His double burden did him sore disease;" *Id.* ii. 2, 24: "Whom raging winds . . . doe diversely disease," etc. Furness might have added as a confirmation of his reading that in the only other instance in which S. uses *disease* as a verb it is in this sense. See *Cor.* i. 3. 117: "She will but disease our better mirth." He uses the noun *disease* several times in the sense of trouble, vexation. Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* ii. 5. 44:

"First, lean thine aged back against mine arm;
And in that ease I'll tell thee my disease."

See also *A. W.* v. 4. 68, and *T. of A.* iii. 1. 56.

22. *Way.* Johnson conjectured "May," which the C. P. editors think S. "very probably wrote." Malone quotes *Rich. II.* iii. 4. 48:

"He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd spring
Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf."

W. says: "Dr. Johnson's emendation is a step prose-ward, although speciously poetic."

23. *Sear.* Schmidt and Moberly take this to be a noun; Steevens, Halliwell, and D. explain it as an adjective, which seems to us better. S. uses the noun or adjective *sere* (the same word) elsewhere only in *Ham.* ii. 2. 337: "tickled o' the sere" (where the meaning is much disputed), and in *C. of E.* iv. 2. 19: "He is deformed, crooked, old and sere."

On *yellow leaf*, cf. *Sonn.* 73. 1:

"The time of year thou mayst in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs," etc.

24. *Old age.* Clarke suggests that Macbeth's mention of himself as in

the autumn of life is "one of those touches of long time systematically thrown in at intervals, to convey the effect of a sufficiently elapsed period for the reign of the usurper since his murder of the preceding king, Duncan." Furness asks: "May we not add as one of these 'touches' the tardy recognition of Ross by Malcolm in iv. 3. 160?"

35. *Moe*. More. Cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 3. 72: "Sing no more ditties, sing no moe" (where it rhymes with *so*, as it does in *R. of L.* 1479); *J. C.* ii. 1. 72: "there are moe with him," etc. The modern eds. generally change it to "more," unless the rhyme requires "moe."

Skirr. Scour. Used by S. only here and in *Hen. V.* iv. 7. 64, where it is intransitive.

40. *Thou*. On the use of the pronoun in the time of S., see Gr. 231.

42. Delius notes that we have the same figure in *Ham.* i. 5. 103: "Within the book and volume of my brain."

43. *Oblivious*. Causing forgetfulness (Schmidt). S. uses the word only here and in the compound "all-oblivious" (forgetful of all), *Sonn.* 55. 9.

44. *Stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff*. There may be a corruption of the text here, as many critics have supposed, but similar repetitions are not uncommon in S. Cf. v. 2. 19 and v. 8. 72 in the present play. See also *A. and C.* i. 1. 44; *A. W.* ii. 1. 163, v. 1. 35; *R. and J.* iii. 2. 92; *K. John*, ii. 1. 471, etc. V. has "load" and Coll. "grief" for *stuff*.

48. *Stuff*. Lance, according to Schmidt; as in *K. John*, ii. 1. 318; *Rich. III.* v. 3. 65, 341; *Much Ado*, v. 1. 138, etc. The C. P. ed. explains it as "the general's bâton."

50. *Come, sir, dispatch*. These words are addressed to the attendant who is buckling on the armour. The agitation of the speaker's mind is marked by his turning from one to the other. No sooner is the armour put on than he bids the man pull it off (line 54), and then (line 58) orders it to be brought after him (C. P. ed.).

Cast. This was the word in use for finding out disorders by inspection of the water (Steevens). See *T. N.* p. 153, note on 97.

52. *Purge*, etc. Cf. iii. 4. 76.

55. *Senna*. The reading of the 4th folio. The 1st has "Cyme;" the 2d and 3d, "Cæny." D. suggests that "cyme" was a misprint for "cynne," one of the many ways of spelling *senna*.

59. *Bane*. Ruin, destruction; as in *T. and C.* iv. 2. 98, *T. A.* v. 3. 73, etc.

61, 62. Fleay rejects this couplet as a "washy sentiment," and "out of place after Macbeth's emphatic declaration."

SCENE IV.—2. *That*. When. See Gr. 284; and on *nothing*, Gr. 55. H. thinks the allusion is to the spies mentioned at iii. 4. 131; Ritter refers it to the circumstances of Duncan's murder.

6. *Discovery*. This refers to Macbeth's spies (Delius).

8. *Other*. See Gr. 12 and cf. 123.

10. For *set down*=sit down, or begin a siege, cf. *Cor.* i. 2. 28, i. 3. 110; *T. of A.* v. 3. 9, etc.

11. *Given*. The sense seems to require "gain'd," "ta'en," or "got," all of which have been suggested as emendations. The Coll. MS. has "gotten." Some have explained *given* as = given them.

12. *More and less*. Great and small. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* iv. 3. 68: "More and less came in with cap and knee;" 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 1. 209: "And more and less do flock to follow him," etc. See also Gr. 17.

14. *Let our just censures*, etc. "Let our just decisions on the defection of Macbeth's followers attend upon the actual result of the battle, and let us meanwhile be industrious soldiers; that is, let us not be negligent through security" (Elwin). On *censure* = judgment, opinion, cf. *W. T.* ii. 1. 37; *Hen. VIII.* i. 1. 33 (see note in our ed. p. 157); *Rich. III.* ii. 2. 144, etc.

18. *Owe*. Here used in the modern sense, as in i. 4. 22 and v. 2. 26. For the other meaning (= have, possess) cf. i. 3. 76, i. 4. 10, and iii. 4. 113. "The decision of the battle will show us what we have, and at the same time what it is our duty yet to do" (Delius).

19. On the measure, see Gr. 468.

20. *Arbitrate*. Decide. Mere speculations are of no use; fighting must settle it.

SCENE V. — 5. *Forc'd*. Reinforced, strengthened (Schmidt). The Coll. MS. has "farc'd" = "stuffed or filled out." *Force* = farce occurs in *T. and C.* ii. 3. 232 and v. 1. 64, and perhaps also in *Hen. V.* ii. chor. 22 (Schmidt).

6. *Dareful*. Used nowhere else by S.

7. *Beat*. On the form (as on *forgot* in line 9), see Gr. 343.

10. *Cool'd*. Malone suggested "'coil'd" (= recoiled, shrunk back), and the Coll. MS. has "quail'd," which, as D. remarks, is plausible.

11. *Fell*. Literally, skin. Cf. *A. W.* iii. 2. 55, and *Lear*, v. 3. 24.

12. *Treatise*. Tale, story; as in *V. and A.* 774, and *Much Ado*, i. 3. 317, the only other instances in which S. uses the word. On *rouse*, cf. iii. 2. 53.

13. *As*. As if. Cf. i. 4. 11. Gr. 107. On the passage, cf. *Ham.* iii. 4. 121. For *with*, see on iv. 2. 32.

14. *Direness*. Horror. Not used elsewhere by S.

15. *Once*. Ever, at any time; as in iv. 3. 167. Cf. *Rich. II.* ii. 3. 91; *Ham.* i. 5. 121, etc. *Start* = startle; as in *T. and C.* v. 2. 101, etc.

18. *Word*. Johnson wanted to make it a "broken sentence," reading "a time for—such a world!" Steevens compares *Rich. II.* i. 3. 152: "The hopeless word of 'never to return.'"

21. *Last syllable*. Cf. *A. W.* iii. 6. 75: "even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness."

23. *Dusty*. The 2d folio has "study," probably the result of an accidental transposition of the types; and the later folios copy the error. Upton prefers it to *dusty*. Theo. conjectured "dusky." Coll. quotes Anthony Copley, *Fig for Fortune*, 1596: "Inviting it to dusty death's defeature."

24. For the reference to the stage, the C. P. ed. compares i. 3. 128 and ii. 4. 5. See also *T. and C.* i. 3. 153: "Like a strutting player."

30. *Gracious my lord.* See on iii. 2. 27.

37. *This three mile.* On *this*, cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 3. 54; and for *mile* in the plural, *M. W.* iii. 2. 33, *Much Ado*, ii. 3. 17, etc. See also *Rich. II.* p. 182, note on *A thousand pound*.

Delius remarks that "S. has here somewhat shortened the distance of twelve miles between Birnam and Dunsinane;" but all that the messenger says is that the "moving grove" is *now* three miles distant.

40. *Cling.* Shrink or shrivel up (Schmidt). The C. P. ed. quotes Miegé (*Fr. Dict.*, 1688): "Clung with hunger, maigre, sec, elancé, comme une personne affamée;" and "To clung, as wood will do being laid up after it is cut, secher, devenir sec." Moor, in his *Suffolk Words*, gives: "*Clung*: shrunk, dried, shrivelled; said of apples, turnips, carrots," etc.

42. *Pull in.* Rein in, check. M. Mason quotes Fletcher, *Sea Voyage*, ii. I:

"All my spirits,
As if they had heard my passing-bell go for me,
Pull in their powers and give me up to destiny."

"Pall in" and "pale in" have been suggested as emendations.

49. *Gin.* See on i. 2. 25. On *awearry*, cf. *M. of V.* i. 2. 2; *M. N. D.* v. I. 255, etc.

The C. P. editors say that lines 47-50 "are singularly weak, and read like an unskilful imitation of other passages where Macbeth's desperation is interrupted by fits of despondency." We are rather disposed to agree with Craik, who, commenting on *J. C.* iv. 3. 95 ("For Cassius is weary of the world"), refers to the present as another of Shakespeare's "most pathetic lines."

50. *Estate.* "Settled order" (C. P. ed.). Pope changed it to "state." Cf. i. 3. 140.

51. *Alarum-bell.* W. has "alarum." See on ii. I. 53. On *wrack*, cf. i. 3. 114.

52. *Harness.* Armour; as in *T. and C.* v. 3. 31, *A. and C.* iv. 8. 15, etc. See also 1 *Kings*, xxii. 34; 2 *Chron.* xviii. 33 and ix. 24.

SCENE VI.—1. *Leavy.* Cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 3. 75, and *Per.* v. I. 51 (where most modern eds. have "leafy").

2. *Show.* See on i. 3. 54.

4. *Battle.* Battalion. Cf. *J. C.* v. I. 4, v. 3. 108; *Hen. V.* iv. 3. 69, etc. Holinshed uses the word (see p. 139).

5. *To do.* See Gr. 359, 405. Cf. v. 7. 28 and v. 8. 64.

7. *Do we but find.* See Gr. 364.

10. *Harbingers.* See on i. 4. 45.

SCENE VII.—1. *They have tied*, etc. Delius cites *Lear*, iii. 7. 54: "I am tied to the stake, and I must stand the course." Bear-baiting was a favourite sport in the olden time. The bear was tied to a stake, and a certain number of dogs allowed to attack him at once. Each of these attacks was called a *course*. Steevens quotes Brome, *The Antipodes*, 1638: "You shall see two ten-dog courses at the great bear."

2. *What's he.* For *what*, see Gr. 254.

4. *Young Siward*. His name was really Osbeorn; but his cousin Siward was slain in the same battle (Moberly).

7. *Than any is*. Any which is. See Gr. 244.

17. *Kerns*. See on i. 2. 13. Furness adds here the following (sent to him by Rushton) from Coke, 4 *Inst.* 358: "*Gallowglasses, equites triarii qui securibus utuntur acutissimis. Kernes sunt pedites qui jaculis utuntur.*"

18. *Staves*. The word *staff* was applied both to the shaft of a lance and to the lance itself. See on v. 3. 48. On *either* as metrically a monosyllable, see Gr. 466. After *thou*, "must be encountered," or something equivalent, is understood.

20. *Undeuded*. Not used elsewhere by S.; and the same is true of *clatter* in the next line. As the C. P. ed. remarks, *Macbeth* is particularly remarkable for the number of these ἀπαξ λεγόμενα.

22. *Bruited*. "Announced with noise" (Schmidt); as in *Ham.* i. 2. 127.

24. *Gently*. Readily. Schmidt compares *Temp.* i. 2. 298: "And do my spiriting gently."

27. *Itself professes*. Declares itself.

29. *Strike beside us*. "Strike the air" (Schmidt), or "deliberately miss us" (C. P. ed.). Delius makes it refer to "Macbeth's people who had gone over to the enemy." Cf. 3 *Hen.* VI. ii. 1. 129:

"Their weapons like to lightning came and went;
Our soldiers', like the night-owl's lazy flight,
Or like an idle thresher with a flail,
Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends."

SCENE VIII.—There is no new scene in the folios.

1. *The Roman fool*. Steevens suggests that this alludes perhaps to Cato, whose suicide is mentioned in *J. C.* v. 1. 101; or it may refer more generally to "the high Roman fashion of self-destruction, as in Brutus, Cassius, Antony, etc." (Sr.).

2. *Whiles*. See on i. 5. 5.

4. *Of all men*, etc. For the "confusion of construction," see Gr. 409.

7. *Bloodier villain*, etc. For the transposition, see on iii. 6. 48.

9. *Easy*. For the adverbial use, see Gr. 1.

Intrenchant. That cannot be cut; the active word in a passive sense. *Trenchant*, as Steevens notes, is used actively in *T. of A.* iv. 3. 115. Upton quotes here *Ham.* i. 1. 146 and iv. 1. 44. Cf. Milton, *P. L.* vi. 348.

13. *Despair*. Not elsewhere used transitively by S. Abbott (Gr. 200) says it is perhaps a Latinism. The verb is similarly used in Ben Jonson's verses prefixed to the folio of 1623:

"Shine forth, thou Starre of Poets, and with rage,
Or influence, chide, or cheere the drooping Stage;
Which, since thy flight frō hence, hath mourn'd like night,
And despaires day, but for thy Volumes light."

14. *Angel*. Genius, demon (Schmidt); as in *A. and C.* ii. 3. 21. We have *angel* in a bad sense in 2 *Hen.* IV. i. 2. 186; *Lear*, iii. 6. 34; *C. of E.* iv. 3. 20, etc. *Still* = constantly; as often. See Gr. 69.

18. *My better part of man.* Cf. *A. and C.* iv. 6. 39: "my latter part of life," etc. Gr. 423.

20. *Palter.* Equivocate. Cf. *T. and C.* ii. 3. 244; *J. C.* ii. 1. 126, etc.

24. Thus Anthony threatens Cleopatra in *A. and C.* iv. 12. 36. (Deilius.)

The time. Cf. i. 5. 61, i. 7. 81, and iv. 3. 72.

26. *Upon a pole.* That is, upon a cloth hung to a pole. No explanation would seem to be needed, but some critics have thought it necessary to change *pole* to "scroll" or "cloth." On *underwrit*, see Gr. 343.

34. *Him.* See Gr. 208.

The stage-direction in the folio here is "*Exeunt fighting. Alarums,*" and then in a new line "*Enter Fighting, and Macbeth slaine.*" This is inconsistent with the stage-direction at line 53: "*Enter Macduffe; with Macbeth's head.*" The C. P. editors think that "this points to some variation in the mode of concluding the play," and that "in all likelihood Shakespeare's part in the play ended here." Fleay believes this to be one of the scenes altered by Middleton.

36. *Go off.* Die; as "take off" = kill, in i. 7. 20 and iii. 1. 104.

40. On *only . . . but*, see Gr. 130.

41. *The which.* Gr. 270. On *prowess* as a monosyllable, see Gr. 470; and on *but* in next line, Gr. 127.

42. *Unshrinking station.* "Unshrinking attitude" (Moberly). Schmidt explains it in the same way. Cf. *Ham.* iii. 4. 58, and *A. and C.* iii. 3. 22, where *station* is similarly used.

48. For the pun on *hairs*, see on ii. 2. 56.

49. *Wish them to.* Wish to them; "the relation of the dative and accusative peculiarly inverted" (Schmidt). For *wish to* = invite, see *T. of S.* i. 1. 113, and cf. *Id.* i. 2. 60, 64. See Holinshed, p. 150 above.

52. *Parted.* Departed, died. Cf. *Hen. V.* ii. 3. 12; *Rich. III.* ii. 1. 5, etc. On *paid his score*, cf. line 39 above.

54. *Stands.* This is explained by Holinshed (see p. 149), who states that the tyrant's head was set upon a pole. The Coll. MS. adds to the stage-direction "on a pike—stick it in the ground."

56. *Pearl.* Rowe substituted "peers," which W. adopts. The C. P. ed. suggests that the word "may be used generically, as well as to express a single specimen," and cites *Hen. V.* iv. 1. 279: "The intertissued robe of gold and pearl." The simplest emendation would seem to be "pearls," suggested in the anonymous "Variorum" ed. of *Macbeth*, 1807.

60. *Expense.* No emendation seems called for, but "expanse," "extent," "excess," etc., have been suggested.

61. *Loves.* Cf. iii. 1. 121 above; also *L. L. L.* v. 2. 793, 798; *W. T.* i. 1. 10; *J. C.* iii. 2. 241, etc.

63. *Be earls.* See extract from Holinshed, p. 149 above.

64. *To do.* See on v. 6. 5.

65. *Would.* See Gr. 329; and for *as* in next line, Gr. 113.

66. *Exil'd friends abroad.* See on iii. 6. 48.

68. *Producing forth.* Bringing forward; that is, in a court of justice. Cf. *J. C.* iii. 1. 228: "Produce his body to the market-place." See also *W. T.* iii. 2. 8; *A. W.* iv. 1. 6; *K. John*, i. 1. 46, etc.

70. *Self and violent hands.* Cf. *Rich. II.* iii. 2. 166: "self and vain conceit." Gr. 20.

72. *The grace of Grace.* Theo. remarks that this is a favourite repetition with S. Cf. *T. G. of V.* iii. 1. 146, and *A. W.* ii. 1. 163. See on v. 3. 44.

74. *One.* Rhyming with *Scone.* Cf. *V. and A.* 293, and *Sonn.* 39. 6. See on ii. 1. 49, or Gr. 80.

75. *Scone.* See on ii. 4. 31.

ADDENDA.

Note on INTRODUCTION, p. 12.—In an article in *The Galaxy* for January, 1877 (p. 76), White remarks that the opinion of the Cambridge editors seems to him "to a certain extent sound," though he "cannot go to the length which they do in rejecting parts of the play as not being Shakespeare's work." The passages which he does reject are the following: the speech of Hecate, iii. 5. 2-35, which is "little more than an unmeaning jingle of verses;" the Porter's speeches in ii. 3, which are "low-lived, thoughtless, without any other significance than that of the surface meaning of the poor, gross language in which they are written;" the speech of the First Witch, iv. 1. 125-132, which "seems to be manifestly from the same hand as Hecate's speech," iii. 5. 2-35; and the closing lines of the play, v. 8. 35-75. He adds: "The person who wrote these un-Shakespearean passages was probably Middleton. Shakespeare, writing the tragedy in haste for an occasion, received a little help, according to the fashion of the time, from another playwright; and the latter having imitated the supernatural parts of this play in one of his own, the players or managers afterward introduced from that play songs by him—'Music and a Song, Come away, come away,' iii. 5, and 'Music and a Song, Black Spirits,' etc., iv. 1. This was done to please the inferior part of the audience."

White does not reject i. 2 nor v. 2. The passage on "the evil," iv. 3. 140-159, he believes to have been an interpolation previous to a performance at court, and "probably not Shakespeare's." Of v. 5. 47-50, which the Cambridge editors call "singularly weak" lines (see note, p. 252 above), he says: "The first two have no particular character, nor need they have any, as they merely introduce the last two, which contain an utterance of blank despair and desolation which seems to me more expressive than any other that I ever read."

Note on Lady Macbeth's personal appearance (p. 35).—We may add what Weiss (p. 407) says of "the Mary Stuart of history and the Lady Macbeth of Shakespeare:"

"We know that the former had a delicate exterior, auburn hair, and beaming blue eyes: her tone of speaking was gentle and sweet, excellently soft and low. Mrs. Siddons, whose style and colour were altogether different, became so saturated with Lady Macbeth as to be convinced she must have been a blonde. We think that Shakespeare im-

plies and justifies this delicate perception, and turns it into history. Both the queens of Scotland represented the kind of blonde women who are fired by sunlight: it crisps the golden or the chestnut hair, becomes quicksilver in the veins, hits every brain-cell with its actinic ray, and chases over the yielding hair in ripples like a blown wheat-field." . . .

The raven himself is hoarse, etc. (p. 170). — Compare James Russell Lowell's remarks on the passage (*Among My Books*, p. 186):

"Here Shakespeare, with his wonted tact, makes use of a vulgar superstition, of a type in which mortal presentiment is already embodied, to make a common ground on which the hearer and Lady Macbeth may meet. After this prelude we are prepared to be possessed by her emotion more fully, to feel in her ears the dull tramp of the blood that seems to make the raven's croak yet hoarser than it is, and to betray the stealthy advance of the mind to its fell purpose. For Lady Macbeth hears not so much the voice of the bodeful bird as of her own premeditated murder, and we are thus made her shuddering accomplices before the fact. Every image receives the colour of the mind, every word throbs with the pulse of one controlling passion. The epithet *fatal* makes us feel the implacable resolve of the speaker, and shows us that she is tampering with her conscience by putting off the crime upon the prophecy of the Weird Sisters to which she alludes. In the word *battlements*, too, not only is the fancy led up to the perch of the raven, but a hostile image takes the place of a hospitable one; for men commonly speak of receiving a guest under their roof or within their doors. When Duncan and Banquo arrive at the castle, their fancies, free from all suggestion of evil, call up only gracious and amiable images. The raven was but the fantastical creation of Lady Macbeth's overwrought brain.

"This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly doth commend itself
Unto our gentle senses. This *guest* of summer,
The *temple-haunting* martlet, doth approve
By his *lov'd mansionry* that the heaven's breath
Smells *wooningly* here; no jutting, frieze,
Buttress, or coign of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle."

"The contrast here cannot but be as intentional as it is marked. Every image is one of welcome, security, and confidence. The summer, one may well fancy, would be a very different hostess from her whom we have just seen expecting *them*. And why *temple-haunting*, unless because it suggests sanctuary? *O immaginativa, che si ne rubi delle cose di fuor*, how infinitely more precious are the inward ones thou givest in return! If all this be accident, it is at least one of those accidents of which only this man was ever capable."

The multitudinous seas incarnadine (p. 193). Lowell (*Among My Books*, p. 161) remarks that "the huddling epithet implies the tempest-tossed soul of the speaker, and at the same time pictures the wallowing waste of ocean more vividly than the famous phrase of Æschylus [*ἀνῆριθμον γέλασμα*] does its rippling sunshine."

THE "TIME-ANALYSIS" OF THE PLAY.—This is summed up by Mr. P. A. Daniel, in his paper "On the Times or Durations of the Action of Shakspeare's Plays" (*Transactions of New Shaks. Soc.* 1877-79, p. 207), as follows:

"Time of the Play nine days represented on the stage, and intervals.

Day 1. Act I. sc. i. to iii.

" 2. Act I. sc. iv. to vii.

" 3. Act II. sc. i. to iv.

An interval, say a couple of weeks.

" 4. Act III. sc. i. to v.

[Act III. sc. vi., an impossible time.]

" 5. Act IV. sc. i.

[Professor Wilson supposes an interval of certainly not more than two days between Days 5 and 6; Paton marks two days. The general breathless haste of the play is, I think, against any such interval between Macbeth's purpose and its execution.]

" 6. Act IV. sc. ii.

An interval. Ross's journey to England. Paton allows two weeks.

" 7. Act IV. sc. iii., Act V. sc. i.

An interval. Malcolm's return to Scotland. Three weeks, according to Paton.

" 8. Act V. sc. ii. and iii.

" 9. Act V. sc. iv. to viii."

On i. 3 Mr. Daniel comments as follows: "Ross and Angus come from the King. Ross describes how the news of Macbeth's success reached the King, by post after post. He appears to have entirely forgotten that he himself was the messenger; he however greets Macbeth with the title of Cawdor, and Angus informs Macbeth that Cawdor lies under sentence of death for 'treasons capital,' but whether he was in league with Norway, or with the rebel [Macdonwald], or with both, he knows not. Ross did know when, in the preceding scene, he took the news of the victory to the King; but he also appears to have forgotten it; at any rate he does not betray his knowledge. Macbeth's loss of memory is even more remarkable than Ross's. He doesn't recollect having himself defeated Cawdor but a few short hours—we might say minutes—ago; and the Witches' prophetic greeting of him by that title, and Ross's confirmation of it, fill him with surprise; for, so far as he knows (or *recollects*, shall we say?) the thane of Cawdor lives, a prosperous gentleman."

As to the interval between Days 3 and 4, Mr. Daniel says: "Between Acts II. and III. the long and dismal period of Macbeth's reign described or referred to in Act III. sc. vi., Act IV. sc. ii. and iii., and elsewhere in the play, must have elapsed. Macbeth himself refers to it where, in Act III. sc. iv., speaking of his Thanes, he says:

'There's not a one of them but in his house
I keep a servant fee'd.'—

And again—

'I am in blood
Stepp'd in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er.'

Yet, almost in the same breath he says—

‘My strange and self-abuse
Is the initiate fear that wants hard use:
We are yet but young in deed.’

And the first words with which Banquo opens this Act—‘Thou hast it now,’ etc.—would lead us to suppose that a few days at the utmost can have passed since the coronation at Scone; in the same scene, however, we learn that Malcolm and Donalbain are bestowed in England and in Ireland: some little time must have elapsed before this news could have reached Macbeth. Professor Wilson suggests a week or two for this interval. Mr. Paton would allow three weeks.”

Of iii. 6, Mr. Daniel says: “It is impossible to fix the time of this scene. In it ‘Lenox and another Lord’ discuss the position of affairs. The murder of Banquo and the flight of Fleance are known to Lenox, and he knows that Macduff lives in disgrace because he was not at the feast, but that is the extent of his knowledge. The other Lord informs him that Macbeth did send to Macduff, and that Macduff has fled to England to join Malcolm. And that thereupon Macbeth ‘prepares for some attempt of war.’ All this supposes the lapse, at the very least, of a day or two since the night of Macbeth’s banquet; but in the next scene to this we find we have only arrived at the early morning following the banquet, up to which time the murder of Banquo could not have been known; nor had Macbeth sent to Macduff, nor was the flight of the latter known. The scene in fact is an impossibility in any scheme of time, and I am compelled therefore to place it within brackets.—See Professor Wilson’s amusing account of this ‘miraculous’ scene in the fifth part of *Dies Boreales* [reprinted in *New Shaks. Soc. Trans. for 1875-76*, pp. 351-58].”



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THE GUILD CHAPEL, STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

SHAKESPEARE'S
TRAGEDY OF
OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE.

EDITED, WITH NOTES,

BY

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WITH ENGRAVINGS.



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“She lov’d me for the dangers I had pass’d,
And I lov’d her that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have us’d.—
Here comes the lady; let her witness it.”
(i. 3. 167-170.)



VENICE.

INTRODUCTION

TO

OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE.

I. THE HISTORY OF THE PLAY.

The first edition of *Othello* was a quarto, published in 1622 with the following title-page:

THE | Tragœdy of Othello, | The Moore of Venice. | *As it hath beene diuerse times acted at the | Globe, and at the Black-Friers, by | his Maiesties Seruants. | Written by VVilliam Shakespeare. | LONDON, | Printed by N. O. for Thomas Walkley, and are to be sold at his | shop, at the Eagle and Child, in Brittons Bursse. | 1622.*

This edition had the following preface :

The Stationer to the Reader.

To set forth a booke without an Epistle, were like to the old English prouerbe, A blew coat without a badge, & the Author being dead, I thought good to take that piece of worke vpon mee: To commend it, I will not, for that which is good, I hope euery man will commend, without intreaty: and I am the bolder, because the Authors name is sufficient to vent his worke. Thus leauing euery one to the liberty of iudgement: I haue ventered to print this Play, and leaue it to the generall censure.

Yours,

Thomas VValkley.

The next year it appeared in the first folio, where it occupies pages 310-339 inclusive, in the division of "Tragedies." The folio text varies materially from that of the quarto, and was evidently printed from a different MS. of the play.

How the publishers of the two editions arranged the question of copyright, it is impossible to say.* The copyright of the quarto remained the property of Walkley until March 1st, 1627-8, when it was assigned unto Richard Hawkins, who brought out an edition of it in 1630. In May, 1638, Ursula, widow of Richard Hawkins, assigned the copyright to Messrs. Mead and Meredith, who in January, 1638-9, disposed of it to William Leak, who issued what he termed "the fourth edition" of the play in 1655. Other quarto editions appeared in 1681, 1687, and 1695 (Halliwell).

Othello was formerly placed among the latest of Shakespeare's works; Warburton and Malone (except in his last edition) dating it 1611, Chalmers 1614, and Drake 1612. After the publication in 1842 of the Shakespearian entries

* Collier says that the publishers of the folio probably purchased Walkley's interest in *Othello*, and thus became entitled to include it in their edition; but the facts given by Halliwell show that it remained the property of Walkley long after the publication of the folio.

in the Accounts of the Master of the Revels, according to which "The Moor of Venis" was performed "in the Ban-
keteinge house att Whithall" on "Hallamas Day being the
first of Novembar," 1604, an earlier date was accepted by the
majority of the editors.* In 1868 these entries were proved
to be forgeries,† leaving the question to be decided by internal
evidence. This, however, is generally considered to place
the composition of the play in or near 1604. Delius, Furni-
vall, Fleay, and Stokes agree in this opinion. Stokes‡ proves
that it was written before the year 1606 by the following
minute detail: in i. 1. 4 in the quarto of 1622, we have the
expression "'Sblood," while this oath is omitted in the folio.
This shows that the quarto was printed from a copy made
before the act of Parliament issued in 1606 against the abuse
of the name of God in plays, etc.§

This date is confirmed by certain metrical and æsthetic
tests. The comparative absence of rhyme, the proportion of
"double endings" and "weak endings," and the absence of
classical allusions, all combine to group this play with *Lear*
and *Macbeth*. Dowden points to the fact that the general
character and spirit of the play lead to the same conclusion
as these metrical tests, marking it as "one of the group
of tragedies of passion which includes *Macbeth* and *Lear*."

* Verplanck expressed the opinion that the play was substantially re-
written at a later date. White suggested that *The Moor of Venice* of
1604 was by another playwright, and, being the property of Shakespeare's
company, was afterwards entirely rewritten by him as late as 1611, if not
later.

Certain allusions to contemporaneous history and literature which the
critics have found in the play will be considered in the *Notes*.

† But they have since been shown to be based on facts.

‡ *Chronological Order of Shakespeare's Plays*, by the Rev. H. P. Stokes
(London, 1878), p. 116.

§ So "Zounds" and "by the mass" in ii. 3 are found in the quarto
but not in the folio. The Camb. editors also remark that this shows
that the MS. from which the former ed. was printed had not recently
been used as an acting copy.

These dramas all end in confusion and sorrow, as those of a later period—*The Tempest*, *Cymbeline*, and *The Winter's Tale*—close with reconciliation and peace.*

It must, however, be borne in mind that at the date assumed for the production of *Othello* Shakespeare was in the full maturity of his powers. He had already written *Hamlet*, and *Macbeth* and *Lear* were soon to follow. It seems fitting that these "four great tragedies" should be associated in their time of composition as in the pre-eminent rank they hold among the poet's works. There is no other such group in the literature of any country or any age.†

It may be added that the earliest known reference to the play is found in the MS. diary of Hans Jacob Wurmsser von Vendenhagen, who accompanied Louis Frederick, Duke of Wurtemberg-Mumpelgard in his diplomatic mission to England in 1610 on behalf of the Protestant German princes.

* Dowden adds: "It is not, as in the earlier comedies—*The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Much Ado About Nothing*, *As You Like It*, etc.—a mere *dénouement*; the resolution of the discords in these latest plays is not a mere stage necessity, or a necessity of composition resorted to by the dramatist to effect an ending of his play, and little interesting his imagination or his heart; its significance here is ethical and spiritual, it is a moral necessity."

Compare Furnivall's classification of the plays, given in our ed. of *As You Like It*, p. 25.

† As to the position which *Othello* is to hold among the four, the best critics do not agree; but there have not been wanting those who assigned it the foremost place. Macaulay expresses the opinion that it "is perhaps the greatest work in the world." Wordsworth says: "The tragedy of *Othello*, Plato's records of the last scenes in the career of Socrates, and Izaak Walton's *Life of George Herbert* are the most pathetic of human compositions;" and again, in one of his Sonnets, referring to books, he says:

"There find I personal themes, a plenteous store,
Matter wherein right voluble I am,
To which I listen with a ready ear;
Two shall be named, pre-eminently dear,—
The gentle lady married to the Moor,
And heavenly Una with her milk-white lamb."

In this little volume, preserved in the British Museum, we read under date of April 30, 1610: "S. E. alla au Globe, lieu ordinaire ou l'on joue les commedies ; y fut representé l'histoire du More de Venise." There can be little doubt that this refers to Shakespeare's play.

II. THE SOURCES OF THE PLOT.

The story of *Othello* appears to have been taken from the *Heccatomithi* of Giraldi Cinthio, an Italian novelist, first published at Monte-Regale, in Sicily, in 1565. Of the tale and the use that Shakespeare has made of it, Verplanck remarks :

"The following is the outline of the original story ; sufficient to enable the reader to judge of the extent of the English dramatist's obligations to the Italian novelist ; which are much less than is commonly supposed by those who take their ideas of the Italian story from some of the critics, and suppose it to be a novel, filled with dialogue and sentiment, instead of a meagre tale, not longer than one act of *Othello*.

"There lived at Venice a valiant Moor, held in great esteem for his military talent and services. Desdemona, a lady of marvellous beauty, attracted not by female fancy (*appetito donnesco*), but by his high virtues, became enamoured of the Moor, who returned her love ; and, in spite of the opposition of her relations, married her. They lived in great happiness in Venice until the Moor (he has no other name in the story) was chosen to the military command of Cyprus, whither his wife insisted on accompanying him. He took with him a favourite ensign, a man of great personal beauty, but of the most depraved heart—a boaster and a coward. His wife is the friend of Desdemona. The ensign falls passionately in love with Desdemona, who, wrapped up in love of her husband, pays no regard to him. His love then turns to bitter hate, and he resolves to charge her with infidelity, and to fix the Moor's suspicions upon a favourite captain of his.

Soon after, that officer strikes and wounds a soldier on guard, for which the Moor cashier's him. Desdemona endeavours to obtain his pardon ; and this gives the ensign an opportunity of insinuating accusations against her, and rousing the Moor's jealousy. These suspicions he confirms by stealing from her a favourite worked handkerchief, and leaving it on the captain's bed. Then the Moor and his ensign plot together to kill Desdemona and her supposed lover. The latter is waylaid and wounded in the dark by the ensign. Desdemona is beaten to death by him also 'with a stocking filled with sand ;' and then the Moor and he attempt to conceal their murder by pulling down the ceiling, and giving out that she was killed by the fall of a beam. The Moor becomes almost frantic with his loss—turns upon the ensign, whom he degrades and drives from him. The ensign revenges himself by disclosing the murder to the captain, upon whose accusation to the senate the Moor is arrested, tried, tortured, and then banished, and afterwards killed by Desdemona's relations.

"The tale has little beauty of style, power of narration, or vivid delineation of character. Indeed, none of the personages, except Desdemona, have any name, nor any distinctly and naturally drawn character ; nor has the narrative any of that charm of expression and sentiment which has made others of the Italian stories, through 'old Boccaccio's lore or Dryden's lay,' a portion of the popular literature of every civilized nation. Its merit consists in the air of reality and apparent truth of the story ; which, I can scarcely doubt, was in substance drawn from real events preserved in the traditionary or judicial history of Venice.

"Shakespeare owes to it the general plan of his plot, and the suggestion of the first passion and the character of Desdemona, which, however, he has softened and elevated as well as expanded. The peculiarities and minuter incidents of the story give to the drama a character of reality such as

pure invention can seldom attain. He has also some obligation to Cinthio for the artful and dark insinuations by which Iago first rouses the Moor's suspicions. But all else that is essentially poetic or dramatic is the poet's own. Cinthio's savage Moor and cunning ensign have scarcely any thing in common with the heroic, the gentle, the terrible Othello, or with Iago's proud, contemptuous intellect, bitter wit, cool malignity, and 'learned spirit.' Cassio and Emilia owe to Shakespeare all their individuality: Roderigo, Brabantio, and the rest, are entirely his creation."

III. CRITICAL COMMENTS ON THE PLAY.

[*From Mrs. Jameson's "Characteristics of Women."**]

The love of Desdemona for Othello appears at first such a violation of all probabilities that her father at once imputes it to magic, "to spells and mixtures powerful o'er the blood."

"She, in spite of nature,
Of years, of country, credit, every thing,
To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on!"

And the devilish malignity of Iago, whose coarse mind cannot conceive an affection founded purely in sentiment, derives from her love itself a strong argument against her.

"Ay, there 's the point, as to be bold with you,
Not to affect any proposed matches
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree,
Whereto, we see, in all things nature tends," etc.

Notwithstanding this disparity of age, character, country, complexion, we, who are admitted into the secret, see her love rise naturally and necessarily out of the leading propensities of her nature.

At the period of the story a spirit of wild adventure had seized all Europe. The discovery of both Indies was yet recent; over the shores of the western hemisphere still fable

* American ed. (Boston, 1857), p. 241 fol.

and mystery hung, with all their dim enchantments, visionary terrors, and golden promises! perilous expeditions and distant voyages were every day undertaken from hope of plunder, or mere love of enterprise; and from these the adventurers returned with tales of "antres vast and desarts wild—of cannibals that did each other eat—of Anthropophagi, and men whose heads did grow beneath their shoulders." With just such stories did Raleigh and Clifford, and their followers, return from the New World: and thus by their splendid or fearful exaggerations, which the imperfect knowledge of those times could not refute, was the passion for the romantic and marvellous nourished at home, particularly among the women. A cavalier of those days had no nearer, no surer way to his mistress's heart than by entertaining her with these wondrous narratives. What was a general feature of his time, Shakspeare seized and adapted to his purpose with the most exquisite felicity of effect. Desdemona, leaving her household cares in haste, to hang breathless on Othello's tales, was doubtless a picture from the life; and her inexperience and her quick imagination lend it an added propriety: then her compassionate disposition is interested by all the disastrous chances, hair-breadth 'scapes, and moving accidents by flood and field, of which he has to tell; and her exceeding gentleness and timidity, and her domestic turn of mind, render her more easily captivated by the military renown, the valour, and lofty bearing of the noble Moor—

"And to his honours and his valiant parts
Does she her soul and fortunes consecrate."

The confession and the excuse for her love are well placed in the mouth of Desdemona, while the history of the rise of that love, and of his course of wooing, is, with the most graceful propriety, as far as she is concerned, spoken by Othello, and in her absence. The last two lines summing up the whole—

"She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd,
And I lov'd her that she did pity them"—

comprise whole volumes of sentiment and metaphysics.

Desdemona displays at times a transient energy, arising from the power of affection, but gentleness gives the prevailing tone to the character—gentleness in its excess—gentleness verging on passiveness—gentleness, which not only cannot resent, but cannot resist.

"*Othello*. And then, of so gentle a condition !

"*Iago*. Ay, too gentle.

"*Othello*. Nay, that 's certain."

Here the exceeding softness of Desdemona's temper is turned against her by Iago, so that it suddenly strikes Othello in a new point of view, as the inability to resist temptation ; but to us who perceive the character as a whole, this extreme gentleness of nature is yet delineated with such exceeding refinement that the effect never approaches to feebleness. It is true that *once* her extreme timidity leads her in a moment of confusion and terror to prevaricate about the fatal handkerchief. This handkerchief, in the original story of Cinthio, is merely one of those embroidered handkerchiefs which were as fashionable in Shakspeare's time as in our own ; but the minute description of it as "*lavorato alla moresca sottilissimamente*,"* suggested to the poetical fancy of Shakspeare one of the most exquisite and characteristic passages in the whole play. Othello makes poor Desdemona believe that the handkerchief was a talisman :

"There 's magic in the web of it.
A sibyl, that had number'd in the world
The sun to make two hundred compasses,
In her prophetic fury sew'd the work ;
The worms were hallow'd that did breed the silk ;
And it was dyed in mummy, which the skilful
Conserv'd of maidens' hearts."

* Which, being interpreted into modern English, means, I believe, nothing more than that the pattern was what we now call *arabesque*.

Desdemona, whose soft credulity, whose turn for the marvellous, whose susceptible imagination, had first directed her thoughts and affections to Othello, is precisely the woman to be frightened out of her senses by such a tale as this, and betrayed by her fears into a momentary tergiversation. It is most natural in such a being, and shows us that even in the sweetest natures there can be no completeness and consistency without moral energy.* . . .

When Othello first outrages her in a manner which appears inexplicable, she seeks and finds excuses for him. She is so innocent that not only she cannot believe herself suspected, but she cannot conceive the existence of guilt in others.

“ Something, sure, of state,
Either from Venice, or some unhatch'd practice
Made demonstrable here in Cyprus to him,
Hath puddled his clear spirit.

’T is even so—

Nay, we must think, men are not gods,
Nor of them look for such observances
As fit the bridal.”

And when the direct accusation of crime is flung on her in the vilest terms, it does not anger but stun her, as if it transfixed her whole being ; she attempts no reply, no defence ; and reproach or resistance never enters her thought.

* There is an incident in the original tale, *Il Moro di Venezia*, which could not well be transferred to the drama, but which is very effective, and adds, I think, to the circumstantial horrors of the story. Desdemona does not accidentally drop the handkerchief ; it is stolen from her by Iago’s little child, an infant of three years old, whom he trains and bribes to the theft. The love of Desdemona for this child, her little playfellow—the pretty description of her taking it in her arms and caressing it, while it profits by its situation to steal the handkerchief from her bosom, are well imagined and beautifully told ; and the circumstance of Iago employing his own innocent child as the instrument of his infernal villany adds a deeper, and, in truth, an unnecessary touch of the fiend to his fiendish character.

“Good friend, go to him—for by this light of heaven
 I know not how I lost him : here I kneel :—
 If e’er my will did trespass ’gainst his love,
 Either in discourse of thought or actual deed ;
 Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,
 Delighted them in any other form ;
 Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
 And ever will, though he do shake me off
 To beggarly divorcement, love him dearly,
 Comfort forswear me ! Unkindness may do much,
 And his unkindness may defeat my life,
 But never taint my love.”

And there is one stroke of consummate delicacy, surprising, when we remember the latitude of expression prevailing in Shakspeare’s time, and which he allowed to his other women generally : she says, on recovering from her stupefaction—

“Am I that name, Iago ?

“*Iago*. What name, sweet lady ?

“*Desdemona*. That which she says my lord did say I was.”

So completely did Shakspeare enter into the angelic refinement of the character.

Endued with that temper which is the origin of superstition in love as in religion—which, in fact, makes love itself a religion—she not only does not utter an upbraiding, but nothing that Othello does or says, no outrage, no injustice, can tear away the charm with which her imagination had invested him, or impair her faith in his honour ; “Would you had never seen him !” exclaims Emilia.

“*Desdemona*. So would not I !—my love doth so approve him,
 That even his stubbornness, his checks and frowns
 Have grace and favour in them.”

There is another peculiarity, which, in reading the play of *Othello*, we rather feel than perceive : through the whole of the dialogue appropriated to Desdemona there is not one general observation. Words are with her the vehicle of sen-

timent, and never of reflection ; so that I cannot find throughout a sentence of general application. The same remark applies to Miranda ; and to no other female character of any importance or interest—not even to Ophelia.

The rest of what I wished to say of Desdemona has been anticipated by an anonymous critic, and so beautifully, so justly, so eloquently expressed, that I with pleasure erase my own page, to make room for his.

"*Othello*," observes this writer, "is no love story ; all that is below tragedy in the passion of love is taken away at once, by the awful character of Othello ; for such he seems to us to be designed to be. He appears never as a lover, but at once as a husband ; and the relation of his love made dignified, as it is a husband's justification of his marriage, is also dignified, as it is a soldier's relation of his stern and perilous life. His love itself, as long as it is happy, is perfectly calm and serene—the protecting tenderness of a husband. It is not till it is disordered that it appears as a passion : then is shown a power in contention with itself—a mighty being struck with death, and bringing up from all the depths of life convulsions and agonies. It is no exhibition of the power of the passion of love, but of the passion of life, vitally wounded, and self-overmastering. If Desdemona had been really guilty, the greatness would have been destroyed, because his love would have been unworthy, false. But she is good, and his love is most perfect, just, and good. That a man should place his perfect love on a wretched thing is miserably debasing, and shocking to thought ; but that loving perfectly and well, he should by hellish human circumvention be brought to distrust and dread, and abjure his own perfect love, is most mournful indeed—it is the infirmity of our good nature wrestling in vain with the strong powers of evil. Moreover, he would, had Desdemona been false, have been the mere victim of fate ; whereas he is now in a manner his own victim. His happy love was heroic tenderness ; his injured love is terri-

ble passion; and disordered power, engendered within itself to its own destruction, is the height of all tragedy.

"The character of Othello is perhaps the most greatly drawn, the most heroic of any of Shakspeare's actors; but it is, perhaps, that one also of which his reader last acquires the intelligence. The intellectual and warlike energy of his mind—his tenderness of affection—his loftiness of spirit—his frank, generous magnanimity—impetuosity like a thunderbolt—and that dark, fierce flood of boiling passion, polluting even his imagination—compose a character entirely original, most difficult to delineate, but perfectly delineated."

Emilia in this play is a perfect portrait from common life, a masterpiece in the Flemish style; and though not necessary as a contrast, it cannot be but that the thorough vulgarity, the loose principles of this plebeian woman, united to a high degree of spirit, energetic feeling, strong sense, and low cunning, serve to place in brighter relief the exquisite refinement, the moral grace, the unblemished truth, and the soft submission of Desdemona.

[From Verplanck's "*Shakspeare*."*]

Within a few years, a new view of Othello's character has been maintained by Schlegel, which has found favour with several English critics, who have repeated it in various forms. It is that in Othello the poet has painted not general nature, but the half-civilized African prince. Schlegel recognizes in him "the wild nature of that glowing zone which generates the most furious beasts of prey, and the most deadly poisons, tamed only in appearance by the desire of fame, by foreign laws of honour, and by gentler manners. His jealousy," says the German critic, "is not of the heart, which is compatible with the tenderest feeling and

* *The Illustrated Shakspeare*, edited by G. C. Verplanck (New York, 1847), vol. iii. p. 61 of *Othello*.

adoration of the beloved object ; it is of that sensual sort which in torrid climes gives birth to the imprisonment of wives and other barbarous usages. A drop of this poison flows in the Moor's veins, and all his blood is inflamed. He seems, and *is*, noble, frank, confiding, grateful, a hero, a worthy general, a faithful servant of the State ; but the physical force of passion puts to flight at once all his acquired and accustomed virtues, and gives the savage within him the rule over the moral man. The tyranny of the blood over the will betrays itself in his desire of revenge against Cassio. In his repentant sorrow, a genuine tenderness for his murdered wife bursts forth, with the painful sentiment of annihilated reputation, and he assails himself with the rage which a despot displays in punishing a runaway slave. He suffers as a double man ; at once in the higher and the lower sphere into which his being is divided."

All this is ingenious, original, and eloquent ; yet to my mind widely different from the poet's intention, and the actual character he has so vividly portrayed.

So far as the passions of love and jealousy are the results of our common nature, their manifestations must be alike in the Moor and the European ; differing only as modified by the more quickly excited and inflammable temperament of the children of the sun, or the slower and steadier temperament of the men of the North. But the critic confounds with this difference another one—that resulting from the degraded and enslaved state of woman in the half-civilized nations of the East. There the jealous revenge of the master-husband, for real or imagined evil, is but the angry chastisement of an offending slave, not the terrible sacrifice of his own happiness involved in the victim's punishment. When woman is a slave, a property, a thing, all that jealousy may prompt is done, to use Othello's own distinction, "in hate" and "not in love." But Othello is portrayed with no single trait in common with the tyrant of the Eastern or

African seraglio. His early love is not one of wild passion, but of esteem for Desdemona's gentle virtue, of gratitude for her unlooked-for interest in himself and his history, and of pride in her strong attachment. The poet has laboured to show that his is the calm and steady affection of "a constant, noble nature;" it is respectful, confiding, "wrapt up in measureless content," and manifesting a tender and protecting superiority which has in it something almost parental. In his jealousy and revenge, he resembles not the Mahometan so much as the proud and sensitive Castilian. He is characterized by all the higher qualities of European chivalry, and especially by that quick sense of personal reputation "which feels a stain like a wound," and makes his own life and that of others alike cheap in his eyes compared with his honour. It is this, together with the other habits and characteristics of one trained in an adventurous military life, by which he is individualized. He is made a Moor, not because that is at all necessary to the story, but because the poet found it in the tale from which he derived the outline of his plot; and it was adopted as an incident plastic to his purpose, and by its peculiarity giving that air of reality to the story which accidental and unessential circumstances, such as pure imagination would not have indicated, can alone confer. It is on this account indeed that the original tale itself, to my mind, has not the appearance of a product of fancy, but seems, like many of our traditionary romantic narratives, founded upon some occurrence in real life.

Othello's Moorish blood is thus (to use a logical phrase) an accident, distinguishing the individual character, and adding to it the effect of life and reality; but it is not in any sense essential to its sentiment or passion. The tone of chivalrous honour and military bearing is much more so, and yet that serves only to modify and colour the exhibition of passions common to civilized man. The history and domestic traditions and legal records of Spain and Italy—and

even of Germany, England, and America—can exhibit many an instance, in coarser and unpoetical forms, of jealous revenge as fatal as that of the Moor. Even while this edition is passing through the press, the newspapers relate two such bloody stories as having recently occurred in private life within the United States ; and the jealous murderer was in one instance an Englishman, and in the other a Frenchman.

Were Othello but the spirited portrait of a half-tamed barbarian, we should view him as a bold and happy poetical conception, and, as such, the poet's work might satisfy our critical judgment ; but it is because it depicts a noble mind, wrought by deep passion and dark devices to agonies such as every one might feel, that it awakens our strongest sympathies. We see in this drama a grand and true moral picture ; we read in it a profound ethical lesson ; for (to borrow the just image of the classical Lowth) while the matchless work is built up to the noblest height of poetry, it rests upon the deepest foundations of true philosophy.

These notes upon *Othello* cannot be more appropriately closed than by the remarkable criticism of Bishop Lowth (just alluded to) contained in his Lectures on Hebrew Poetry, which, often before quoted in its original exquisite Latinity, deserves to be more familiarly known to the English reader :

“ He whose genius has unfolded to him the knowledge of man's nature and the force of his passions ; has taught him the causes by which the soul is moved to strong emotions, or calmed to rest ; has enabled him not only to explain in words those emotions, but to exhibit them vividly to other eyes ; thus ruling, exciting, distracting, soothing our feelings—this man, however little aided by the discipline of learning, is, in my judgment, a philosopher of the highest rank. In this manner, in a single dramatic fable of our own Shakespeare, the passion of jealousy, its causes, progress, incidents,

and effects, have been more truly, more acutely, more copiously, and more impressively delineated than has been done by all the disquisitions of all the philosophers who have treated on this dark argument."

[From Ulrici's "*Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*"*]

It is a singular mistake when Schlegel, and with him most critics, wish us to see in Othello only the Moor, who, because a Moor, has unavoidably fallen into the blind passionateness, the jealousy, and the thirst for revenge peculiar to his race; it is also a singular mistake that they make the brutal ferocity of the common negro the essence of Othello's character, and degrade his virtues into mere artificial habits, mere empty appearances. . . .

It is not only untrue that Othello's bloody deeds are supposed to be the bursting forth of his common nature, of his innate brutal ferocity, but even the accusation of the blind jealousy and vindictiveness laid to his charge is a thoroughly false imputation. . . . That jealousy is not actually part of his nature, not one of the *fundamental* features of his character, that in truth he possesses only as much of it as all men, is attested not only by Iago's praise of his "free and open nature"—which plainly absolves him from any tendency to suspicion, the presupposition of jealousy—it is corroborated not only by his own testimony (iii. 3), not only by the words spoken in face of his voluntary death and attested by it ("Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate," etc.), but is above all proved by his own conduct. If Shakspeare had wished to make jealousy the centre of his character, why does Othello nowhere give utterance to it before he is excited and spurred on to it by Iago? Not a word of anxiety, of uneasiness, or of suspicion passes his lips, not a thought of the possibility of Desdemona's infidelity is in his heart.

* *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art*, by Dr. Hermann Ulrici; translated from the third German ed. by L. D. Schmitz (London, 1876), vol. i. p. 404 fol.

Even Iago's assertions are by no means trusted at once ; Othello demands proofs, striking, irresistible proofs. It is only when he thinks that he has the evidence clearly in his hands that there first springs forth that jealousy which had hitherto existed but as a germ ; being, however, matured by his hot blood, by his excitable feelings, and the glowing power of his imagination, it spreads like wild-fire. . . . But the man who has reasons for being jealous is himself not actually jealous. The nature of the passion consists rather in the fact that it invariably seeks for something where nothing is to be found. The passion of pain and anger about actual infidelity is as justifiable as that excited by any other moral offence committed by the one we love. Nevertheless Othello's pain and rage have externally the appearance of jealousy, partly on account of the vehemence with which he expresses himself, partly because the proofs are as yet proofs only for *him*, in reality no proofs, or because it is his misfortune to be inexpressibly belied and deceived. . . .

It is much the same as regards Othello's vindictiveness. In the first place, it is again Iago who testifies to his being of a "loving, noble nature." Now a noble loving person cannot possibly be revengeful ; the spirit of revenge, like all other weaknesses, may indeed be in his nature as a germ, but it cannot be one of the fundamental features and motives of his character. . . . In the second place, how forbearing and conciliatory Othello is to Brabantio ! Although the latter heaps upon him the severest and most unjust abuse, yet Othello answers him with gentleness and respect. In like manner he bears the mortification of his recall from Cyprus with calmness and resignation. In both cases, we rather perceive a manly pride, a noble dignity such as is usually coupled with true greatness, which, being conscious of its own worth, overlooks unjust abuse. . . . The seed of revenge shoots forth in his breast only after he is completely estranged from himself. Love and honour are the very founda-

tions of his life. In Desdemona he has found his own inmost self; in believing her lost, he loses himself, her infidelity makes him untrue to himself. . . .

It is only when he supposes that love is lost to him, when he supposes himself betrayed by his wife and his friend, when he is desolate and unable to love any other being, it is then only that, with the blind despair of a shipwrecked man, he clutches hold of the last possession he has kept afloat, his sole remaining property—*honour*; this, at least, he intends to save for himself. His honour, as he thinks, demands the sacrifice of the lives of Desdemona and Cassio. The ideas of honour in those days, especially in Italy, inevitably required the death of the faithless wife as well as that of the adulterer. Othello therefore regards it as his duty to comply with this requirement, and accordingly it is no lie when he calls himself “an honourable murderer,” doing “naught in hate, but all in honour.” . . . Common thirst for revenge would have thought only of increasing the sufferings of its victim, of adding to its own satisfaction. But how touching, on the other hand, is Othello’s appeal to Desdemona to pray and to confess her sins to Heaven, that he may not kill her soul with her body! Here, at the moment of the most intense excitement, in the desperate mood of a murderer, his *love* still breaks forth, and we again see the indestructible nobility of his soul.

[From Dowden’s “*Shakspeare*.”*]

The tragedy of *Othello* is the tragedy of a free and lordly creature taken in the toils, and writhing to death. In one of his sonnets Shakspeare has spoken of

“Some fierce thing replete with too much rage,
Whose strength’s abundance weakens his own heart.”

Such a fierce thing, made weak by his very strength, is Othello.

* *Shakspeare: a Critical Study of his Mind and Art*, by Edward Dowden (2d ed. London, 1876), p. 230 fol.

There is a barbaresque grandeur and simplicity about the movements of his soul. He sees things with a large and generous eye, not prying into the curious or the occult. He is a liberal acceptor of life, and with a careless magnificence wears about him the ornament of strange experience : memories of

“ antres vast, and desarts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,”

memories of “disastrous chances, of moving accidents by flood and field.” There is something of grand innocence in his loyalty to Venice, by which Mr. Browning was not unaffected when he conceived his Moorish commander, Luria. Othello, a stranger, with tawny skin and fierce traditions in his blood, is fascinated by the grave senate, the nobly ordered life (possessing a certain rich colouring of its own), and the astute intelligence of the City of the Sea. . . .

With this loyalty to Venice, there is also an instinctive turning towards the barbaric glory which he has surrendered. He is the child of royal ancestry: “I fetch my life and being from men of royal siege.” All the more joyous on this account it is to devote himself to the service of the State. . . .

The nature of Othello is free and open ; he looks on men with a gaze too large and royal to suspect them of malignity and fraud ; he is a man “not easily jealous :”

“ My noble Moor
Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness
As jealous creatures are.”

He has, however, a sense of his own inefficiency in dealing with the complex and subtle conditions of life in his adopted country. Where all is plain and broad, he relies upon his own judgment and energy. He is a master of simple, commanding action. When, upon the night of Desdemona's departure from her father's house, Brabantio and the officers with torches and weapons meet him, and a tumult seems in-

evitable, Othello subdues it with the untroubled, large validity of his will :

“Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them.”

But for curious inquiry into complex facts he has no faculty ; he loses his bearings ; “being wrought upon,” he is “perplexed in the extreme.” Then, too, his hot Mauritanian blood mounts quickly to the point of boiling. If he be infected, the poison hurries through his veins, and he rages in his agony.

Here upon the one side is material for a future catastrophe. And on the other there is Desdemona's timidity. When she could stand by Othello's side, Desdemona was able to confront her father, and, in presence of the Duke and magnificoes, declare that she would not return to the home she had abandoned. But during Othello's courtship Desdemona had shrunk from any speech upon this matter with Brabantio, and by innocent reserves and little dissemblings had kept him in ignorance of this great event in her history.* The Moor had moved her imagination by his strange nobility, his exotic grandeur. But how if afterwards her imagination be excited by some strange terror about her husband? . . . The handkerchief she has lost becomes terrible to her, when Othello, with Oriental rapture into the marvellous, describes its virtues :

“there 's magic in the web of it.

A sibyl, that had number'd in the world
The sun to course two hundred compasses,
In her prophetic fury sew'd the work ;
The worms were hallow'd that did breed the silk ;
And it was dyed in mummy which the skilful
Conserv'd of maidens' hearts.”

* A circumstance which Iago afterwards turns to account against the peace of Othello's mind :

“She did deceive her father marrying you ;
And when she seem'd to shake and fear your looks,
She lov'd them most.
“*Othello.* And so she did.”

For Desdemona, with her smooth, intelligible girl's life in Venice, having at its largest its little pathetic romance of her maid Barbara, with her song of "Willow," here flowed in romance too stupendous, too torrid and alien, to be other than dreadful. Shall we wonder that in her disturbance of mind she trembles to declare to her husband that this talisman could not be found? Underneath the momentary, superficial falsehood remains the constancy and fidelity of her heart; through alarm and shock and surprise and awful alteration of the world her heart never swerves from loyalty to her husband. If she had deceived Brabantio, as in his anger he declares, and if in this matter of the handkerchief she had faltered from the truth, Desdemona atones for these untruths; not by acquisition of a confident candour—such courageous dealing was impossible for Desdemona—but by one more falsehood, the sacred lie which is murmured by her lips as they grow forever silent:

“ Emilia. O, who hath done this deed?”

*“ Desdemona. Nobody; I myself; farewell;
Commend me to my kind lord; O, farewell!”*

If the same unknowable force which manifests itself through man manifests itself likewise through the animal world, we might suppose that there were some special affinities between the soul of Othello and the lion of his ancestral desert. Assuredly the same malignant power that lurks in the eye and that fills with venom the fang of the serpent would seem to have brought into existence Iago. "It is the strength of the base element that is so dreadful in the serpent; it is the very omnipotence of the earth. . . . It scarcely breathes with its one lung (the other shrivelled and abortive); it is passive to the sun and shade, and is cold or hot like a stone; yet 'it can outclimb the monkey, outswim the fish, outleap the zebra, outwrestle the athlete, and crush the tiger.' It is a divine hieroglyph of the de-

moniac power of the earth—of the entire earthly nature.”*
Such is the serpent Iago.

In the last scene of the play Othello calls on Cassio (for he cannot himself approach the horror) to interrogate Iago respecting the motives of his malignant crime:

“Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil
Why he hath thus ensnar’d my soul and body?”

And Iago forecloses all inquiry with the words—they are the last words that he utters :

“Demand me nothing ; what you know you know ;
From this time forth I never will speak word.”

Shakspeare would have us believe that as there is a passion of goodness with no motive but goodness itself, so there is also a dreadful capacity in the soul for devotion to evil independently of motives, or out of all proportion to such motives as may exist. Iago is the absolute infidel ; for he is devoid of all faith in beauty and in virtue. Timon disbelieves, but he becomes desperate and abandons life. Iago finds it right and natural to live in a world in which all men are knaves or fools, and all women are that which Desdemona is unable to name.

Together with every thing beautiful, every thing noble, there inevitably exists a gross element of the earth. It is upon this gross element alone that Iago battens, and he can discover it everywhere by denying and dismissing all that transforms, purifies, and ennobles it. Othello, with his heroic simplicity and royalty of soul,

“Will as tenderly be led by the nose
As asses are.”

Cassio, who is full of chivalric enthusiasm for his great leader and the beautiful bride whom he has won, is to Iago “a knave very voluble ; no further conscionable than in putting

* Ruskin, *The Queen of the Air*. The words quoted by Mr. Ruskin are those of Mr. Richard Owen.

on the mere form of civil and humane feeling, for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden loose affection." Desdemona, exclaims Roderigo, is "full of most blessed condition."

"*Iago*. Blessed fig's end ! the wine she drinks is made of grapes : if she had been blessed she would never have loved the Moor. Blessed pudding ! Didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand ? Didst not mark that ?"

The Moor has inflamed her imagination with "bragging and telling her fantastical lies." Love "is merely a lust of the blood and a permission of the will." Virtue is "a fig ! 't is in ourselves that we are thus and thus." "O, I have lost my reputation !" Cassio cries, "I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what remains is bestial. My reputation, Iago, my reputation !"

"*Iago*. As I am an honest man, I thought you had received some bodily wound."

All this is the earthiness of the serpent ; the dull eye which quickens only to fascinate and to strike ; the muddy skin, discoloured with foul blotches ; and the dust, which is the serpent's meat. This cold, malignant power, passionless and intellectually sensual—the soul itself having become more animal than the body can ever be—is incarnated in the person of a man still young. Iago has reached the age of twenty-eight. And he is a merry knave. While enticing Cassio to his ruin he entertains the company with clattering song :

"And let me the canakin clink, clink !
And let me the canakin clink !"

It is the grin of a death's head, the mirth of a ghoul. . . .

Since Coleridge made the remark, all critics of Othello are constrained to repeat after him that the passion of the Moor is not altogether jealousy—it is rather the agony of being compelled to hate that which he supremely loved :

"Excellent wretch ! Perdition catch my soul/
But I do love thee, and when I love thee not
Chaos is come again."

It is with an agonized sense of justice that he destroys the creature who is dearest to him in the world, knowing certainly that with hers his own true life must cease. Nay, it is not with the cessation of Desdemona's breath that the life of Othello ends ; he is unable to survive the loss of faith in her perfect purity. All that had been glorious becomes remote and impossible for him if Desdemona be false. We hear the great childlike sob of Othello's soul :

"O now for ever
Farewell the tranquil mind ! farewell content !
Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars
That make ambition virtue !"

From the first suggestion of suspicion by his ensnarer, Othello is impatient for assurance, and finds suspense intolerable. Why ? Not surely because he is eager to convict his wife of infidelity ; but rather because he will not allow his passionate desire to believe her pure to abuse him, and retain him in a fool's paradise, while a great agony may possibly remain before him.

Of the tragic story what is the final issue ? The central point of its spiritual import lies in the contrast between Iago and his victim. Iago, with keen intellectual faculties and manifold culture in Italian vice, lives and thrives after his fashion in a world from which all virtue and all beauty are absent. Othello, with his barbaric innocence and regal magnificence of soul, must cease to live the moment he ceases to retain faith in the purity and goodness which were to him the highest and most real things upon earth. Or if he live, life must become to him a cruel agony. Shakspeare compels us to acknowledge that self-slaughter is a rapturous energy—that such prolonged agony is joy in comparison with the earthy life-in-death of such a soul as that of Iago. The

noble nature is taken in the toils because it is noble. Iago suspects his wife of every baseness, but the suspicion has no other effect than to intensify his malignity. Iago could not be captured and constrained to heroic suffering and rage. The shame of every being who bears the name of woman is credible to Iago, and yet he can grate from his throat the jarring music :

“ And let me the canakin clink, clink !

And let me the canakin clink !”

There is, therefore, Shakspeare would have us understand, something more inimical to humanity than suffering—namely, an incapacity for noble pain. To die as Othello dies is indeed grievous. But to live as Iago lives, devouring the dust and stinging—this is more appalling.

Such is the spiritual motive that controls the tragedy. And the validity of this truth is demonstrable to every sound conscience. No supernatural authority needs to be summoned to bear witness to this reality of human life. No pallid flame of hell, no splendour of dawning heaven, needs show itself beyond the verge of earth to illumine this truth. It is a portion of the ascertained fact of human nature, and of this our mortal existence. We look upon “ the tragic loading of the bed,” and we see Iago in presence of the ruin he has wrought. We are not compelled to seek for any resolution of these apparent discords in any alleged life to come. That may also be ; we shall accept it, if it be. But looking sternly and strictly at what is now actual and present to our sight, we yet rise above despair. Desdemona’s adhesion to her husband and to love survived the ultimate trial. Othello dies “ upon a kiss.” He perceives his own calamitous error, and he recognizes Desdemona pure and loyal as she was. Goodness is justified of her child. It is evil which suffers defeat. It is Iago whose whole existence has been most blind, purposeless, and miserable—a struggle against the virtuous powers of the world, by which at last he stands convicted and condemned.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE OF VENICE.

BRABANTIO, a senator.

Other Senators.

GRATIANO, brother to Brabantio.

LODOVICO, kinsman to Brabantio.

OTHELLO, the Moor

CASSIO, his lieutenant.

IAGO, his ancient.

RODERIGO, a Venetian gentleman.

MONTANO, Othello's predecessor in the govern-
ment of Cyprus.

Clown, servant to Othello.

DESDEMONA, daughter to Brabantio and wife
to Othello.

EMILIA, wife to Iago.

BIANCA, mistress to Cassio.

Sailor, Messenger, Herald, Officers, Gentlemen,
Musicians, and Attendants.

SCENE: Venice ; a seaport in Cyprus.



ST. MARK'S AND THE DUCAL PALACE, VENICE.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Venice. A Street.*

Enter RODERIGO and IAGO.

Roderigo. Tush! never tell me; I take it much unkindly
That thou, Iago, who hast had my purse
As if the strings were thine, shouldst know of this.

Iago. 'Sblood, but you will not hear me;
If ever I did dream of such a matter,
Abhor me.

Roderigo. Thou told'st me thou didst hold him in thy hate.

Iago. Despise me, if I do not. Three great ones of the
city,

In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,
 Off-capp'd to him ; and, by the faith of man, 10
 I know my price, I am worth no worse a place :
 But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,
 Evades them, with a bombast circumstance
 Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war ;
 And, in conclusion,
 Nonsuits my mediators ; for, ' Certes,' says he,
 ' I have already chose my officer.'
 And what was he ?
 Forsooth, a great arithmetician,
 One Michael Cassio, a Florentine, 20
 A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife ;
 That never set a squadron in the field,
 Nor the division of a battle knows
 More than a spinster ; unless the bookish theoric,
 Wherein the toged consuls can propose
 As masterly as he : mere prattle, without practice,
 Is all his soldiership. But he, sir, had the election ;
 And I, of whom his eyes had seen the proof
 At Rhodes, at Cyprus, and on other grounds
 Christian and heathen, must be be-lee'd and calm'd 30
 By debtor and creditor, this counter-caster :
 He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,
 And I—God bless the mark !—his Moorship's ancient.

Roderigo. By heaven, I rather would have been his hang-
 man.

Iago. Why, there 's no remedy ; 't is the curse of service,
 Preferment goes by letter and affection,
 And not by old gradation, where each second
 Stood heir to the first. Now, sir, be judge yourself,
 Whether I in any just term am affin'd
 To love the Moor.

Roderigo. I would not follow him then. 40

Iago. O, sir, content you ;

I follow him to serve my turn upon him :
 We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
 Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark
 Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
 That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,
 Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,
 For nought but provender, and when he 's old, cashier'd :
 Whip me such honest knaves. Others there are
 Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty, 50
 Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves,
 And, throwing but shows of service on their lords,
 Do well thrive by them, and when they have lin'd their coats
 Do themselves homage : these fellows have some soul ;
 And such a one do I profess myself. For, sir,
 It is as sure as you are Roderigo,
 Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago.
 In following him, I follow but myself ;
 Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,
 But seeming so, for my peculiar end : 55
 For when my outward action doth demonstrate
 The native act and figure of my heart
 In compliment extern, 't is not long after
 But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
 For daws to peck at ; I am not what I am.

Roderigo. What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe,
 If he can carry 't thus !

Iago. Call up her father,
 Rouse him ; make after him, poison his delight,
 Proclaim him in the streets ; incense her kinsmen,
 And, though he in a fertile climate dwell, 70
 Plague him with flies : though that his joy be joy,
 Yet throw such changes of vexation on 't,
 As it may lose some colour.

Roderigo. Here is her father's house ; I 'll call aloud

Iago. Do, with like timorous accent and dire yell

As when, by night and negligence, the fire
Is spied in populous cities.

Roderigo. What, ho, Brabantio! Signior Brabantio, ho!

Iago. Awake! what, ho, Brabantio! thieves! thieves!
thieves!

Look to your house, your daughter, and your bags!
Thieves! thieves!

80

BRABANTIO *appears above, at a window.*

Brabantio. What is the reason of this terrible summons?
What is the matter there?

Roderigo. Signior, is all your family within?

Iago. Are your doors lock'd?

Brabantio. Why, wherefore ask you this?

Iago. Zounds, sir, you 're robb'd; for shame, put on your
gown;

Your heart is burst, you have lost half your soul:
Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,
Or else the devil will make a grandsire of you.
Arise, I say.

Brabantio. What, have you lost your wits?

90

Roderigo. Most reverend signior, do you know my voice?

Brabantio. Not I; what are you?

Roderigo. My name is Roderigo.

Brabantio. The worser welcome;

I have charg'd thee not to haunt about my doors.
In honest plainness thou hast heard me say
My daughter is not for thee; and now, in madness,
Being full of supper and distempering draughts,
Upon malicious bravery dost thou come
To start my quiet.

Roderigo. Sir, sir, sir,—

Brabantio. But thou must needs be sure 100

My spirit and my place have in them power
To make this bitter to thee.

Roderigo.

Patience, good sir.

Brabantio. What tell'st thou me of robbing? this is Venice ;

My house is not a grange.

Roderigo.

Most grave Brabantio,

In simple and pure soul I come to you.

Iago. Zounds, sir, you are one of those that will not serve God, if the devil bid you.

Brabantio. Thou art a villain.

Iago.

You are—a senator.

Brabantio. This thou shalt answer ; I know thee, Roderigo.

Roderigo. Sir, I will answer any thing. But, I beseech you, If 't be your pleasure and most wise consent, 111
As partly I find it is, that your fair daughter,
At this odd-even and dull watch o' the night,
Transported, with no worse nor better guard
But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier,
To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor,—
If this be known to you and your allowance,
We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs ;
But if you know not this, my manners tell me
We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe 120
That, from the sense of all civility,
I thus would play and trifle with your reverence :
Your daughter, if you have not given her leave,
I say again, hath made a gross revolt ;
Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes
In an extravagant and wheeling stranger
Of here and every where. Straight satisfy yourself ;
If she be in her chamber or your house,
Let loose on me the justice of the state
For thus deluding you.

Brabantio.

Strike on the tinder, ho !

Give me a taper ! call up all my people !—

This accident is not unlike my dream ;
 Belief of it oppresses me already.—

Light, I say ! light !

[*Exit above.*

Iago. Farewell ; for I must leave you.

It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place,
 To be produc'd—as, if I stay, I shall—
 Against the Moor : for, I do know, the state,
 However this may gall him with some check,
 Cannot with safety cast him, for he 's embark'd
 With such loud reason to the Cyprus wars,
 Which even now stand in act, that, for their souls,
 Another of his fathom they have none,
 To lead their business : in which regard,
 Though I do hate him as I do hell-pains,
 Yet, for necessity of present life,
 I must show out a flag and sign of love,
 Which is indeed but sign. That you shall surely find him,
 Lead to the Sagittary the raised search ;
 And there will I be with him. So, farewell. [*Exit.*

140

Enter, below, BRABANTIO, and Servants with torches.

Brabantio. It is too true an evil : gone she is ;
 And what 's to come of my despised time
 Is nought but bitterness.—Now, Roderigo,
 Where didst thou see her ?—O unhappy girl !
 With the Moor, say'st thou ?—Who would be a father !—
 How didst thou know 't was she ?—O, she deceives me
 Past thought !—What said she to you ?—Get more tapers !
 Raise all my kindred !—Are they married, think you ?

150

Roderigo. Truly, I think they are.

Brabantio. O heaven !—How got she out ?—O treason of
 the blood !—

Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters' minds
 By what you see them act.—Is there not charms
 By which the property of youth and maidhood

160

May be abus'd? Have you not read, Roderigo,
Of some such thing?

Roderigo. Yes, sir, I have indeed.

Brabantio. Call up my brother.—O, would you had had
her!—

Some one way, some another.—Do you know
Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?

Roderigo. I think I can discover him, if you please
To get good guard and go along with me.

Brabantio. Pray you, lead on. At every house I'll call;
I may command at most.—Get weapons, ho!
And raise some special officers of night.—
On, good Roderigo; I'll deserve your pains. 171

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Another Street.*

Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and Attendants with torches.

Iago. Though in the trade of war I have slain men,
Yet do I hold it very stuff o' the conscience
To do no contriv'd murder; I lack iniquity
Sometimes to do me service. Nine or ten times
I had thought to have yerk'd him here under the ribs.

Othello. 'T is better as it is.

Iago. Nay, but he prated,
And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms
Against your honour
That, with the little godliness I have,
I did full hard forbear him. But, I pray you, sir,
Are you fast married? Be assur'd of this,
That the magnifico is much belov'd,
And hath in his effect a voice potential
As double as the duke's; he will divorce you,
Or put upon you what restraint and grievance
The law, with all his might to enforce it on,
Will give him cable.

Othello. Let him do his spite ;
 My services which I have done the signiory
 Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know,—
 Which, when I know that boasting is an honour, 20
 I shall promulgate—I fetch my life and being
 From men of royal siege, and my demerits
 May speak unbonneted to as proud a fortune
 As this that I have reach'd ; for know, Iago,
 But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
 I would not my unhoused free condition
 Put into circumscription and confine
 For the sea's worth. But, look ! what lights come yond ?

Iago. Those are the raised father and his friends ;
 You were best go in.

Othello. Not I ; I must be found : 30
 My parts, my title, and my perfect soul
 Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they ?

Iago. By Janus, I think no.

Enter CASSIO, and certain Officers with torches.

Othello. The servants of the duke, and my lieutenant.—
 The goodness of the night upon you, friends !
 What is the news ?

Cassio. The duke does greet you, general,
 And he requires your haste-post-haste appearance,
 Even on the instant.

Othello. What is the matter, think you ?

Cassio. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine.
 It is a business of some heat ; the galleys 40
 Have sent a dozen sequent messengers
 This very night at one another's heels,
 And many of the consuls, rais'd and met,
 Are at the duke's already : you have been hotly call'd
 for ;
 When, being not at your lodging to be found,

The senate hath sent about three several quests
To search you out.

Othello. 'T is well I am found by you.

I will but spend a word here in the house,

And go with you.

[*Exit.*

Cassio. Ancient, what makes he here?

Iago. Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land carack ; 50
If it prove lawful prize, he 's made for ever.

Cassio. I do not understand.

Iago. He 's married.

Cassio. To who?

Re-enter OTHELLO.

Iago. Marry, to—Come, captain, will you go?

Othello. Have with you.

Cassio. Here comes another troop to seek for you.

Iago. It is Brabantio.—General, be advis'd ;
He comes to bad intent.

*Enter BRABANTIO, RODERIGO, and Officers with torches and
weapons.*

Othello. Holla ! stand there !

Roderigo. Signior, it is the Moor.

Brabantio. Down with him, thief !

[*They draw on both sides.*

Iago. You, Roderigo ! come, sir, I am for you.

Othello. Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust
them.—

Good signior, you shall more command with years 60
Than with your weapons.

Brabantio. O thou foul thief, where hast thou stow'd my
daughter ?

Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her ;
For I'll refer me to all things of sense,
If she in chains of magic were not bound,

Whether a maid so tender, fair, and happy,
 So opposite to marriage that she shunn'd
 The wealthy curled darlings of our nation,
 Would ever have, to incur a general mock,
 Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom
 Of such a thing as thou,—to fear, not to delight.
 Judge me the world, if 't is not gross in sense
 That thou hast practis'd on her with foul charms,
 Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs or minerals
 That weaken motion. I'll have 't disputed on ;
 'T is probable and palpable to thinking.
 I therefore apprehend and do attach thee
 For an abuser of the world, a practiser
 Of arts inhibited and out of warrant.—
 Lay hold upon him ; if he do resist,
 Subdue him at his peril.

70

80

Othello. Hold your hands,
 Both you of my inclining, and the rest ;
 Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it
 Without a prompter.—Where will you that I go
 To answer this your charge ?

Brabantio. To prison, till fit time
 Of law and course of direct session
 Call thee to answer.

Othello. What if I do obey ?
 How may the duke be therewith satisfied,
 Whose messengers are here about my side,
 Upon some present business of the state,
 To bring me to him ?

90

I *Officer.* 'T is true, most worthy signior
 The duke 's in council, and your noble self,
 I am sure, is sent for.

Brabantio. How ! the duke in council !
 In this time of the night !—Bring him away ;
 Mine 's not an idle cause : the duke himself,

Or any of my brothers of the state,
 Cannot but feel this wrong as 't were their own ;
 For if such actions may have passage free,
 Bond-slaves and pagans shall our statesmen be. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A Council-chamber.*

The DUKE and Senators sitting at a table ; Officers attending.

Duke. There is no composition in these news
 That gives them credit.

1 Senator. Indeed, they are disproportion'd ;
 My letters say a hundred and seven galleys.

Duke. And mine, a hundred and forty.

2 Senator. And mine, two hundred ;
 But though they jump not on a just account,—
 As in these cases, where the aim reports,
 'T is oft with difference—yet do they all confirm
 A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.

Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to judgment ;
 I do not so secure me in the error,
 But the main article I do approve
 In fearful sense.

Sailor. [*Within*] What, ho ! what, ho ! what, ho !

1 Officer. A messenger from the galleys.

Enter a Sailor.

Duke. Now, what 's the business ?

Sailor. The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes ;
 So was I bid report here to the state
 By Signior Angelo.

Duke. How say you by this change ?

1 Senator. This cannot be,
 By no assay of reason ; 't is a pageant,
 To keep us in false gaze. When we consider
 The importancy of Cyprus to the Turk,

And let ourselves again but understand,
 That as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,
 So may he with more facile question bear it,
 For that it stands not in such warlike brace,
 But altogether lacks the abilities
 That Rhodes is dress'd in,—if we make thought of this,
 We must not think the Turk is so unskilful
 To leave that latest which concerns him first,
 Neglecting an attempt of ease and gain,
 To wake and wage a danger profitless.

30

Duke. Nay, in all confidence, he 's not for Rhodes.

Officer. Here is more news.

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. The Ottomites, reverend and gracious,
 Steering with due course towards the isle of Rhodes,
 Have there injointed them with an after fleet.

Senator. Ay, so I thought.—How many, as you guess?

Messenger. Of thirty sail ; and now they do re-stem
 Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance
 Their purposes toward Cyprus.—Signior Montano,
 Your trusty and most valiant servitor,
 With his free duty recommends you thus,
 And prays you to believe him.

40

Duke. 'T is certain, then, for Cyprus.

Marcus Luccicos, is not he in town?

Senator. He 's now in Florence.

Duke. Write from us to him ; post-post-haste dispatch.

Senator. Here comes Brabantio and the valiant Moor.

Enter BRABANTIO, OTHELLO, IAGO, RODERIGO, and Officers.

Duke. Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you
 Against the general enemy Ottoman.—

[*To Brabantio*] I did not see you ; welcome, gentle signior ;
 We lack'd your counsel and your help to-night.

51

Brabantio. So did I yours. Good your grace, pardon me ;

Neither my place nor aught I heard of business
Hath rais'd me from my bed, nor doth the general care
Take hold on me, for my particular grief
Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature
That it engluts and swallows other sorrows
And it is still itself.

Duke. Why, what 's the matter ?

Brabantio. My daughter ! O, my daughter !

Duke and Senators.

Dead ?

Brabantio.

Ay, to me ;

She is abus'd, stolen from me, and corrupted
By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks ;
For nature so preposterously to err,
Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,
Sans witchcraft could not.

60

Duke. Whoe'er he be that in this foul proceeding
Hath thus beguil'd your daughter of herself
And you of her, the bloody book of law
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter
After your own sense ; yea, though our proper son
Stood in your action.

Brabantio. Humbly I thank your grace.
Here is the man, this Moor, whom now, it seems.
Your special mandate for the state affairs
Hath hither brought.

70

Duke and Senators. We are very sorry for 't.

Duke. [To *Othello*] What, in your own part, can you say
to this ?

Brabantio. Nothing, but this is so.

Othello. Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approv'd good masters,
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true ; true, I have married her :

The very head and front of my offending
 Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,
 And little blest with the soft phrase of peace :
 For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
 Till now some nine moons wasted, they have us'd
 Their dearest action in the tented field ;
 And little of this great world can I speak,
 More than pertains to feats of broil and battle,
 And therefore little shall I grace my cause
 In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious patience,
 I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver
 Of my whole course of love ; what drugs, what charms,
 What conjuration, and what mighty magic,—
 For such proceeding I am charg'd withal,—
 I won his daughter.

80

90

Brabantio. A maiden never bold ;
 Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
 Blush'd at herself ; and she, in spite of nature,
 Of years, of country, credit, every thing,
 To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on !
 It is a judgment maim'd and most imperfect
 That will confess perfection so could err
 Against all rules of nature, and must be driven
 To find out practices of cunning hell,
 Why this should be. I therefore vouch again
 That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
 Or with some dram conjur'd to this effect,
 He wrought upon her.

100

Duke. To vouch this, is no proof,
 Without more wider and more overt test
 Than these thin habits and poor likelihoods
 Of modern seeming do prefer against him.

1 Senator. But, Othello, speak :
 Did you by indirect and forced courses
 Subdue and poison this young maid's affections ?

110

Or came it by request, and such fair question
As soul to soul affordeth?

Othello. I do beseech you,
Send for the lady to the Sagittary,
And let her speak of me before her father.
If you do find me foul in her report,
The trust, the office I do hold of you,
Not only take away, but let your sentence
Even fall upon my life.

Duke. Fetch Desdemona hither. 120

Othello. Ancient, conduct them; you best know the place.—
[*Exeunt Iago and attendants.*]

And, till she come, as truly as to heaven
I do confess the vices of my blood,
So justly to your grave ears I 'll present
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
And she in mine.

Duke. Say it, Othello.

Othello. Her father lov'd me, oft invited me,
Still question'd me the story of my life
From year to year,—the battles, sieges, fortunes, 130
That I have pass'd.

I ran it through, even from my boyish days
To the very moment that he bade me tell it;
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field,
Of hair-breadth scapes i' the imminent deadly breach,
Of being taken by the insolent foe
And sold to slavery, of my redemption thence,
And portance in my travel's history;
Wherein of antres vast and deserts idle, 140
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,
It was my hint to speak,—such was the process:
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads

Do grow beneath their shoulders. This to hear
 Would Desdemona seriously incline :
 But still the house affairs would draw her thence ;
 Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
 She 'd come again, and with a greedy ear
 Devour up my discourse : which I observing,
 Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
 To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart
 That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
 Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
 But not intently. I did consent,
 And often did beguile her of her tears,
 When I did speak of some distressful stroke
 That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
 She gave me for my pains a world of sighs :
 She swore, in faith, 't was strange, 't was passing strange, 160
 'T was pitiful, 't was wondrous pitiful ;
 She wish'd she had not heard it, yet she wish'd
 That heaven had made her such a man ; she thank'd me,
 And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
 I should but teach him how to tell my story,
 And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake ;
 She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd,
 And I lov'd her that she did pity them.
 This only is the witchcraft I have us'd.—
 Here comes the lady ; let her witness it. 170

Enter DESDEMONA, IAGO, and Attendants.

Duke. I think this tale would win my daughter too.—
 Good Brabantio,
 Take up this mangled matter at the best ;
 Men do their broken weapons rather use
 Than their bare hands.

Brabantio. I pray you, hear her speak ;
 If she confess that she was half the wooer,

Destruction on my head, if my bad blame
 Light on the man!—Come hither, gentle mistress;
 Do you perceive in all this noble company
 Where most you owe obedience?

Desdemona. My noble father, 180

I do perceive here a divided duty:
 To you I am bound for life and education;
 My life and education both do learn me
 How to respect you; you are the lord of duty;
 I am hitherto your daughter; but here 's my husband,
 And so much duty as my mother show'd
 To you, preferring you before her father,
 So much I challenge that I may profess
 Due to the Moor my lord.

Brabantio. God be with you!—I have done.—

Please it your grace, on to the state affairs; 190

I had rather to adopt a child than get it.—

Come hither, Moor;

I here do give thee that with all my heart
 Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart
 I would keep from thee.—For your sake, jewel,
 I am glad at soul I have no other child;
 For thy escape would teach me tyranny,
 To hang clogs on them.—I have done, my lord.

Duke. Let me speak like yourself, and lay a sentence,
 Which, as a grise or step, may help these lovers 200
 Into your favour.

When remedies are past, the griefs are ended
 By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.
 To mourn a mischief that is past and gone
 Is the next way to draw new mischief on.
 What cannot be preserv'd when fortune takes,
 Patience her injury a mockery makes.
 The robb'd that smiles steals something from the thief;
 He robs himself that spends a bootless grief.

Brabantio. So let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile ; 210
 We lose it not, so long as we can smile.
 He bears the sentence well that nothing bears
 But the free comfort which from thence he hears,
 But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow
 That, to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow.
 These sentences, to sugar or to gall,
 Being strong on both sides, are equivocal :
 But words are words ; I never yet did hear
 That the bruis'd heart was pierced through the ear.—
 Beseech you, now to the affairs of state. 220

Duke. The Turk with a most mighty preparation makes
 for Cyprus.—Othello, the fortitude of the place is best known
 to you ; and though we have there a substitute of most al-
 lowed sufficiency, yet opinion, a sovereign mistress of effects,
 throws a more safer voice on you : you must therefore be con-
 tent to slubber the gloss of your new fortunes with this more
 stubborn and boisterous expedition.

Othello. The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
 Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
 My thrice-driven bed of down ; I do agnize 230
 A natural and prompt alacrity
 I find in hardness, and do undertake
 These present wars against the Ottomites.
 Most humbly therefore bending to your state,
 I crave fit disposition for my wife,
 Due reference of place and exhibition,
 With such accommodation and besort
 As levels with her breeding.

Duke. If you please,
 Be 't at her father's.

Brabantio. I 'll not have it so.

Othello. Nor I.

Desdemona. Nor I ; I would not there reside, 240
 To put my father in impatient thoughts

By being in his eye. Most gracious duke,
To my unfolding lend your prosperous ear ;
And let me find a charter in your voice,
To assist my simpleness.

Duke. What would you, Desdemona ?

Desdemona. That I did love the Moor to live with him,
My downright violence and storm of fortunes
May trumpet to the world : my heart 's subdued
Even to the very quality of my lord ;
I saw Othello's visage in his mind,
And to his honours and his valiant parts
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
The rites for which I love him are bereft me,
And I a heavy interim shall support
By his dear absence. Let me go with him.

25c

Othello. Let her have your voices.

Vouch with me, heaven, I therefore beg it not,
To please the palate of my appetite,
Nor to comply with heat—the young affects
In me defunct—and proper satisfaction,
But to be free and bounteous to her mind :
And heaven defend your good souls, that you think
I will your serious and great business scant
For she is with me. No, when light-wing'd toys
Of feather'd Cupid seel with wanton dulness
My speculative and offic'd instruments,
That my disports corrupt and taint my business,
Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,
And all indign and base adversities
Make head against my estimation !

26c

27c

Duke. Be it as you shall privately determine,
Either for her stay or going. The affair cries haste,
And speed must answer it.

I *Senator*. You must away to-night.

Othello.

With all my heart.

Duke. At nine i' the morning here we'll meet again.—

Othello, leave some officer behind,

And he shall our commission bring to you,

280

With such things else of quality and respect

As doth import you.

Othello.

So please your grace, my ancient ;

A man he is of honesty and trust :

To his conveyance I assign my wife,

With what else needful your good grace shall think

To be sent after me.

Duke.

Let it be so.—

Good night to every one.—And, noble signior,

If virtue no delighted beauty lack,

Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

I *Senator*. Adieu, brave Moor ! use Desdemona well. 290

Brabantio. Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to see ;

She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee.

[*Exeunt Duke, Senators, Officers, etc.*]

Othello. My life upon her faith !—Honest Iago,

My Desdemona must I leave to thee ;

I prithee, let thy wife attend on her,

And bring them after in the best advantage.—

Come, Desdemona ; I have but an hour

Of love, of worldly matters and direction,

To spend with thee : we must obey the time.

[*Exeunt Othello and Desdemona.*]

Roderigo. Iago—

300

Iago. What say'st thou, noble heart ?

Roderigo. What will I do, thinkest thou ?

Iago. Why, go to bed, and sleep.

Roderigo. I will incontinently drown myself.

Iago. If thou dost, I shall never love thee after. Why, thou silly gentleman !

Roderigo. It is silliness to live when to live is torment ; and then have we a prescription to die when death is our physician.

309

Iago. O villanous ! I have looked upon the world for four times seven years ; and since I could distinguish betwixt a benefit and an injury, I never found man that knew how to love himself. Ere I would say, I would drown myself for the love of a guinea-hen, I would change my humanity with a baboon.

Roderigo. What should I do ? I confess it is my shame to be so fond ; but it is not in my virtue to amend it.

317

Iago. Virtue ! a fig ! 't is in ourselves that we are thus or thus. Our bodies are our gardens, to the which our wills are gardeners ; so that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce, set hyssop and weed up thyme, supply it with one gender of herbs or distract it with many, either to have it sterile with idleness or manured with industry, why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills. If the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions ; but we have reason to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts, whereof I take this that you call love to be a sect or scion.

330

Roderigo. It cannot be.

Iago. It is merely a lust of the blood and a permission of the will. Come, be a man. Drown thyself ! drown cats and blind puppies. I have professed me thy friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness ; I could never better stead thee than now. Put money in thy purse ; follow these wars ; defeat thy favour with an usurped beard ; I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be that Desdemona should long continue her love to the Moor,—put money in thy purse,—nor he his to her : it was a violent commencement, and thou shalt see an answer-

able sequestration ;—put but money in thy purse. These Moors are changeable in their wills ;—fill thy purse with money :—the food that to him now is as luscious as locusts, shall be to him shortly as bitter as coloquintida. She must change for youth : when she is sated with his body, she will find the error of her choice ; she must have change, she must : therefore put money in thy purse. If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canst : if sanctimony and a frail vow betwixt an erring barbarian and a supersubtle Venetian be not too hard for my wits and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her ; therefore make money. A pox of drowning thyself ! it is clean out of the way ; seek thou rather to be hanged in compassing thy joy than to be drowned and go without her.

Roderigo. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the issue ?

358

Iago. Thou art sure of me.—Go, make money.—I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor : my cause is hearted ; thine hath no less reason. Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him ; if thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure, me a sport. There are many events in the womb of time which will be delivered. Traverse ! go, provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

Roderigo. Where shall we meet i' the morning ?

Iago. At my lodging.

Roderigo. I 'll be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go to ; farewell. Do you hear, Roderigo ?

370

Roderigo. What say you ?

Iago. No more of drowning, do you hear ?

Roderigo. I am changed ; I 'll sell all my land. [Exit.

Iago. Thus do I ever make my fool my purse ;
For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,
If I would time expend with such a snipe,

But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor ;
 And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets
 He has done my office : I know not if 't be true ;
 But I, for mere suspicion in that kind,
 Will do as if for surety. He holds me well ;
 The better shall my purpose work on him.
 Cassio 's a proper man : let me see now ;
 To get his place and to plume up my will
 In double knavery—How, how?—Let 's see :—
 After some time, to abuse Othello's ear
 That he is too familiar with his wife.
 He hath a person and a smooth dispose
 To be suspected, fram'd to make women false.
 The Moor is of a free and open nature,
 That thinks men honest that but seem to be so,
 And will as tenderly be led by the nose
 As asses are.

28c

39a

I have 't. It is engender'd. Hell and night
 Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light. [*Exit.*





ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Seaport in Cyprus. A Platform.*

Enter MONTANO and two Gentlemen.

Montano. What from the cape can you discern at sea?

1 Gentleman. Nothing at all : it is a high-wrought flood ;
I cannot, 'twixt the heaven and the main,
Descry a sail.

Montano. Methinks the wind hath spoke aloud at land ;
A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements.
If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,
What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,
Can hold the mortise ? What shall we hear of this ?

2 Gentleman. A segregation of the Turkish fleet :
For do but stand upon the foaming shore,

The chidden billow seems to pelt the clouds ;
 The wind-shak'd surge, with high and monstrous mane,
 Seems to cast water on the burning Bear,
 And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole.
 I never did like molestation view
 On the enchafed flood.

Montano. If that the Turkish fleet
 Be not enshelter'd and embay'd, they are drown'd ;
 It is impossible they bear it out.

Enter a third Gentleman.

3 Gentleman. News, lads ! our wars are done. 20
 The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the Turks,
 That their designment halts ; a noble ship of Venice
 Hath seen a grievous wrack and sufferance
 On most part of their fleet.

Montano. How ! is this true ?

3 Gentleman. The ship is here put in ;
 A Veronese, Michael Cassio,
 Lieutenant to the warlike Moor Othello,
 Is come on shore : the Moor himself at sea,
 And is in full commission here for Cyprus.

Montano. I am glad on 't ; 't is a worthy governor. 30

3 Gentleman. But this same Cassio, though he speak of
 comfort
 Touching the Turkish loss, yet he looks sadly,
 And prays the Moor be safe ; for they were parted
 With foul and violent tempest.

Montano. Pray heavens he be ;
 For I have serv'd him, and the man commands
 Like a full soldier. Let 's to the seaside, ho !
 As well to see the vessel that 's come in
 As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello,
 Even till we make the main and the aerial blue
 An indistinct regard.

3 *Gentleman.* Come, let 's do so :
 For every minute is expectancy
 Of more arrivance.

40

Enter CASSIO.

Cassio. Thanks, you the valiant of this warlike isle,
 That so approve the Moor ! O, let the heavens
 Give him defence against the elements,
 For I have lost him on a dangerous sea.

Montano. Is he well shipp'd ?

Cassio. His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his pilot
 Of very expert and approv'd allowance ;
 Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,
 Stand in bold cure. [*A cry within, 'A sail, a sail, a sail !'*]

50

Enter a fourth Gentleman.

Cassio. What noise ?

4 *Gentleman.* The town is empty ; on the brow o' the sea
 Stand ranks of people, and they cry 'A sail !'

Cassio. My hopes do shape him for the governor.

[*Guns heard.*]

2 *Gentleman.* They do discharge their shot of courtesy ;
 Our friends at least.

Cassio. I pray you, sir, go forth,
 And give us truth who 't is that is arriv'd.

2 *Gentleman.* I shall. [*Exit.*]

Montano. But, good lieutenant, is your general wiv'd ?

60

Cassio. Most fortunately : he hath achiev'd a maid
 That paragons description and wild fame ;
 One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
 And in the essential vesture of creation
 Does tire the engineer.

Re-enter second Gentleman.

How now ! who has put in ?

2 *Gentleman*. 'T is one Iago, ancient to the general.

Cassio. He 's had most favourable and happy speed.
 Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,
 The gutter'd rocks, and congregated sands,—
 Traitors ensteep'd to clog the guiltless keel,
 As having sense of beauty, do omit
 Their mortal natures, letting go safely by
 The divine Desdemona.

70

Montano. What is she?

Cassio. She that I spake of, our great captain's captain,
 Left in the conduct of the bold Iago,
 Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts
 A se'nnight's speed. Great Jove, Othello guard,
 And swell his sail with thine own powerful breath,
 That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,
 Give renew'd fire to our extincted spirits,
 And bring all Cyprus comfort!

80

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, IAGO, RODERIGO, *and* Attendants.

O, behold,
 The riches of the ship is come on shore!
 Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your knees.—
 Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heaven,
 Before, behind thee, and on every hand,
 Enwheel thee round!

Desdemona. I thank you, valiant Cassio.
 What tidings can you tell me of my lord?

Cassio. He is not yet arriv'd; nor know I aught
 But that he 's well and will be shortly here.

Desdemona. O, but I fear— How lost you company? 90

Cassio. The great contention of the sea and skies
 Parted our fellowship— But, hark! a sail.

[*Within* 'A sail, a sail!' *Guns heard*.

2 *Gentleman*. They give their greeting to the citadel;
 This likewise is a friend.

Cassio. See for the news.—[*Exit Gentleman.*
Good ancient, you are welcome.—[*To Emilia*] Welcome,
mistress.—

Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,
That I extend my manners ; 't is my breeding
That gives me this bold show of courtesy. [*Kissing her.*

Iago. Sir, would she give you so much of her lips
As of her tongue she oft bestows on me, 100
You 'd have enough.

Desdemona. Alas, she has no speech.

Iago. In faith, too much ;
I find it still, when I have list to sleep :
Marry, before your ladyship, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.

Emilia. You have little cause to say so.

Iago. Come on, come on ; you are pictures out of doors,
Bells in your parlours, wild-cats in your kitchens,
Saints in your injuries, devils being offended, 110
Players in your housewifery, and housewives in your beds.

Desdemona. O, fie upon thee, slanderer !

Iago. Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk ;
You rise to play, and go to bed to work.

Emilia. You shall not write my praise.

Iago. No, let me not.

Desdemona. What wouldst thou write of me, if thou
shouldst praise me ?

Iago. O gentle lady, do not put me to 't ;
For I am nothing, if not critical.

Desdemona. Come on, assay.—There 's one gone to the
harbour ?

Iago. Ay, madam. 120

Desdemona. I am not merry ; but I do beguile
The thing I am by seeming otherwise.—
Come, how wouldst thou praise me ?

Iago. I am about it ; but indeed my invention
Comes from my pate as birdlime does from frize ;
It plucks out brains and all : but my Muse labours,
And thus she is deliver'd.

If she be fair and wise, fairness and wit,
The one 's for use, the other useth it.

Desdemona. Well prais'd ! How if she be black and
witty ? 130

Iago. If she be black, and thereto have a wit,
She 'll find a white that shall her blackness fit.

Desdemona. Worse and worse.

Emilia. How if fair and foolish ?

Iago. She never yet was foolish that was fair ;
For even her folly help'd her to an heir.

Desdemona. These are old fond paradoxes to make fools
laugh i' the alehouse. What miserable praise hast thou for
her that 's foul and foolish ?

Iago. There 's none so foul and foolish thereunto, 140
But does foul pranks which fair and wise ones do.

Desdemona. O heavy ignorance ! thou praisest the worst
best. But what praise couldst thou bestow on a deserving
woman indeed, one that in the authority of her merit did
justly put on the vouch of very malice itself ?

Iago. She that was ever fair and never proud,
Had tongue at will and yet was never loud,
Never lack'd gold and yet went never gay,
Fled from her wish and yet said ' Now I may,'
She that being anger'd, her revenge being nigh, 150
Bade her wrong stay and her displeasure fly,
She that in wisdom never was so frail
To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail,
She that could think and ne'er disclose her mind,
See suitors following and not look behind,
She was a wight, if ever such wight were,—

Desdemona. To do what ?

Iago. To suckle fools and chronicle small beer.

Desdemona. O most lame and impotent conclusion!—Do not learn of him, Emilia, though he be thy husband.—How say you, Cassio? is he not a most profane and liberal counsellor?

162

Cassio. He speaks home, madam; you may relish him more in the soldier than in the scholar.

Iago. [*Aside*] He takes her by the palm: ay, well said, whisper; with as little a web as this will I ensnare as great a fly as Cassio. Ay, smile upon her, do; I will gyve thee in thine own courtship. You say true; 't is so, indeed: if such tricks as these strip you out of your lieutenantry, it had been better you had not kissed your three fingers so oft, which now again you are most apt to play the sir in. Very good; well kissed! an excellent courtesy! 't is so, indeed. Yet again your fingers to your lips?—[*Trumpet within.*] The Moor! I know his trumpet.

Cassio. 'T is truly so.

175

Desdemona. Let 's meet him and receive him.

Cassio. Lo, where he comes!

Enter OTHELLO and Attendants.

Othello. O my fair warrior!

Desdemona. My dear Othello!

Othello. It gives me wonder great as my content
To see you here before me. O my soul's joy!
If after every tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow till they have waken'd death!
And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas
Olympus-high, and duck again as low
As hell 's from heaven! If it were now to die,
'T were now to be most happy; for, I fear,
My soul hath her content so absolute
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

180

Desdemona. The heavens forbid
But that our loves and comforts should increase, 196
Even as our days do grow!

Othello. Amen to that, sweet powers!
I cannot speak enough of this content;
It stops me here; it is too much of joy:
And this, and this, the greatest discords be [Kissing her.
That e'er our hearts shall make!

Iago. [*Aside*] O, you are well tun'd now!
But I'll set down the pegs that make this music,
As honest as I am.

Othello. Come, let us to the castle.
News, friends; our wars are done, the Turks are drown'd.
How does my old acquaintance of this isle?— 203
Honey, you shall be well desir'd in Cyprus;
I have found great love amongst them. O my sweet,
I prattle out of fashion, and I dote
In mine own comforts.—I prithee, good Iago,
Go to the bay and disembark my coffers;
Bring thou the master to the citadel;
He is a good one, and his worthiness
Does challenge much respect.—Come, Desdemona,
Once more, well met at Cyprus. 209

[Exeunt Othello, Desdemona, and Attendants.]

Iago. Do thou meet me presently at the harbour.—Come
hither.—If thou be'st valiant,—as, they say, base men being
in love have then a nobility in their natures more than is na-
tive to them,—list me. The lieutenant to-night watches on
the court of guard. First, I must tell thee this—Desdemona
is directly in love with him.

Roderigo. With him! why, 't is not possible. 216

Iago. Lay thy finger thus, and let thy soul be instructed.
Mark me with what violence she first loved the Moor, but
for bragging and telling her fantastical lies; and will she
love him still for prating? let not thy discreet heart think it.

Her eye must be fed ; and what delight shall she have to look on the devil? When the blood is made dull, there should be, again to inflame it and to give satiety a fresh appetite, loveliness in favour, sympathy in years, manners, and beauties ; all which the Moor is defective in. Now, for want of these required conveniences, her delicate tenderness will find itself abused, begin to heave the gorge, disrelish and abhor the Moor ; very nature will instruct her in it, and compel her to some second choice. Now, sir, this granted,—as it is a most pregnant and unforced position—who stands so eminent in the degree of this fortune as Cassio does? a knave very voluble ; no further conscionable than in putting on the mere form of civil and humane seeming, for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden loose affection? why, none ; why, none : a slipper and subtle knave, a finder of occasions, that has an eye can stamp and counterfeit advantages, though true advantage never present itself ; a devilish knave ! Besides, the knave is handsome, young, and hath all those requisites in him that folly and green minds look after : a pestilent complete knave ; and the woman hath found him already.

241

Roderigo. I cannot believe that in her ; she 's full of most blessed condition.

Iago. Blessed fig's end ! the wine she drinks is made of grapes ; if she had been blessed, she would never have loved the Moor. Blessed pudding ! Didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand ? didst not mark that ?

Roderigo. Yes, that I did ; but that was but courtesy.

Iago. Lechery, by this hand ; an index and obscure prologue to the history of lust and foul thoughts. They met so near with their lips that their breaths embraced together. Villanous thoughts, Roderigo !—But, sir, be you ruled by me ; I have brought you from Venice. Watch you to-night ; for the command I 'll lay 't upon you. Cassio knows you not. I 'll not be far from you ; do you find some occasion to an-

ger Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline, or from what other course you please, which the time shall more favourably minister.

Roderigo. Well.

259

Iago. Sir, he is rash and very sudden in choler, and haply may strike at you : provoke him that he may ; for even out of that will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny, whose qualification shall come into no true taste again but by the displanting of Cassio. So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires by the means I shall then have to prefer them ; and the impediment most profitably removed, without the which there were no expectation of our prosperity.

Roderigo. I will do this, if I can bring it to any opportunity.

269

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel ; I must fetch his necessaries ashore. Farewell.

Roderigo. Adieu.

[Exit.

Iago. That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it ;
That she loves him, 't is apt and of great credit :
The Moor, howbeit that I endure him not,
Is of a constant, loving, noble nature,
And I dare think he 'll prove to Desdemona
A most dear husband. Now, I do love her too ;
Not out of absolute lust, though peradventure
I stand accountant for as great a sin,
But partly led to diet my revenge,
For that I do suspect the lusty Moor
Hath leap'd into my seat : the thought whereof
Doth like a poisonous mineral gnaw my inwards ;
And nothing can or shall content my soul
Till I am even'd with him, wife for wife,
Or failing so, yet that I put the Moor
At least into a jealousy so strong
That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do,
If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trash

280

290

For his quick hunting, stand the putting on,
 I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip,
 Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb—
 For I fear Cassio with my nightcap too—
 Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me,
 For making him egregiously an ass
 And practising upon his peace and quiet
 Even to madness. 'T is here, but yet confus'd;
 Knavery's plain face is never seen till us'd.

298

[*Exit.*SCENE II. *A Street.*

Enter a Herald with a proclamation; People following.

Herald. It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and valiant general, that, upon certain tidings now arrived, importing the mere perdition of the Turkish fleet, every man put himself into triumph; some to dance, some to make bonfires, each man to what sport and revels his addiction leads him: for, besides these beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptial. So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices are open, and there is full liberty of feasting from this present hour of five till the bell have told eleven. Heaven bless the isle of Cyprus and our noble general Othello!

[*Exeunt.*SCENE III. *A Hall in the Castle.*

Enter OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and Attendants.

Othello. Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night;
 Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop,
 Not to outsport discretion.

Cassio. Iago hath direction what to do;
 But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye
 Will I look to 't.

Othello. Iago is most honest.
 Michael, good night; to-morrow with your earliest

Let me have speech with you.—[*To Desdemona*] Come, my dear love.—

Good night. [*Exeunt Othello, Desdemona, and Attendants.*]

Enter IAGO.

Cassio. Welcome, Iago ; we must to the watch. 10

Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant ; 't is not yet ten o' the clock. Our general cast us thus early for the love of his Desdemona, who let us not therefore blame.

Cassio. She 's a most exquisite lady.

Iago. What an eye she has ! methinks it sounds a parley of provocation.

Cassio. An inviting eye ; and yet methinks right modest.

Iago. And when she speaks, is it not an alarum to love ?

Cassio. She is indeed perfection. 19

Iago. Well, happiness to their sheets ! Come, lieutenant, I have a stoup of wine ; and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants that would fain have a measure to the health of black Othello.

Cassio. Not to-night, good Iago. I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking ; I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.

Iago. O, they are our friends ; but one cup : I 'll drink for you.

Cassio. I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified too, and behold what innovation it makes here. I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more. 32

Iago. What, man ! 't is a night of revels ; the gallants desire it.

Cassio. Where are they ?

Iago. Here at the door ; I pray you, call them in.

Cassio. I 'll do 't ; but it dislikes me. [*Exit.*]

Iago. If I can fasten but one cup upon him,
With that which he hath drunk to-night already,

He 'll be as full of quarrel and offence 40
 As my young mistress' dog. Now, my sick fool Roderigo,
 Whom love hath turn'd almost the wrong side out,
 To Desdemona hath to-night carous'd
 Potations pottle-deep ; and he 's to watch.
 Three lads of Cyprus,—noble swelling spirits,
 That hold their honours in a wary distance,
 The very elements of this warlike isle,—
 Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing cups,
 And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of drunk-
 ards,

Am I to put our Cassio in some action 50
 That may offend the isle.—But here they come :
 If consequence do but approve my dream,
 My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

*Re-enter CASSIO ; with him MONTANO and Gentlemen ; Ser-
 vants following with wine.*

Cassio. Fore God, they have given me a rouse already.

Montano. Good faith, a little one ; not past a pint, as I
 am a soldier.

Iago. Some wine, ho !

[Sings] *And let me the canakin clink, clink !*

And let me the canakin clink !

A soldier 's a man ;

60

A life 's but a span ;

Why, then, let a soldier drink !

Some wine, boys !

Cassio. Fore God, an excellent song.

Iago. I learned it in England, where, indeed, they are
 most potent in potting ; your Dane, your German, and
 your swag-bellied Hollander—Drink, ho !—are nothing to
 your English.

Cassio. Is your Englishman so exquisite in his drink-
 ing?

70

Iago. Why, he drinks you with facility your Dane dead drunk ; he sweats not to overthrow your Almain ; he gives your Hollander a vomit ere the next pottle can be filled.

Cassio. To the health of our general !

Montano. I am for it, lieutenant ; and I 'll do you justice.

Iago. O sweet England !

[Sings] *King Stephen was a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him but a crown ;*

*He held them sixpence all too dear,
With that he call'd the tailor lown.*

80

*He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree :*

*'T is pride that pulls the country down ;
Then take thine auld cloak about thee.*

Some wine, ho !

Cassio. Why, this is a more exquisite song than the other.

Iago. Will you hear 't again ?

Cassio. No ; for I hold him to be unworthy of his place that does those things. Well, God 's above all ; and there be souls must be saved, and there be souls must not be saved.

91

Iago. It 's true, good lieutenant.

Cassio. For mine own part,—no offence to the general, nor any man of quality,—I hope to be saved.

Iago. And so do I too, lieutenant.

Cassio. Ay, but, by your leave, not before me ; the lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient. Let 's have no more of this ; let 's to our affairs.—Forgive us our sins !—Gentlemen, let 's look to our business.—Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk : this is my ancient ; this is my right hand, and this is my left. I am not drunk now ; I can stand well enough, and speak well enough.

102

All. Excellent well.

Cassio. Why, very well then ; you must not think then that I am drunk.

[*Exit.*

Montano. To the platform, masters ; come, let 's set the watch.

Iago. You see this fellow that is gone before ;
He is a soldier fit to stand by Cæsar
And give direction : and do but see his vice. 110
'T is to his virtue a just equinox,
The one as long as the other ; 't is pity of him.
I fear the trust Othello puts him in,
On some odd time of his infirmity,
Will shake this island.

Montano. But is he often thus ?

Iago. 'T is evermore the prologue to his sleep ;
He 'll watch the horologe a double set,
If drink rock not his cradle.

Montano. It were well
The general were put in mind of it.
Perhaps he sees it not ; or his good nature 120
Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio,
And looks not on his evils : is not this true ?

Enter RODERIGO.

Iago. [*Aside to him*] How now, Roderigo !
I pray you, after the lieutenant ; go. [Exit Roderigo.]

Montano. And 't is great pity that the noble Moor
Should hazard such a place as his own second
With one of an ingraft infirmity ;
It were an honest action to say
So to the Moor.

Iago. Not I, for this fair island ;
I do love Cassio well, and would do much 130
To cure him of this evil—But, hark ! what noise ?
[*Cry within* : ' Help ! help !'

Enter CASSIO, pursuing RODERIGO.

Cassio. You rogue ! you rascal !

Montano. What's the matter, lieutenant?

Cassio. A knave teach me my duty!

I'll beat the knave into a twiggen bottle.

Roderigo. Beat me!

Cassio. Dost thou prate, rogue?

[*Striking Roderigo.*

Montano. Nay, good lieutenant;

[*Staying him.*

I pray you, sir, hold your hand.

Cassio. Let me go, sir,

Or I'll knock you o'er the mazzard.

Montano. Come, come, you're drunk.

Cassio. Drunk! [*They fight.*

Iago. [*Aside to Roderigo*] Away, I say; go out, and cry a mutiny. [*Exit Roderigo.*

Nay, good lieutenant,—alas, gentlemen!—

140

Help, ho!—Lieutenant,—sir,—Montano,—sir;—

Help, masters!—Here's a goodly watch indeed!

[*Bell rings.*

Who's that which rings the bell?—Diablo, ho!

The town will rise; God's will, lieutenant, hold!

You will be sham'd for ever.

Enter OTHELLO and Attendants.

Othello. What is the matter here?

Montano. Zounds, I bleed still; I am hurt to the death.

[*Faints.*

Othello. Hold, for your lives!

Iago. Hold, ho! Lieutenant,—sir,—Montano,—gentlemen!—

Have you forgot all sense of place and duty?

Hold! the general speaks to you; hold, hold, for shame! 150

Othello. Why, how now, ho! from whence ariseth this?

Are we turn'd Turks, and to ourselves do that

Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites?

For Christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl!
 He that stirs next to carve for his own rage
 Holds his soul light ; he dies upon his motion.—
 Silence that dreadful bell ! it frights the isle
 From her propriety.—What is the matter, masters?—
 Honest Iago, that look'st dead with grieving,
 Speak, who began this ? on thy love, I charge thee. 160

Iago. I do not know : friends all but now, even now,
 In quarter, and in terms like bride and groom
 Devesting them for bed ; and then, but now—
 As if some planet had unwitted men—
 Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast,
 In opposition bloody. I cannot speak
 Any beginning to this peevish odds ;
 And would in action glorious I had lost
 Those legs that brought me to a part of it !

Othello. How comes it, Michael, you are thus forgot ? 170

Cassio. I pray you, pardon me ; I cannot speak.

Othello. Worthy Montano, you were wont be civil ;
 The gravity and stillness of your youth
 The world hath noted, and your name is great
 In mouths of wisest censure : what 's the matter,
 That you unlace your reputation thus,
 And spend your rich opinion for the name
 Of a night-brawler ? give me answer to it.

Montano. Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger :
 Your officer, Iago, can inform you,— 180
 While I spare speech, which something now offends me,—
 Of all that I do know ; nor know I aught
 By me that 's said or done amiss this night,
 Unless self-charity be sometimes a vice,
 And to defend ourselves it be a sin
 When violence assails us.

Othello. Now, by heaven,
 My blood begins my safer guides to rule ;

And passion, having my best judgment collied,
 Assays to lead the way. If I once stir,
 Or do but lift this arm, the best of you
 Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know
 How this foul rout began, who set it on,
 And he that is approv'd in this offence,
 Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,
 Shall lose me.—What! in a town of war,
 Yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear,
 To manage private and domestic quarrel,
 In night, and on the court and guard of safety!
 'T is monstrous.—Iago, who began 't?

190

Montano. If partially affin'd, or leagu'd in office,
 Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,
 Thou art no soldier.

200

Iago. Touch me not so near :
 I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth
 Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio ;
 Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the truth
 Shall nothing wrong him.—Thus it is, general.
 Montano and myself being in speech,
 There comes a fellow crying out for help,
 And Cassio following him with determin'd sword,
 To execute upon him. Sir, this gentleman
 Steps in to Cassio, and entreats his pause ;
 Myself the crying fellow did pursue,
 Lest by his clamour—as it so fell out—
 The town might fall in fright ; he, swift of foot,
 Outran my purpose, and I return'd the rather
 For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,
 And Cassio high in oath, which till to-night
 I ne'er might say before. When I came back—
 For this was brief—I found them close together,
 At blow and thrust, even as again they were
 When you yourself did part them.

210

220

More of this matter cannot I report :
 But men are men ; the best sometimes forget.
 Though Cassio did some little wrong to him,
 As men in rage strike those that wish them best,
 Yet surely Cassio, I believe, receiv'd
 From him that fled some strange indignity,
 Which patience could not pass.

Othello. I know, Iago,
 Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,
 Making it light to Cassio.—Cassio, I love thee ;
 But never more be officer of mine.—

230

Re-enter DESDEMONA, attended.

Look, if my gentle love be not rais'd up !—
 I 'll make thee an example.

Desdemona.

What 's the matter ?

Othello. All 's well now, sweetening ; come away to bed.—
 Sir, for your hurts, myself will be your surgeon.—
 Lead him off.—

[Montano is led off.]

Iago, look with care about the town,
 And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted.—
 Come, Desdemona ; 't is the soldiers' life
 To have their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife.

240

[Exeunt all but Iago and Cassio.]

Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant ?

Cassio. Ay, past all surgery.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid !

Cassio. Reputation, reputation, reputation ! O, I have lost
 my reputation ! I have lost the immortal part of myself, and
 what remains is bestial. My reputation, Iago, my reputa-
 tion !

Iago. As I am an honest man, I thought you had received
 some bodily wound ; there is more sense in that than in repu-
 tation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition ; oft
 got without merit, and lost without deserving : you have lost

no reputation at all, unless you repute yourself such a loser. What, man! there are ways to recover the general again: you are but now cast in his mood, a punishment more in policy than in malice; even so as one would beat his offenceless dog to affright an imperious lion. Sue to him again, and he 's yours. 257

Cassio. I will rather sue to be despised than to deceive so good a commander with so slight, so drunken, and so indiscreet an officer. Drunk? and speak parrot? and squabble? swagger? swear? and discourse fustian with one's own shadow?—O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil!

Iago. What was he that you followed with your sword? What had he done to you?

Cassio. I know not. 256

Iago. Is 't possible?

Cassio. I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore.—O God, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains! that we should, with joy, pleasance, revel, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts! 272

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough; how came you thus recovered?

Cassio. It hath pleased the devil drunkenness to give place to the devil wrath; one unperfectness shows me another, to make me frankly despise myself.

Iago. Come, you are too severe a moraler. As the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befallen; but, since it is as it is, mend it for your own good. 281

Cassio. I will ask him for my place again; he shall tell me I am a drunkard! Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast! O strange! Every inordinate cup is unblest, and the ingredient is a devil.

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used ; exclaim no more against it. And, good lieutenant, I think you think I love you.

Cassio. I have well approved it, sir.—I drunk ! 292

Iago. You or any man living may be drunk at a time, man. I 'll tell you what you shall do. Our general's wife is now the general ; I may say so in this respect, for that he hath devoted and given up himself to the contemplation, mark, and denotement of her parts and graces. Confess yourself freely to her ; importune her help to put you in your place again. She is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, she holds it a vice in her goodness not to do more than she is requested. This broken joint between you and her husband entreat her to splinter ; and, my fortunes against any lay worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before. 302

Cassio. You advise me well.

Iago. I protest, in the sincerity of love and honest kindness.

Cassio. I think it freely ; and betimes in the morning I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me. I am desperate of my fortunes if they check me here.

Iago. You are in the right. Good night, lieutenant ; I must to the watch. 310

Cassio. Good night, honest Iago. [Exit.

Iago. And what 's he then that says I play the villain,
When this advice is free I give and honest,
Probal to thinking, and indeed the course
To win the Moor again ? For 't is most easy
The inclining Desdemona to subdue
In any honest suit ; she 's fram'd as fruitful
As the free elements. And then for her
I'o win the Moor—were 't to renounce his baptism,
All seals and symbols of redeemed sin,
His soul is so enfetter'd to her love 320

That she may make, unmake, do what she list,
 Even as her appetite shall play the god
 With his weak function. How am I then a villain
 To counsel Cassio to this parallel course,
 Directly to his good? Divinity of hell!
 When devils will the blackest sins put on,
 They do suggest at first with heavenly shows,
 As I do now: for whiles this honest fool
 Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes,
 And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor,
 I'll pour this pestilence into his ear,—
 That she repeals him for her body's lust;
 And by how much she strives to do him good
 She shall undo her credit with the Moor.
 So will I turn her virtue into pitch,
 And out of her own goodness make the net
 That shall enmesh them all.—

330

Enter RODERIGO.

How now, Roderigo! 338

Roderigo. I do follow here in the chase, not like a hound
 that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My money is al-
 most spent; I have been to-night exceedingly well cudgel-
 led; and I think the issue will be, I shall have so much
 experience for my pains, and so, with no money at all and
 a little more wit, return again to Venice.

Iago. How poor are they that have not patience!
 What wound did ever heal but by degrees?
 Thou know'st we work by wit and not by witchcraft,
 And wit depends on dilatory time.
 Does 't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee,
 And thou, by that small hurt, hast cashier'd Cassio.
 Though other things grow fair against the sun,
 Yet fruits that blossom first will first be ripe;
 Content thyself awhile.—By the mass, 't is morning;

350

Pleasure and action make the hours seem short.

Retire thee ; go where thou art billeted.

Away, I say ; thou shalt know more hereafter :

Nay, get thee gone.—[*Exit Roderigo.*] Two things are to be done :

My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress ;

I 'll set her on :

Myself the while to draw the Moor apart,

And bring him jump when he may Cassio find

Soliciting his wife.—Ay, that 's the way ;

Dull not device by coldness and delay.

[*Exit*



MELPOMENE, THE MUSE OF TRAGEDY.



VENETIAN REMAINS AT FAMAGUSTA, CYPRUS.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Before the Castle.*

Enter CASSIO *and some Musicians.*

Cassio. Masters, play here ; I will content your pains ;
Something that 's brief ; and bid good morrow, general.

[*Music.*

Enter Clown.

Clown. Why, masters, have your instruments been in Naples, that they speak i' the nose thus ?

I *Musician*. How, sir, how!

Clown. Are these, I pray you, wind instruments?

I *Musician*. Ay, marry, are they, sir.

Clown. O, thereby hangs a tale. But, masters, here 's money for you; and the general so likes your music, that he desires you, for love's sake, to make no more noise with it.

I *Musician*. Well, sir, we will not. 11

Clown. If you have any music that may not be heard, to 't again; but, as they say, to hear music the general does not greatly care.

I *Musician*. We have none such, sir.

Clown. Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I 'll away. Go; vanish into air; away! [*Exeunt Musicians*.]

Cassio. Dost thou hear, my honest friend?

Clown. No, I hear not your honest friend; I hear you. 19

Cassio. Prithee, keep up thy quillets. There 's a poor piece of gold for thee. If the gentlewoman that attends the general's wife be stirring, tell her there 's one Cassio entreats her a little favour of speech; wilt thou do this?

Clown. She is stirring, sir; if she will stir hither, I shall seem to notify unto her.

Cassio. Do, good my friend.—

[*Exit Clown*.]

Enter IAGO.

In happy time, Iago.

Iago. You have not been a-bed, then?

Cassio. Why, no; the day had broke
Before we parted. I have made bold, Iago,
To send in to your wife; my suit to her
Is, that she will to virtuous Desdemona
Procure me some access.

30

Iago. I 'll send her to you presently;
And I 'll devise a mean to draw the Moor
Out of the way, that your converse and business
May be more free.

Cassio. I humbly thank you for 't.—[*Exit Iago.*] I never
knew
A Florentine more kind and honest.

Enter EMILIA.

Emilia. Good morrow, good lieutenant ; I am sorry
For your displeasure, but all will sure be well.
The general and his wife are talking of it, 40
And she speaks for you stoutly : the Moor replies,
That he you hurt is of great fame in Cyprus
And great affinity, and that in wholesome wisdom
He might not but refuse you ; but he protests he loves you,
And needs no other suitor but his likings
To take the saf'st occasion by the front
To bring you in again.

Cassio. Yet, I beseech you,
If you think fit, or that it may be done,
Give me advantage of some brief discourse
With Desdemona alone.

Emilia. Pray you, come in ; 50
I will bestow you where you shall have time
To speak your bosom freely.

Cassio. I am much bound to you.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and Gentlemen.

Othello. These letters give, Iago, to the pilot,
And by him do my duties to the senate.
That done, I will be walking on the works ;
Repair there to me.

Iago. Well, my good lord, I 'll do 't.

Othello. This fortification, gentlemen, shall we see 't?

Gentlemen. We 'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The Garden of the Castle.**Enter DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and EMILIA.*

Desdemona. Be thou assur'd, good Cassio, I will do
All my abilities in thy behalf.

Emilia. Good madam, do; I warrant it grieves my husband
band

As if the case were his.

Desdemona. O, that 's an honest fellow.—Do not doubt,
Cassio,

But I will have my lord and you again
As friendly as you were.

Cassio. Bounteous madam,
Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio,
He 's never any thing but your true servant.

Desdemona. I know 't; I thank you. You do love my
lord :

10

You have known him long; and be you well assur'd
He shall in strangeness stand no further off
Than in a politic distance.

Cassio. Ay, but, lady,
That policy may either last so long,
Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,
Or breed itself so out of circumstance,
That, I being absent and my place supplied,
My general will forget my love and service.

Desdemona. Do not doubt that; before Emilia here
I give thee warrant of thy place. Assure thee,
If I do vow a friendship, I 'll perform it
To the last article: my lord shall never rest;
I 'll watch him tame and talk him out of patience;
His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift;
I 'll intermingle every thing he does
With Cassio's suit. Therefore be merry, Cassio;

20

For thy solicitor shall rather die
Than give thy cause away.

Emilia. Madam, here comes my lord.

Cassio. Madam, I 'll take my leave.

30

Desdemona. Why, stay, and hear me speak.

Cassio. Madam, not now ; I am very ill at ease,
Unfit for mine own purposes.

Desdemona. Well, do your discretion. [Exit Cassio.]

Enter OTHELLO and IAGO.

Iago. Ha ! I like not that.

Othello. What dost thou say ?

Iago. Nothing, my lord ; or if—I know not what.

Othello. Was not that Cassio parted from my wife ?

Iago. Cassio, my lord ! No, sure, I cannot think it
That he would steal away so guilty-like,
Seeing you coming.

Othello. I do believe 't was he.

40

Desdemona. How now, my lord !

I have been talking with a suitor here,
A man that languishes in your displeasure.

Othello. Who is 't you mean ?

Desdemona. Why, your lieutenant Cassio. Good my lord,
If I have any grace or power to move you,
His present reconciliation take ;
For if he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance and not in cunning,
I have no judgment in an honest face.
I prithee, call him back.

50

Othello. Went he hence now ?

Desdemona. Ay, sooth ; so humbled
That he hath left part of his grief with me,
To suffer with him. Good love, call him back.

Othello. Not now, sweet Desdemona ; some other time.

Desdemona. But shall 't be shortly ?

Othello. The sooner, sweet, for you.

Desdemona. Shall 't be to-night at supper?

Othello. No, not to-night.

Desdemona. To-morrow dinner, then?

Othello. I shall not dine at home ;

I meet the captains at the citadel. 59

Desdemona. Why, then, to-morrow night, or Tuesday morn ,
On Tuesday noon, or night ; on Wednesday morn :

I prithee name the time, but let it not

Exceed three days. In faith, he 's penitent ;

And yet his trespass, in our common reason—

Save that, they say, the wars must make examples

Out of their best—is not almost a fault

To incur a private check. When shall he come ?

Tell me, *Othello* ; I wonder in my soul

What you would ask me that I should deny,

Or stand so mammering on. What ! Michael Cassio, 70

That came a-wooing with you, and so many a time,

When I have spoke of you disparagingly,

Hath ta'en your part,—to have so much to do

To bring him in ! Trust me, I could do much—

Othello. Prithee, no more : let him come when he will ;
I will deny thee nothing.

Desdemona. Why, this is not a boon ;

'T is as I should entreat you wear your gloves,

Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm,

Or sue to you to do a peculiar profit

To your own person : nay, when I have a suit 80

Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,

It shall be full of poise and difficult weight,

And fearful to be granted.

Othello. I will deny thee nothing ;

Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,

To leave me but a little to myself.

Desdemona. Shall I deny you ? no ; farewell, my lord.

Othello. Farewell, my Desdemona ; I 'll come to thee straight.

Desdemona. Emilia, come.—Be as your fancies teach you ;
Whate'er you be, I am obedient.

[*Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.*]

Othello. Excellent wretch ! Perdition catch my soul 90
But I do love thee ! and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.

Iago. My noble lord,—

Othello. What dost thou say, Iago ?

Iago. Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady,
Know of your love ?

Othello. He did, from first to last ; why dost thou ask ?

Iago. But for a satisfaction of my thought ;
No further harm.

Othello. Why of thy thought, Iago ?

Iago. I did not think he had been acquainted with her.

Othello. O, yes ; and went between us very oft. 100

Iago. Indeed !

Othello. Indeed ! ay, indeed ; discern'st thou aught in that !
Is he not honest ?

Iago. Honest, my lord !

Othello. Honest ! ay, honest.

Iago. My lord, for aught I know.

Othello. What dost thou think ?

Iago. Think, my lord !

Othello. Think, my lord !

By heaven, he echoes me,
As if there were some monster in his thought
Too hideous to be shown.—Thou dost mean something.
I heard thee say even now, thou lik'dst not that,
When Cassio left my wife : what didst not like ? 110
And when I told thee he was of my counsel
In my whole course of wooing, thou criedst ' Indeed !'
And didst contract and purse thy brow together,

As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit. If thou dost love me,
Show me thy thought.

Iago. My lord, you know I love you.

Othello. I think thou dost ;

And, for I know thou 'rt full of love and honesty,
And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath,
Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more : 120
For such things in a false disloyal knave
Are tricks of custom, but in a man that 's just
They are close delations, working from the heart
That passion cannot rule.

Iago. For Michael Cassio,

I dare be sworn I think that he is honest.

Othello. I think so too.

Iago. Men should be what they seem ;

Or those that be not, would they might seem none !

Othello. Certain, men should be what they seem.

Iago. Why, then, I think Cassio 's an honest man.

Othello. Nay, yet there 's more in this. 130

I prithee, speak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou dost ruminate, and give thy worst of thoughts
The worst of words.

Iago. Good, my lord, pardon me ;

Though I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.
Utter my thoughts ? Why, say they are vile and false,—
As where 's that palace whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not ? who has a breast so pure,
But some uncleanly apprehensions
Keep leets and law-days, and in session sit 140
With meditations lawful ?

Othello. Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,
If thou but think'st him wrong'd and mak'st his ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.

Iago. I do beseech you—
Though I perchance am vicious in my guess,
As, I confess, it is my nature's plague
To spy into abuses, and oft my jealousy
Shapes faults that are not—that your wisdom yet,
From one that so imperfectly conceits,
Would take no notice, nor build yourself a trouble
Out of his scattering and unsure observance. 150
It were not for your quiet nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom,
To let you know my thoughts.

Othello. What dost thou mean?

Iago. Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls.
Who steals my purse steals trash ; 't is something, nothing ;
'T was mine, 't is his, and has been slave to thousands ;
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him 160
And makes me poor indeed.

Othello. By heaven, I 'll know thy thoughts.

Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand ;
Nor shall not, whilst 't is in my custody.

Othello. Ha !

Iago. O, beware, my lord, of jealousy !
It is the green-eyed monster which doth mock
The meat it feeds on : that cuckold lives in bliss
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger ;
But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er
Who dotes, yet doubts, suspects, yet strongly loves ! 170

Othello. O misery !

Iago. Poor and content is rich, and rich enough ;
But riches fineless is as poor as winter
To him that ever fears he shall be poor.
Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend
From jealousy !

Othello. . . . Why, why is this?

Think'st thou I'd make a life of jealousy,
 To follow still the changes of the moon
 With fresh suspicions? No ; to be once in doubt
 Is once to be resolv'd : exchange me for a goat,
 When I shall turn the business of my soul
 To such exsufficate and blown surmises,
 Matching thy inference. 'T is not to make me jealous
 To say my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
 Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well ;
 Where virtue is, these are more virtuous :
 Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
 The smallest fear or doubt of her revolt ;
 For she had eyes, and chose me. No, Iago !
 I'll see before I doubt ; when I doubt, prove :
 And on the proof there is no more but this,—
 Away at once with love or jealousy !

Iago. I am glad of it ; for now I shall have reason
 To show the love and duty that I bear you
 With franker spirit ; therefore, as I am bound,
 Receive it from me. I speak not yet of proof.
 Look to your wife ; observe her well with Cassio ;
 Wear your eye thus, not jealous nor secure :
 I would not have your free and noble nature
 Out of self-bounty be abus'd ; look to 't.
 I know our country disposition well :
 In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks
 They dare not show their husbands ; their best conscience
 Is not to leave 't undone, but keep 't unknown.

Othello. Dost thou say so?

Iago. She did deceive her father, marrying you ;
 And when she seem'd to shake and fear your looks,
 She lov'd them most.

Othello. And so she did.

Iago. Why, go to, then ;

She that, so young, could give out such a seeming,
To seel her father's eyes up close as oak—
He thought 't was witchcraft—but I am much to blame ;
I humbly do beseech you of your pardon
For too much loving you.

Othello. I am bound to thee for ever.

Iago. I see this hath a little dash'd your spirits.

Othello. Not a jot, not a jot.

Iago. I' faith, I fear it has.

I hope you will consider what is spoke
Comes from my love. But I do see you 're mov'd :
I am to pray you not to strain my speech
To grosser issues nor to larger reach
Than to suspicion.

Othello. I will not.

Iago. Should you do so, my lord,
My speech should fall into such vile success
As my thoughts aim not at. Cassio 's my worthy friend—
My lord, I see you 're mov'd.

Othello. No, not much mov'd ;
I do not think but Desdemona 's honest.

Iago. Long live she so ! and long live you to think so !

Othello. And yet, how nature erring from itself,—

Iago. Ay, there 's the point ; as—to be bold with you—
Not to affect many proposed matches
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree,
Whereto we see in all things nature tends—
Foh ! one may smell in such a will most rank,
Foul disproportion, thoughts unnatural.—
But pardon me ; I do not in position
Distinctly speak of her, though I may fear
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,
May fall to match you with her country forms
And happily repent.

Othello. Farewell, farewell :

If more thou dost perceive, let me know more ;
Set on thy wife to observe : leave me, Iago.

240

Iago. [*Going*] My lord, I take my leave.

Othello. Why did I marry? This honest creature doubt-
less

Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.

Iago. [*Returning*] My lord, I would I might entreat your
honour

To scan this thing no further ; leave it to time.

Though it be fit that Cassio have his place,

For, sure, he fills it up with great ability,

Yet, if you please to hold him off awhile,

You shall by that perceive him and his means.

Note if your lady strain his entertainment

250

With any strong or vehement importunity ;

Much will be seen in that. In the mean time,

Let me be thought too busy in my fears—

As worthy cause I have to fear I am—

And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.

Othello. Fear not my government.

Iago. I once more take my leave.

[*Exit.*

Othello. This fellow 's of exceeding honesty,

And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit,

Of human dealings. If I do prove her haggard,

260

Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,

I 'd whistle her off and let her down the wind,

To prey at fortune. Haply, for I am black,

And have not those soft parts of conversation

That chamberers have, or for I am declin'd

Into the vale of years,—yet that 's not much—

She 's gone. I am abus'd ; and my relief

Must be to loathe her. O curse of marriage,

That we can call these delicate creatures ours,

And not their appetites ! I had rather be a toad,

270

And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,

Than keep a corner in the thing I love
 For others' uses. Yet, 't is the plague of great ones;
 Prerogativ'd are they less than the base;
 'T is destiny unshunnable, like death:
 Even then this forked plague is fated to us
 When we do quicken.—Desdemona comes.

Enter DESDEMONA and EMILIA.

If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself!
 I 'll not believe 't.

Desdemona. How now, my dear Othello!
 Your dinner, and the generous islanders
 By you invited, do attend your presence.

28a

Othello. I am to blame.

Desdemona. Why do you speak so faintly?
 Are you not well?

Othello. I have a pain upon my forehead here.

Desdemona. Faith, that's with watching; 't will away again:
 Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
 It will be well.

Othello. Your napkin is too little;

[He puts the handkerchief from him; and it drops.]

Let it alone. Come, I 'll go in with you.

Desdemona. I am very sorry that you are not well.

[Exeunt Othello and Desdemona.]

Emilia. I am glad I have found this napkin.
 This was her first remembrance from the Moor:
 My wayward husband hath a hundred times
 Woo'd me to steal it; but she so loves the token,
 For he conjur'd her she should ever keep it,
 That she reserves it evermore about her
 To kiss and talk to. I 'll have the work ta'en out,
 And give 't Iago: what he will do with it
 Heaven knows, not I;
 I nothing but to please his fantasy.

29a

Enter IAGO.

Iago. How now! what do you here alone? 300

Emilia. Do not you chide; I have a thing for you.

Iago. A thing for me? it is a common thing—

Emilia. Ha!

Iago. To have a foolish wife.

Emilia. O, is that all? What will you give me now
For that same handkerchief?

Iago. What handkerchief?

Emilia. What handkerchief!

Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona;
That which so often you did bid me steal.

Iago. Hast stolen it from her? 310

Emilia. No, faith; she let it drop by negligence,
And, to the advantage, I, being here, took 't up.
Look, here it is.

Iago. A good wench; give it me.

Emilia. What will you do with 't, that you have been so
earnest

To have me filch it?

Iago. [*Snatching it*] Why, what 's that to you?

Emilia. If it be not for some purpose of import,
Give 't me again; poor lady, she 'll run mad
When she shall lack it.

Iago. Be not acknown on 't; I have use for it. 319
Go, leave me. [*Exit Emilia.*]

I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,
And let him find it. Trifles light as air
Are to the jealous confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ; this may do something.
The Moor already changes with my poison;
Dangerous conceits are in their natures poisons,
Which at the first are scarce found to distaste,
But with a little act upon the blood

Burn like the mines of sulphur.—I did say so;
Look, where he comes!

Enter OTHELLO.

Not poppy, nor mandragora, 330
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou ow'dst yesterday.

Othello. Ha! ha! false to me?

Iago. Why, how now, general! no more of that.

Othello. Avaunt! be gone! thou hast set me on the rack.
I swear 't is better to be much abus'd
Than but to know 't a little.

Iago. How now, my lord!

Othello. What sense had I of her stolen hours of lust?
I saw 't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me:
I slept the next night well, was free and merry; 340
I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips:
He that is robbed, not wanting what is stolen,
Let him not know 't, and he 's not robb'd at all.

Iago. I am sorry to hear this.

Othello. I had been happy, if the general camp,
Pioners and all, had tasted her sweet body,
So I had nothing known. O, now, for ever
Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!
Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue! O, farewell! 350
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
And, O you mortal engines, whose rude throats
The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewell! Othello's occupation 's gone!

Iago. Is 't possible, my lord?

Othello. Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore,
 Be sure of it: give me the ocular proof; 360
 Or, by the worth of man's eternal soul,
 Thou hadst been better have been born a dog
 Than answer my wak'd wrath!

Iago. Is 't come to this?

Othello. Make me to see 't; or, at the least, so prove it,
 That the probation bear no hinge nor loop
 To hang a doubt on; or woe upon thy life!

Iago. My noble lord,—

Othello. If thou dost slander her and torture me,
 Never pray more; abandon all remorse;
 On horror's head horrors accumulate; 370
 Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amaz'd:
 For nothing canst thou to damnation add
 Greater than that.

Iago. O grace! O heaven forgive me!
 Are you a man? have you a soul or sense?
 God be wi' you; take mine office. O wretched fool,
 That liv'st to make thine honesty a vice!
 O monstrous world! Take note, take note, O world,
 To be direct and honest is not safe.

I thank you for this profit; and from hence
 I'll love no friend, sith love breeds such offence. 380

Othello. Nay, stay; thou shouldst be honest.

Iago. I should be wise, for honesty's a fool,
 And loses that it works for.

Othello. By the world,
 I think my wife be honest, and think she is not;
 I think that thou art just, and think thou art not.
 I'll have some proof. Her name, that was as fresh
 As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black
 As mine own face. If there be cords, or knives,
 Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,
 I'll not endure it. Would I were satisfied!

Iago. I see, sir, you are eaten up with passion ;
I do repent me that I put it to you.
You would be satisfied ?

Othello. Would ! nay, I will.

Iago. And may : but, how ? how satisfied, my lord ?
If imputation and strong circumstances,
Which lead directly to the door of truth,
Will give you satisfaction, you may have 't.

Othello. Give me a living reason she 's disloyal.

Iago. I do not like the office ;
But, sith I am enter'd in this cause so far,
Prick'd to 't by foolish honesty and love,
I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately ;
And, being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not sleep.

400

There are a kind of men so loose of soul,
That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs ;
One of this kind is Cassio.

In sleep I heard him say ' Sweet Desdemona,
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves ;'
And then, sir, would he gripe and wring my hand,
Cry ' O sweet creature !' and then kiss me hard,
As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots
That grew upon my lips ; and sigh'd, and then
Cried ' Cursed fate that gave thee to the Moor !'

410

Othello. O monstrous ! monstrous !

Iago. Nay, this was but his dream.

Othello. But this denoted a foregone conclusion ;
'T is a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream.

Iago. And this may help to thicken other proofs
That do demonstrate thinly.

Othello. I 'll tear her all to pieces !

Iago. Nay, but be wise : yet we see nothing done ;
She may be honest yet. Tell me but this,
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief
Spotted with strawberries in your wife's hand ?

420

Othello. I gave her such a one ; 't was my first gift.

Iago. I know not that ; but such a handkerchief—
I am sure it was your wife's—did I to-day
See Cassio wipe his beard with.

Othello. If it be that,—

Iago. If it be that, or any that was hers,
It speaks against her with the other proofs.

Othello. O, that the slave had forty thousand lives ! 430
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge.
Now do I see 't is true. Look here, Iago ;
All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven.
'T is gone.

Arise, black vengeance, from the hollow hell !
Yield up, O love, thy crown and hearted throne
To tyrannous hate ! Swell, bosom, with thy fraught,
For 't is of aspics' tongues !

Iago. Yet be content.

Othello. O, blood, blood, blood ! 439

Iago. Patience, I say ; your mind perhaps may change.

Othello. Never, Iago. Like to the Pontic sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontic and the Hellespont,
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
Till that a capable and wide revenge
Swallow them up. Now, by yond marble heaven, [Kneels.
In the due reverence of a sacred vow
I here engage my words.

Iago. Do not rise yet.— [Kneels.
Witness, you ever-burning lights above,
You elements that clip us round about,
Witness that here Iago doth give up
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd Othello's service ! Let him command,

And to obey shall be in me remorse,
What bloody business ever.

[*They rise.*

Othello. I greet thy love,
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will upon the instant put thee to 't;
Within these three days let me hear thee say
That Cassio's not alive.

461

Iago. My friend is dead; 't is done at your request:
But let her live.

Othello. Damn her, lewd minx! O, damn her!
Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw,
To furnish me with some swift means of death
For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.

Iago. I am your own for ever. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. *Before the Castle.*

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, and Clown.

Desdemona. Do you know, sirrah, where Lieutenant Cassio lies?

Clown. I dare not say he lies any where.

Desdemona. Why, man?

Clown. He's a soldier, and for one to say a soldier lies, is stabbing.

Desdemona. Go to; where lodges he?

Clown. To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you where I lie.

Desdemona. Can any thing be made of this?

10

Clown. I know not where he lodges; and for me to devise a lodging, and say he lies here or he lies there, were to lie in mine own throat.

Desdemona. Can you inquire him out, and be edified by report?

Clown. I will catechise the world for him; that is, make questions, and by them answer.

Desdemona. Seek him, bid him come hither ; tell him I have moved my lord on his behalf, and hope all will be well.

Clown. To do this is within the compass of man's wit, and therefore I will attempt the doing. [Exit.

Desdemona. Where should I lose that handkerchief, Emilia ? 22

Emilia. I know not, madam.

Desdemona. Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse Full of crusadoes ; and, but my noble Moor Is true of mind and made of no such baseness As jealous creatures are, it were enough To put him to ill thinking.

Emilia. Is he not jealous ?

Desdemona. Who, he ? I think the sun where he was born Drew all such humours from him.

Emilia. Look, where he comes. 31

Desdemona. I will not leave him now till Cassio Be call'd to him. 31

Enter OTHELLO.

How is 't with you, my lord ?

Othello. Well, my good lady.—[*Aside*] O, hardness to dissemble !—

How do you, Desdemona ?

Desdemona. Well, my good lord.

Othello. Give me your hand. This hand is moist, my lady.

Desdemona. It yet hath felt no age nor known no sorrow.

Othello. This argues fruitfulness and liberal heart.

Hot, hot, and moist : this hand of yours requires A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer, Much castigation, exercise devout ;
For here 's a young and sweating devil here,
'That commonly rebels. 'T is a good hand,
A frank one. 40

Desdemona. You may, indeed, say so ;
For 't was that hand that gave away my heart.

Othello. A liberal hand : the hearts of old gave hands ;
But our new heraldry is hands, not hearts.

Desdemona. I cannot speak of this. Come now, your
promise.

Othello. What promise, chuck ?

Desdemona. I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with
you.

Othello. I have a salt and sorry rheum offends me ; 50
Lend me thy handkerchief.

Desdemona. Here, my lord.

Othello. That which I gave you.

Desdemona. I have it not about me.

Othello. Not ?

Desdemona. No, indeed, my lord.

Othello. That is a fault.

That handkerchief

Did an Egyptian to my mother give ;
She was a charmer, and could almost read
The thoughts of people : she told her, while she kept it,
'T would make her amiable and subdue my father
Entirely to her love, but if she lost it
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye 60
Should hold her loathed and his spirits should hunt
After new fancies. She dying gave it me ;
And bid me, when my fate would have me wive,
To give it her. I did so : and take heed on 't ;
Make it a darling like your precious eye :
To lose 't or give 't away were such perdition
As nothing else could match.

Desdemona. Is 't possible ?

Othello. 'T is true ; there 's magic in the web of it.
A sibyl, that had number'd in the world
The sun to course two hundred compasses, 70
In her prophetic fury sew'd the work ;
The worms were hallow'd that did breed the silk ;

And it was dyed in mummy which the skilful
Conserv'd of maidens' hearts.

Desdemona. Indeed ! is 't true ?

Othello. Most veritable ; therefore look to 't well.

Desdemona. Then would to God that I had never seen 't !

Othello. Ha ! wherefore ?

Desdemona. Why do you speak so startingly and rash ?

Othello. Is 't lost ? is 't gone ? speak, is it out o' the way ?

Desdemona. Heaven bless us !

80

Othello. Say you ?

Desdemona. It is not lost ; but what an if it were ?

Othello. How !

Desdemona. I say, it is not lost.

Othello. Fetch 't, let me see 't.

Desdemona. Why, so I can, sir, but I will not now.

This is a trick to put me from my suit ;

Pray you, let Cassio be receiv'd again.

Othello. Fetch me the handkerchief ; my mind misgives.

Desdemona. Come, come ;

You 'll never meet a more sufficient man.

90

Othello. The handkerchief !

Desdemona. I pray, talk me of Cassio.

Othello. The handkerchief !

Desdemona. A man that all his time

Hath founded his good fortunes on your love,

Shar'd dangers with you,—

Othello. The handkerchief !

Desdemona. In sooth, you are to blame.

Othello. Away !

[Exit.

Emilia. Is not this man jealous ?

Desdemona. I ne'er saw this before.

Sure, there 's some wonder in this handkerchief ;

100

I am most unhappy in the loss of it.

Emilia. 'T is not a year or two shows us a man :

They are all but stomachs, and we all but food ;

They eat us hungerly, and when they are full
They belch us. Look you, Cassio and my husband!

Enter CASSIO and IAGO.

Iago. There is no other way; 't is she must do 't:
And, lo, the happiness! go, and importune her.

Desdemona. How now, good Cassio! what 's the news
with you?

Cassio. Madam, my former suit: I do beseech you
That by your virtuous means I may again 110
Exist, and be a member of his love
Whom I with all the office of my heart
Entirely honour; I would not be delay'd.
If my offence be of such mortal kind
That nor my service past nor present sorrows
Nor purpos'd merit in futurity
Can ransom me into his love again,
But to know so must be my benefit,
So shall I clothe me in a forc'd content,
And shut myself up in some other course 120
To fortune's alms.

Desdemona. Alas, thrice-gentle Cassio!
My advocacy is not now in tune;
My lord is not my lord, nor should I know him,
Were he in favour as in humour alter'd.
So help me every spirit sanctified,
As I have spoken for you all my best
And stood within the blank of his displeasure
For my free speech! You must awhile be patient:
What I can do I will; and more I will
Than for myself I dare: let that suffice you. 130

Iago. Is my lord angry?

Emilia. He went hence but now,
And certainly in strange unquietness.

Iago. Can he be angry? I have seen the cannon,

When it hath blown his ranks into the air,
 And, like the devil, from his very arm
 Puff'd his own brother ;—and can he be angry ?
 Something of moment then : I will go meet him ;
 'There 's matter in 't indeed, if he be angry.

Desdemona. I prithee, do so.— [Exit Iago.

Something, sure, of state,

Either from Venice or some unhatch'd practice 140
 Made demonstrable here in Cyprus to him,
 Hath puddled his clear spirit ; and in such cases
 Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,
 Though great ones are their object. 'T is even so ;
 For let our finger ache, and it indues
 Our other healthful members even to that sense
 Of pain : nay, we must think men are not gods,
 Nor of them look for such observancy
 As fits the bridal. Beshrew me much, Emilia,
 I was, unhandsome warrior as I am, 150
 Arraigning his unkindness with my soul ;
 But now I find I had suborn'd the witness,
 And he 's indicted falsely.

Emilia. Pray heaven it be state matters, as you think,
 And no conception nor no jealous toy
 Concerning you.

Desdemona. Alas the day ! I never gave him cause.

Emilia. But jealous souls will not be answer'd so ;
 They are not ever jealous for the cause,
 But jealous for they are jealous : 't is a monster 160
 Begot upon itself, born on itself.

Desdemona. Heaven keep that monster from Othello's
 mind !

Emilia. Lady, amen.

Desdemona. I will go seek him.—Cassio, walk hereabout ;
 If I do find him fit, I 'll move your suit
 And seek to effect it to my uttermost.

Cassio. I humbly thank your ladyship.

[*Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.*]

Enter BIANCA.

Bianca. Save you, friend Cassio !

Cassio. What make you from home ?

How is it with you, my most fair Bianca ?

I' faith, sweet love, I was coming to your house. 170

Bianca. And I was going to your lodging, Cassio.

What, keep a week away ? seven days and nights ?

Eight score eight hours ? and lovers' absent hours,

More tedious than the dial eight score times ?

O weary reckoning !

Cassio. Pardon me, Bianca ;

I have this while with leaden thoughts been press'd,

But I shall in a more continue time

Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca,

[*Giving her Desdemona's handkerchief.*]

Take me this work out.

Bianca. O Cassio, whence came this ?

This is some token from a newer friend ; 180

To the felt absence now I feel a cause.

Is 't come to this ? Well, well.

Cassio. Go to, woman !

Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,

From whence you have them. You are jealous now

That this is from some mistress, some remembrance ;

No, in good troth, Bianca.

Bianca. Why, whose is it ?

Cassio. I know not, sweet ; I found it in my chamber.

I like the work well ; ere it be demanded—

As like enough it will—I 'd have it copied :

Take it, and do 't ; and leave me for this time. 190

Bianca. Leave you ! wherefore ?

Cassio. I do attend here on the general ;

And think it no addition, nor my wish,
To have him see me woman'd.

Bianca.

Why, I pray you?

Cassio. Not that I love you not.

Bianca.

But that you do not love me.

I pray you, bring me on the way a little,
And say if I shall see you soon at night.

Cassio. 'T is but a little way that I can bring you,
For I attend here ; but I 'll see you soon.

Bianca. 'T is very good ; I must be circumstanc'd.

200

[*Exeunt.*



"a noble ship of Venice" (ii. i. 22).



THE CITADEL AT FAMAGUSTA.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Cyprus. Before the Castle.*

Enter OTHELLO and IAGO.

Iago. Will you think so?

Othello.

Think so, Iago!

Iago.

What,

To kiss in private?

Othello.

An unauthoriz'd kiss.

It is hypocrisy against the devil;

They that mean virtuously and yet do so,

The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heaven.

Iago. So they do nothing, 't is a venial slip;
But if I give my wife a handkerchief,—

Othello. What then?

Iago. Why, then, 't is hers, my lord; and, being hers,
She may, I think, bestow 't on any man.

Othello. She is protectress of her honour too;
May she give that?

Iago. Her honour is an essence that 's not seen ;
They have it very oft that have it not :
But, for the handkerchief,—

Othello. By heaven, I would most gladly have forgot it.
Thou said'st—O, it comes o'er my memory,
As doth the raven o'er the infected house,
Boding to all—he had my handkerchief.

Iago. Ay, what of that?

Othello. That 's not so good now.

Iago.

What,

If I had said I had seen him do you wrong?
Or heard him say,—as knaves be such abroad,
Who having, by their own importunate suit,
Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,
Convinced or supplied them, cannot choose
But they must blab—

Othello. Hath he said any thing?

Iago. He hath, my lord ; but be you well assur'd,
No more than he 'll unswear.

Othello. What hath he said?

Iago. Faith, that he did—I know not what he did. 29

Othello. What? what? — Handkerchief — confessions —
handkerchief!—To confess, and be hanged for his labour ;
—first, to be hanged, and then to confess.—I tremble at it.
Nature would not invest herself in such shadowing passion
without some instruction. It is not words that shake me
thus. Pish! Noses, ears, and lips.—Is 't possible?—Con-
fess—handkerchief!—O devil! [Falls in a trance.

Iago. Work on,

My medicine, work! Thus credulous fools are caught ;
And many worthy and chaste dames even thus,
All guiltless, meet reproach.—What, ho! my lord!
My lord, I say! Othello!

Enter CASSIO.

How now, Cassio!

Cassio. What 's the matter?

Iago. My lord is fallen into an epilepsy:

This is his second fit; he had one yesterday.

Cassio. Rub him about the temples.

Iago.

No, forbear;

The lethargy must have his quiet course:

If not, he foams at mouth, and by and by

Breaks out to savage madness. Look, he stirs:

Do you withdraw yourself a little while,

He will recover straight; when he is gone,

50

I would on great occasion speak with you. [*Exit Cassio.*

How is it, general? have you not hurt your head?

Othello. Dost thou mock me?

Iago.

I mock you! no, by heaven.

Would you would bear your fortune like a man!

Othello. A horned man 's a monster and a beast.

Iago. There 's many a beast then in a populous city,
And many a civil monster.

Othello. Did he confess it?

Iago.

Good sir, be a man;

Think every bearded fellow that 's but yok'd

May draw with you. There 's millions now alive

60

That nightly lie in those improper beds

Which they dare swear peculiar; your case is better.

O, 't is the spite of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,

To lip a wanton in a secure couch,

And to suppose her chaste! No, let me know;

And knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.

Othello. O, thou art wise; 't is certain.

Iago.

Stand you awhile apart

Confine yourself but in a patient list.

Whilst you were here o'erwhelmed with your grief—

A passion most unsuited such a man—
 Cassio came hither: I shifted him away,
 And laid good 'scuse upon your ecstasy,
 Bade him anon return and here speak with me;
 The which he promis'd. Do but encave yourself,
 And mark the fleers, the gibes, and notable scorns,
 That dwell in every region of his face;
 For I will make him tell the tale anew,
 Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when
 He hath, and is again to cope your wife:
 I say, but mark his gesture. Marry, patience;
 Or I shall say you are all in all in spleen,
 And nothing of a man.

7c

8c

Othello. Dost thou hear, Iago?
 I will be found most cunning in my patience;
 But—dost thou hear?—most bloody.

Iago. That 's not amiss;
 But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw?

[*Othello retires.*]

Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,
 A housewife that by selling her desires
 Buys herself bread and clothes: it is a creature
 That dotes on Cassio; as 't is the strumpet's plague
 To beguile many and be beguil'd by one.
 He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain
 From the excess of laughter.—Here he comes.—

9c

Re-enter CASSIO.

As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad;
 And his unbookish jealousy must construe
 Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures, and light behaviour,
 Quite in the wrong.—How do you now, lieutenant?

Cassio. The worser that you give me the addition
 Whose want even kills me.

Iago. Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure on 't.

Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's power,
How quickly should you speed!

Cassio. Alas, poor caitiff!

Othello. Look, how he laughs already!

Iago. I never knew woman love man so.

Cassio. Alas, poor rogue! I think, i' faith, she loves me.

Othello. Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it out.

Iago. Do you hear, Cassio?

Othello. Now he importunes him

To tell it o'er: go to; well said, well said.

Iago. She gives it out that you shall marry her;
Do you intend it?

Cassio. Ha, ha, ha!

Othello. Do you triumph, Roman? do you triumph?

Cassio. I marry her! what? a customer! Prithee, bear
some charity to my wit; do not think it so unwholesome.
Ha, ha, ha!

Othello. So, so, so, so; they laugh that win.

Iago. Faith, the cry goes that you shall marry her.

Cassio. Prithee, say true.

Iago. I am a very villain else.

Othello. Have you scored me? Well.

Cassio. This is the monkey's own giving-out; she is per-
suaded I will marry her, out of her own love and flattery, not
out of my promise.

Othello. Iago beckons me; now he begins the story.

Cassio. She was here even now; she haunts me in every
place. I was the other day talking on the sea-bank with
certain Venetians; and thither comes the bauble, and, by this
hand, she falls me thus about my neck—

Othello. Crying 'O dear Cassio!' as it were; his gesture
imports it.

Cassio. So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me; so hales
and pulls me: ha, ha, ha!

Othello. Now he tells how she plucked him to my cham-

ber.—O, I see that nose of yours, but not that dog I shall throw it to.

Cassio. Well, I must leave her company.

Iago. Before me! look, where she comes.

Cassio. 'T is such another fitchew! marry, a perfumed one.

Enter BIANCA.

What do you mean by this haunting of me? 138

Bianca. Let the devil and his dam haunt you! What did you mean by that same handkerchief you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to take it. I must take out the work?—A likely piece of work, that you should find it in your chamber, and not know who left it there! This is some minx's token, and I must take out the work? There, give it your hobby-horse; wheresoever you had it, I'll take out no work on 't.

Cassio. How now, my sweet Bianca! how now! how now!

Othello. By heaven, that should be my handkerchief!

Bianca. An you'll come to supper to-night, you may; an you will not, come when you are next prepared for. [*Exit.*

Iago. After her, after her. 150

Cassio. Faith, I must; she'll rail in the street else.

Iago. Will you sup there?

Cassio. Faith, I intend so.

Iago. Well, I may chance to see you; for I would very fain speak with you.

Cassio. Prithee, come; will you?

Iago. Go to; say no more. [*Exit Cassio.*

Othello. [*Advancing*] How shall I murder him, Iago?

Iago. Did you perceive how he laughed at his vice?

Othello. O Iago! 160

Iago. And did you see the handkerchief?

Othello. Was that mine?

Iago. Yours, by this hand; and to see how he prizes the foolish woman your wife! she gave it him, and he hath given it his whore.

Othello. I would have him nine years a-killing.—A fine woman! a fair woman! a sweet woman!

Iago. Nay, you must forget that.

168

Othello. Ay, let her rot, and perish, and be damned tonight; for she shall not live: no, my heart is turned to stone; I strike it, and it hurts my hand.—O, the world hath not a sweeter creature; she might lie by an emperor's side and command him tasks.

Iago. Nay, that 's not your way.

Othello. Hang her! I do but say what she is; so delicate with her needle! an admirable musician! O! she will sing the savageness out of a bear! of so high and plenteous wit and invention!—

Iago. She 's the worse for all this.

179

Othello. O, a thousand thousand times;—and then, of so gentle a condition!

Iago. Ay, too gentle.

Othello. Nay, that 's certain;—but yet the pity of it, Iago! O Iago, the pity of it, Iago!

Iago. If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend; for, if it touch not you, it comes near nobody.

Othello. I will chop her into messes! cuckold me!

Iago. O, 't is foul in her.

Othello. With mine officer!

Iago. That 's fouler.

190

Othello. Get me some poison, Iago; this night:—I 'll not expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty unprovide my mind again:—this night, Iago.

Iago. Do it not with poison; strangle her in her bed, even the bed she hath contaminated.

Othello. Good, good! the justice of it pleases; very good!

Iago. And for Cassio, let me be his undertaker; you shall hear more by midnight.

Othello. Excellent good!—[*A trumpet within.*] What trumpet is that same.

Iago. Something from Venice, sure.—'T is Lodovico
Come from the duke ; and, see, your wife is with him.

Enter LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, and Attendants.

Lodovico. Save you, worthy general !

Othello. With all my heart, sir.

Lodovico. The duke and senators of Venice greet you.

[*Gives him a letter.*]

Othello. I kiss the instrument of their pleasures.

[*Opens the letter, and reads.*]

Desdemona. And what 's the news, good cousin Lodovico ?

Iago. I am very glad to see you, signior ;
Welcome to Cyprus.

Lodovico. I thank you. How does Lieutenant Cassio ?

Iago. Lives, sir.

210

Desdemona. Cousin, there 's fallen between him and my
lord

An unkind breach ; but you shall make all well.

Othello. Are you sure of that ?

Desdemona. My lord ?

Othello. [*Reads*] 'This fail you not to do, as you will—'

Lodovico. He did not call ; he 's busy in the paper.

Is there division 'twixt my lord and Cassio ?

Desdemona. A most unhappy one ; I would do much
To atone them, for the love I bear to Cassio.

219

Othello. Fire and brimstone !

Desdemona. My lord ?

Othello.

Are you wise ?

Desdemona. What, is he angry ?

Lodovico. May be the letter mov'd him ;

For, as I think, they do command him home,

Deputing Cassio in his government.

Desdemona. Trust me, I am glad on 't.

Othello.

Indeed !

Desdemona.

My lord ?

Othello. I am glad to see you mad.

Desdemona. Why, sweet Othello,—

Othello. [*Striking her*] Devil!

Desdemona. I have not deserv'd this.

Lodovico. My lord, this would not be believ'd in Venice,
Though I should swear I saw 't; 't is very much :
Make her amends ; she weeps.

Othello. O devil, devil!

230

If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,
Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile.
Out of my sight!

Desdemona. I will not stay to offend you. [*Going.*

Lodovico. Truly, an obedient lady ;

I do beseech your lordship, call her back.

Othello. Mistress!

Desdemona. My lord?

Othello. What would you with her, sir?

Lodovico. Who, I, my lord?

Othello. Ay ; you did wish that I would make her turn.

Sir, she can turn and turn, and yet go on,

And turn again ; and she can weep, sir, weep ;

240

And she 's obedient, as you say, obedient,

Very obedient.—Proceed you in your tears.—

Concerning this, sir,—O well-painted passion!—

I am commanded home.—Get you away ;

I 'll send for you anon.—Sir, I obey the mandate,

And will return to Venice.—Hence, avaunt!—

[*Exit Desdemona.*

Cassio shall have my place. And, sir, to-night,

I do entreat that we may sup together ;

You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus.—Goats and monkeys!

249

[*Exit.*

Lodovico. Is this the noble Moor whom our full senate
Call all in all sufficient? Is this the nature
Whom passion could not shake? whose solid virtue

The shot of accident nor dart of chance
 Could neither graze nor pierce?

Iago. He is much chang'd.

Lodovico. Are his wits safe? is he not light of brain?

Iago. He 's that he is; I may not breathe my censure.
 What he might be—if what he might he is not—
 I would to heaven he were!

Lodovico. What, strike his wife!

Iago. Faith, that was not so well; yet would I knew
 That stroke would prove the worst!

Lodovico. Is it his use?

260

Or did the letters work upon his blood,
 And new-create this fault?

Iago. Alas, alas!

It is not honesty in me to speak
 What I have seen and known. You shall observe him,
 And his own courses will denote him so
 That I may save my speech; do but go after,
 And mark how he continues.

Lodovico. I am sorry that I am deceiv'd in him. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter OTHELLO and EMILIA.

Othello. You have seen nothing then?

Emilia. Nor ever heard, nor ever did suspect.

Othello. Yes, you have seen Cassio and she together.

Emilia. But then I saw no harm, and then I heard
 Each syllable that breath made up between them.

Othello. What, did they never whisper?

Emilia. Never, my lord.

Othello. Nor send you out o' the way?

Emilia. Never.

Othello. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor nothing?

Emilia. Never, my lord.

Othello. That 's strange.

Emilia. I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,
Lay down my soul at stake : if you think other,
Remove your thought ; it doth abuse your bosom.
If any wretch have put this in your head,
Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse !
For, if she be not honest, chaste, and true,
There 's no man happy ; the purest of their wives
Is foul as slander.

Othello. Bid her come hither ; go. [*Exit Emilia.*
She says enough ; yet she 's a simple bawd
That cannot say as much. This is a subtle whore,
A closet lock and key of villanous secrets :
And yet she 'll kneel and pray ; I have seen her do 't.

Enter DESDEMONA with EMILIA.

Desdemona. My lord, what is your will ?

Othello. Pray, chuck, come nither

Desdemona. What is your pleasure ?

Othello. Let me see your eyes ;
Look in my face.

Desdemona. What horrible fancy 's this ?

Othello. [*To Emilia*] Some of your function, mistress ;
shut the door ;

Cough, or cry hem, if any body come.

Your mystery, your mystery ; nay, dispatch. [*Exit Emilia.*

Desdemona. Upon my knees, what doth your speecn im-
port ?

I understand a fury in your words,
But not the words.

Othello. Why, what art thou ?

Desdemona. Your wife, my lord ; your true
And loyal wife.

Othello. Come, swear it, damn thyself ;

Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils themselves
Should fear to seize thee: therefore be double damn'd;
Swear thou art honest.

Desdemona. Heaven doth truly know it.

Othello. Heaven truly knows that thou art false as hell.

Desdemona. To whom, my lord? with whom? how am I
false?

Othello. O Desdemona! away! away! away!

40

Desdemona. Alas the heavy day! Why do you weep?

Am I the motive of these tears, my lord?

If haply you my father do suspect

An instrument of this your calling back,

Lay not your blame on me; if you have lost him,

Why, I have lost him too.

Othello. Had it pleas'd heaven

To try me with affliction, had they rain'd

All kinds of sores and shames on my bare head,

Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips,

Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes,

50

I should have found in some place of my soul

A drop of patience; but, alas, to make me

A fixed figure for the time of scorn

To point his slow unmoving finger at!

Yet could I bear that too; well, very well:

But there, where I have garner'd up my heart,

Where either I must live or bear no life,

The fountain from the which my current runs

Or else dries up,—to be discarded thence!

Or keep it as a cistern for foul toads

60

To knot and gender in!—Turn thy complexion there,

Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubin,—

Ay, there, look grim as hell!

Desdemona. I hope my noble lord esteems me honest.

Othello. O, ay; as summer flies are in the shambles,
That quicken even with blowing. O thou weed,

Who art so lovely fair and smell'st so sweet
That the sense aches at thee, would thou hadst ne'er been
born !

Desdemona. Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed ?

Othello. Was this fair paper, this most goodly book, 70
Made to write whore upon ? What committed !
Committed ! O thou public commoner !
I should make very forges of my cheeks,
That would to cinders burn up modesty,
Did I but speak thy deeds. What committed !
Heaven stops the nose at it and the moon winks ;
The bawdy wind that kisses all it meets
Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,
And will not hear it. What committed !
Impudent strumpet !

Desdemona. By heaven, you do me wrong. 80

Othello. Are not you a strumpet ?

Desdemona. No, as I am a Christian ;
If to preserve this vessel for my lord
From any other foul unlawful touch
Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.

Othello. What, not a whore ?

Desdemona. No, as I shall be sav'd.

Othello. Is 't possible ?

Desdemona. O, heaven forgive us !

Othello. I cry you mercy, then ;
I took you for that cunning whore of Venice
That married with Othello.—You, mistress,
That have the office opposite to Saint Peter, 90
And keep the gate of hell !

Enter EMILIA.

You, you, ay, you !

We have done our course ; there 's money for your pains.

I pray you, turn the key and keep our counsel. [*Exit.*]

Emilia. Alas, what does this gentleman conceive?
How do you, madam? how do you, my good lady?

Desdemona. Faith, half asleep.

Emilia. Good madam, what 's the matter with my lord?

Desdemona. With who?

Emilia. Why, with my lord, madam.

99

Desdemona. Who is thy lord?

Emilia. He that is yours, sweet lady.

Desdemona. I have none: do not talk to me, Emilia;
I cannot weep, nor answer have I none,
But what should go by water. Prithee, to-night
Lay on my bed my wedding sheets: remember;
And call thy husband hither.

Emilia. Here 's a change indeed! [*Exit.*

Desdemona. 'T is meet I should be us'd so, very meet.
How have I been behav'd, that he might stick
The small'st opinion on my least misuse?

Re-enter EMILIA with IAGO.

Iago. What is your pleasure, madam? How is 't with you?

Desdemona. I cannot tell. Those that do teach young
babes

110

Do it with gentle means and easy tasks:
He might have chid me so; for, in good faith,
I am a child to chiding.

Iago. What 's the matter, lady?

Emilia. Alas, Iago, my lord hath so bewhor'd her,
Thrown such despite and heavy terms upon her,
As true hearts cannot bear.

Desdemona. Am I that name, Iago?

Iago. What name, fair lady?

Desdemona. Such as she says my lord did say I was.

Emilia. He call'd her whore; a beggar in his drink
Could not have laid such terms upon his callat.

120

Iago. Why did he so?

Desdemona. I do not know ; I am sure I am none such.

Iago. Do not weep, do not weep. Alas the day !

Emilia. Hath she forsook so many noble matches,
Her father and her country and her friends,
'To be call'd whore ? would it not make one weep ?

Desdemona. It is my wretched fortune.

Iago.

Beshrew him for 't !

How comes this trick upon him ?

Desdemona.

Nay, heaven doth know.

Emilia. I will be hang'd, if some eternal villain,
Some busy and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging, cozening slave, to get some office,
Have not devis'd this slander ; I 'll be hang'd else.

130

Iago. Fie, there is no such man ; it is impossible.

Desdemona. If any such there be, heaven pardon him !

Emilia. A halter pardon him ! and hell gnaw his bones !
Why should he call her whore ? who keeps her company ?
What place ? what time ? what form ? what likelihood ?
The Moor 's abus'd by some most villanous knave,
Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow.
O heaven, that such companions thou 'dst unfold,
And put in every honest hand a whip
To lash the rascals naked through the world
Even from the east to the west !

140

Iago.

Speak within door.

Emilia. O, fie upon them ! Some such squire he was
That turn'd your wit the seamy side without,
And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

Iago. You are a fool ; go to.

Desdemona.

O good Iago,

What shall I do to win my lord again ?
Good friend, go to him ; for, by this light of heaven,
I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel :
If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,
Either in discourse of thought or actual deed,

150

Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,
 Delighted them in any other form,
 Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
 And ever will—though he do shake me off
 To beggarly divorcement—love him dearly,
 Comfort forswear me ! Unkindness may do much ;
 And his unkindness may defeat my life,
 But never taint my love. I cannot say where : 160
 It doth abhor me now I speak the word ;
 'To do the act that might the addition earn
 Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.

Iago. I pray you, be content ; 't is but his humour :
 The business of the state does him offence,
 And he does chide with you.

Desdemona. If 't were no other,—

Iago. 'T is but so, I warrant.
 [*Trumpets within.*]

Hark, how these instruments summon to supper !
 The messengers of Venice stay the meat :
 Go in, and weep not ; all things shall be well.— 170
 [*Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.*]

Enter RODERIGO.

How now, Roderigo !

Roderigo. I do not find that thou dealest justly with me.

Iago. What in the contrary ?

Roderigo. Every day thou daffest me with some device,
 Iago ; and rather, as it seems to me now, keepest from me
 all conveniency than suppliest me with the least advantage
 of hope. I will indeed no longer endure it, nor am I yet
 persuaded to put up in peace what already I have foolishly
 suffered.

Iago. Will you hear me, Roderigo ? 180

Roderigo. Faith, I have heard too much, for your words
 and performances are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me most unjustly.

Roderigo. With nought but truth. I have wasted myself out of my means. The jewels you have had from me to deliver to Desdemona would half have corrupted a votarist; you have told me she hath received them, and returned me expectations and comforts of sudden respect and acquaintance, but I find none.

Iago. Well; go to; very well.

190

Roderigo. Very well! go to! I cannot go to, man; nor 't is not very well: nay, I think it is scurvy, and begin to find myself fobbed in it.

Iago. Very well.

Roderigo. I tell you 't is not very well. I will make myself known to Desdemona: if she will return me my jewels, I will give over my suit and repent my unlawful solicitation; if not, assure yourself I will seek satisfaction of you.

Iago. You have said now.

Roderigo. Ay, and said nothing but what I protest intendment of doing.

201

Iago. Why, now I see there 's mettle in thee, and even from this instant do build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, Roderigo: thou hast taken against me a most just exception; but yet, I protest, I have dealt most directly in thy affair.

Roderigo. It hath not appeared.

Iago. I grant indeed it hath not appeared, and your suspicion is not without wit and judgment. But, Roderigo, if thou hast that in thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever, I mean purpose, courage and valour, this night show it; if thou the next night following enjoy not Desdemona, take me from this world with treachery and devise engines for my life.

214

Roderigo. Well, what is it? is it within reason and compass?

Iago. Sir, there is especial commission come from Venice to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

Roderigo. Is that true? why, then Othello and Desdemona return again to Venice. 219

Iago. O, no: he goes into Mauritania and takes away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode be lingered here by some accident; wherein none can be so determinate as the removing of Cassio.

Roderigo. How do you mean, removing of him?

Iago. Why, by making him incapable of Othello's place; knocking out his brains.

Roderigo. And that you would have me to do?

Iago. Ay, if you dare do yourself a profit and a right. He sups to-night with a harlotry, and thither will I go to him; he knows not yet of his honourable fortune. If you will watch his going thence, which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one, you may take him at your pleasure; I will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come, stand not amazed at it, but go along with me; I will show you such a necessity in his death that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him. It is now high supper-time, and the night grows to waste; about it!

Roderigo. I will hear further reason for this. 238

Iago. And you shall be satisfied. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Another Room in the Castle.*

Enter OTHELLO, LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, EMILIA, and Attendants.

Lodovico. I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no further.

Othello. O, pardon me; 't will do me good to walk.

Lodovico. Madam, good night; I humbly thank your ladyship.

Desdemona. Your honour is most welcome.

Othello. Will you walk, sir?

O,—Desdemona,—

Desdemona. My lord?

Othello. Get you to bed on the instant; I will be returned forthwith: dismiss your attendant there; look it be done.

Desdemona. I will, my lord.

[*Exeunt Othello, Lodovico, and Attendants.*]

Emilia. How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did.

Desdemona. He says he will return incontinent; 11
He hath commanded me to go to bed,
And bade me to dismiss you.

Emilia. Dismiss me!

Desdemona. It was his bidding; therefore, good Emilia,
Give me my nightily wearing, and adieu:
We must not now displease him.

Emilia. I would you had never seen him!

Desdemona. So would not I; my love doth so approve
him,
That even his stubbornness, his checks, his frowns,—
Prithee, unpin me,—have grace and favour in them. 20

Emilia. I have laid those sheets you bade me on the bed.

Desdemona. All's one.—Good faith, how foolish are our
minds!—

If I do die before thee, prithee, shroud me
In one of those same sheets.

Emilia. Come, come, you talk.

Desdemona. My mother had a maid call'd Barbara;
She was in love, and he she lov'd prov'd mad
And did forsake her. She had a song of 'willow';
An old thing 't was, but it express'd her fortune,
And she died singing it. That song to-night
Will not go from my mind; I have much to do 30
But to go hang my head all at one side,
And sing it like poor Barbara.—Prithee, dispatch.

Emilia. Shall I go fetch your night-gown?

Desdemona. No, unpin me here.
This Lodovico is a proper man.

Emilia. A very handsome man.

Desdemona. He speaks well.

Emilia. I know a lady in Venice would have walked barefoot to Palestine for a touch of his nether lip.

Desdemona. [Singing] *The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,*

Sing all a green willow;

40

Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,

Sing willow, willow, willow:

The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her moans;

Sing willow, willow, willow;

Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the stones;—

Lay by these:—

[Singing] *Sing willow, willow, willow;*

Prithee, hie thee; he 'll come anon:—

[Singing] *Sing all a green willow must be my garland.*

Let nobody blame him; his scorn I approve,—

50

Nay, that 's not next.—Hark! who is 't that knocks?

Emilia. It 's the wind.

Desdemona. [Singing] *I call'd my love false love; but what said he then?*

Sing willow, willow, willow:

If I court moe women, you 'll couch with moe men.—

So, get thee gone; good night. Mine eyes do itch;

Doth that bode weeping?

Emilia. 'T is neither here nor there.

Desdemona. I have heard it said so.—O, these men, these men!—

Dost thou in conscience think,—tell me, Emilia,—

That there be women do abuse their husbands

60

In such gross kind?

Emilia. There be some such, no question.

Desdemona. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?

Emilia. Why, would not you?

Desdemona.

No, by this heavenly light !

Emilia. Nor I neither by this heavenly light ;

I might do 't as well i' the dark.

Desdemona. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world ?

Emilia. The world 's a huge thing ; it is a great price
For a small vice.

Desdemona. In troth, I think thou wouldst not. 68

Emilia. In troth, I think I should ; and undo 't when I had done. Marry, I would not do such a thing for a joint-
ring, nor for measures of lawn, nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty exhibition ; but, for the whole world,—
why, who would not make her husband a cuckold to make him a monarch ? I should venture purgatory for 't.

Desdemona. Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong
For the whole world.

Emilia. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i' the world ; and
having the world for your labour, 't is a wrong in your own
world, and you might quickly make it right.

Desdemona. I do not think there is any such woman. 80

Emilia. Yes, a dozen ; and as many to the vantage as
would store the world they played for.

But I do think it is their husbands' faults

If wives do fall. Say that they slack their duties,

And pour out treasures into foreign laps,

Or else break out in peevish jealousies,

Throwing restraint upon us ; or say they strike us,

Or scant our former having in despite ;

Why, we have galls, and though we have some grace,

Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know

Their wives have sense like them ; they see and smell

And have their palates both for sweet and sour,

As husbands have. What is it that they do

When they change us for others ? Is it sport ?

I think it is ; and doth affection breed it ?

I think it doth; is 't frailty that thus errs?
It is so too; and have not we affections,
Desires for sport, and frailty, as men have?
Then let them use us well; else let them know,
The ills we do, their ills instruct us so.

100

Desdemona. Good night, good night; heaven me such uses
send,
Not to pick bad from bad, but by bad mend! [*Exeunt.*



COLONNADE OF DUCAL PALACE, VENICE.



VENETIAN GENERAL.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Cyprus. A Street.*

Enter IAGO and RODERIGO.

Iago. Here, stand behind this bulk; straight will he come
Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home.
Quick, quick; fear nothing; I'll be at thy elbow.
It makes us, or it mars us; think on that,
And fix most firm thy resolution.

Roderigo. Be near at hand; I may miscarry in 't.

Iago. Here, at thy hand; be bold, and take thy stand.

[Retires.]

Roderigo. I have no great devotion to the deed;
And yet he hath given me satisfying reasons:
'T is but a man gone. Forth, my sword; he dies. 10

Iago. I have rubb'd this young quat almost to the sense,
And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill Cassio,
Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my game. Live Roderigo,
He calls me to a restitution large
Of gold and jewels that I bobb'd from him,
As gifts to Desdemona;
It must not be. If Cassio do remain,
He hath a daily beauty in his life
That makes me ugly; and, besides, the Moor 20
May unfold me to him; there stand I in much peril:
No, he must die.—But so; I hear him coming.

Enter CASSIO.

Roderigo. I know his gait, 't is he.—Villain, thou diest!
[*Makes a pass at Cassio.*]

Cassio. That thrust had been mine enemy indeed,
But that my coat is better than thou know'st;
I will make proof of thine. [*Draws and wounds Roderigo.*]

Roderigo. O, I am slain!

[*Iago from behind wounds Cassio in the leg, and exit.*]

Cassio. I am maim'd for ever. Help, ho! murder! murder!
[*Falls.*]

Enter OTHELLO.

Othello. The voice of Cassio; Iago keeps his word.

Roderigo. O, villain that I am!

Othello. It is even so.

Cassio. O, help, ho! light! a surgeon! 30

Othello. 'T is he.—O brave Iago, honest and just,
That hast such noble sense of thy friend's wrong!
Thou teachest me.—Minion, your dear lies dead,
And your unblest fate hies; strumpet, I come!

Forth of my heart those charms, thine eyes, are blotted;
Thy bed lust-stain'd shall with lust's blood be spotted.

[*Exit.*

Enter LODOVICO and GRATIANO.

Cassio. What, ho! no watch? no passage? murther! murther!

Gratiano. 'T is some mischance; the cry is very direful.

Cassio. O, help!

Lodovico. Hark!

40

Roderigo. O wretched villain!

Lodovico. Two or three groan; it is a heavy night;
These may be counterfeits; let's think 't unsafe
To come in to the cry without more help.

Roderigo. Nobody come? then shall I bleed to death.

Lodovico. Hark!

Re-enter IAGO, with a light.

Gratiano. Here 's one comes in his shirt, with light and weapons.

Iago. Who 's there? whose noise is this that cries on murther?

Lodovico. We do not know.

Iago. Did not you hear a cry? 49

Cassio. Here, here! for heaven's sake, help me!

Iago. What 's the matter?

Gratiano. This is Othello's ancient, as I take it.

Lodovico. The same indeed; a very valiant fellow.

Iago. What are you here that cry so grievously?

Cassio. Iago? O, I am spoil'd, undone by villains!
Give me some help.

Iago. O me, lieutenant! what villains have done this?

Cassio. I think that one of them is hereabout,
And cannot make away.

Iago. O treacherous villains!—
What are you there? come in, and give some help.

[*To Lodovico and Gratiano*

Roderigo. O, help me here!

6a

Cassio. That 's one of them.

Iago. O murderous slave! O villain!
[Stabs *Roderigo*.

Roderigo. O damn'd Iago! O inhuman dog!

Iago. Kill men i' the dark!—Where be these bloody thieves?—

How silent is this town!—Ho! murder! murder!—

What may you be? are you of good or evil?

Lodovico. As you shall prove us, praise us.

Iago. Signior Lodovico?

Lodovico. He, sir.

Iago. I cry you mercy. Here 's Cassio hurt by villains.

Gratiano. Cassio!

7a

Iago. How is 't, brother?

Cassio. My leg is cut in two.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!

Light, gentlemen; I 'll bind it with my shirt.

Enter BIANCA.

Bianca. What is the matter, ho? who is 't that cried?

Iago. Who is 't that cried!

Bianca. O my dear Cassio! my sweet Cassio! O Cassio, Cassio, Cassio!

Iago. O notable strumpet!—Cassio, may you suspect Who they should be that have thus mangled you?

Cassio. No.

8a

Gratiano. I am sorry to find you thus; I have been to seek you.

Iago. Lend me a garter.—So.—O, for a chair, To bear him easily hence!

Bianca. Alas, he faints! O Cassio, Cassio, Cassio!

Iago. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash To be a party in this injury.—
Patience awhile, good Cassio.—Come, come;

Lend me a light.—Know we this face or no?
 Alas, my friend and my dear countryman
 Roderigo! no:—yes, sure; O heaven! Roderigo.

99

Gratiano. What, of Venice?

Iago. Even he, sir; did you know him?

Gratiano.

Know him! ay.

Iago. Signior Gratiano? I cry you gentle pardon;
 These bloody accidents must excuse my manners,
 That so neglected you.

Gratiano. I am glad to see you.

Iago. How do you, Cassio?—O, a chair, a chair!

Gratiano. Roderigo!

Iago. He, he, 't is he.—[*A chair brought in.*] O, that 's well
 said; the chair.

Some good man bear him carefully from hence;
 I 'll fetch the general's surgeon.—[*To Bianca*] For you, mis-
 tress,

100

Save you your labour.—He that lies slain here, Cassio,
 Was my dear friend; what malice was between you?

Cassio. None in the world; nor do I know the man.

Iago. [*To Bianca*] What, look you pale?—O, bear him out
 o' the air.—

[*Cassio and Roderigo are borne off.*]

Stay you, good gentlemen.—Look you pale, mistress?—

Do you perceive the gastness of her eye?—

Nay, if you stare, we shall hear more anon.—

Behold her well; I pray you, look upon her:

Do you see, gentlemen? nay, guiltiness will speak,

Though tongues were out of use.

110

Enter EMILIA.

Emilia. Alas, what 's the matter? what 's the matter, hus-
 band?

Iago. Cassio hath here been set on in the dark
 By Roderigo and fellows that are scap'd;
 He 's almost slain, and Roderigo dead.

Emilia. Alas, good gentleman! alas, good Cassio!

Iago. This is the fruit of whoring.—Prithee, Emilia,
Go know of Cassio where he supp'd to-night.—
What, do you shake at that?

Bianca. He supp'd at my house; but I therefore shake
not.

Iago. O, did he so? I charge you, go with me.

120

Emilia. Fie, fie upon thee, strumpet!

Bianca. I am no strumpet; but of life as honest
As you that thus abuse me.

Emilia. As I! foh! fie upon thee!

Iago. Kind gentlemen, let's go see poor Cassio dress'd.—
Come, mistress, you must tell's another tale.—

Emilia, run you to the citadel,

And tell my lord and lady what hath happ'd.—

Will you go on, I pray?—[*Aside*] This is the night

That either makes me or fordoes me quite. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A Bedchamber in the Castle; DESDEMONA in
bed asleep; a light burning.*

Enter OTHELLO.

Othello. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,—

Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!—

It is the cause. Yet I'll not shed her blood,

Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,

And smooth as monumental alabaster.

Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.

Put out the light, and then—put out the light!

If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,

I can again thy former light restore,

Should I repent me; but once put out thy light,

10

Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,

I know not where is that Promethean heat

That can thy light relume. When I have pluck'd the rose,

I cannot give it vital growth again,
 It must needs wither; I'll smell it on the tree. [*Kissing her.*
 Ah, balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
 Justice to break her sword! One more, one more.
 Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
 And love thee after. One more, and this the last;
 So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,
 But they are cruel tears: this sorrow's heavenly;
 It strikes where it doth love. She wakes.

Desdemona. Who's there? Othello?

Othello. Ay, Desdemona.

Desdemona. Will you come to bed, my lord?

Othello. Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemona?

Desdemona. Ay, my lord.

Othello. If you bethink yourself of any crime
 Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,
 Solicit for it straight.

Desdemona. Alas, my lord, what do you mean by that?

Othello. Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by:
 I would not kill thy unprepared spirit;
 No; heaven forfend! I would not kill thy soul.

Desdemona. Talk you of killing?

Othello. Ay, I do.

Desdemona. Then heaven
 Have mercy on me!

Othello. Amen, with all my heart!

Desdemona. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.

Othello. Hum!

Desdemona. And yet I fear you; for you are fatal then
 When your eyes roll so: why I should fear I know not,
 Since guiltiness I know not, but yet I feel I fear.

Othello. Think on thy sins.

Desdemona. They are loves I bear to you.

Othello. Ay, and for that thou diest.

Desdemona. That death's unnatural that kills for loving.

Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip?
 Some bloody passion shakes your very frame:
 These are portents; but yet I hope, I hope,
 They do not point on me.

Othello. Peace, and be still!

Desdemona. I will so. What 's the matter?

Othello. That handkerchief which I so lov'd and gave thee
 Thou gav'st to Cassio.

Desdemona. No, by my life and soul!
 Send for the man, and ask him.

Othello. Sweet soul, take heed, 50
 Take heed of perjury; thou art on thy death-bed.

Desdemona. Ay, but not yet to die.

Othello. Yes, presently:
 Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin;
 For to deny each article with oath
 Cannot remove nor choke the strong conception
 That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.

Desdemona. Then Lord have mercy on me!

Othello. I say, amen.

Desdemona. And have you mercy too! I never did
 Offend you in my life; never lov'd Cassio
 But with such general warranty of heaven 60
 As I might love; I never gave him token.

Othello. By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in 's hand.
 O perjur'd woman! thou dost stone my heart,
 And mak'st me call what I intend to do
 A murder, which I thought a sacrifice.
 I saw the handkerchief.

Desdemona. He found it then;
 I never gave it him: send for him hither;
 Let him confess a truth.

Othello. He hath confess'd.

Desdemona. What, my lord?

Othello. That he hath us'd thee.

Desdemona.

How? unlawfully?

Othello.

Ay. 70

Desdemona. He will not say so.

Othello.

No, his mouth is stopp'd;

Honest Iago hath ta'en order for 't.

Desdemona. O! my fear interprets; what, is he dead?

Othello. Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
Had stomach for them all.

Desdemona. Alas! he is betray'd, and I undone.

Othello. Out, strumpet! weep'st thou for him to my
face?

Desdemona. O, banish me, my lord, but kill me not!

Othello. Down, strumpet!

Desdemona. Kill me to-morrow; let me live to-night! 80

Othello. Nay, if you strive,—

Desdemona. But half an hour!

Othello.

Being done, there is no pause.

Desdemona. But while I say one prayer!

Othello.

It is too late.

[*He stifles her.*]

Emilia. [*Within*] My lord, my lord! what, ho! my lord,
my lord!

Othello. What noise is this?—Not dead? not yet quite
dead?

I that am cruel am yet merciful;

I would not have thee linger in thy pain.—

So, so.

Emilia. [*Within*] What, ho! my lord, my lord!

Othello.

Who 's there?

Emilia. [*Within*] O, good my lord, I would speak a word
with you! 90

Othello. Yes;—'t is Emilia.—By and by.—She 's dead.—

'T is like she comes to speak of Cassio's death.—

The noise was here.—Ha! no more moving?

Still as the grave.—Shall she come in? were 't good?—

I think she stirs again ;—no. What 's best to do ?
 If she come in, she 'll sure speak to my wife.—
 My wife ! my wife ! what wife ? I have no wife.
 O, insupportable ! O heavy hour !
 Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse
 Of sun and moon, and that the affrighted globe
 Should yawn at alteration.

100

Emilia. [*Within*] I do beseech you
 That I may speak with you, O, good my lord !

Othello. I had forgot thee. O, come in, Emilia.—
 Soft ; by and by.—Let me the curtains draw.—
 Where art thou ? [*Unlocks the door.*

Enter EMILIA.

What 's the matter with thee now ?

Emilia. O, my good lord, yonder 's foul murther done !

Othello. What, now ?

Emilia. But now, my lord.

Othello. It is the very error of the moon ;
 She comes more nearer earth than she was wont,
 And makes men mad.

110

Emilia. Cassio, my lord, hath kill'd a young Venetian
 Call'd Roderigo.

Othello. Roderigo kill'd !
 And Cassio kill'd !

Emilia. No, Cassio is not kill'd.

Othello. Not Cassio kill'd ! then murther 's out of tune,
 And sweet revenge grows harsh.

Desdemona. O, falsely, falsely murther'd !

Emilia. Alas, what cry is that ?

Othello. That ! what ?

Emilia. Out, and alas ! that was my lady's voice.—
 Help ! help, ho ! help !—O lady, speak again !
 Sweet Desdemona ! O sweet mistress, speak !

120

Desdemona. A guiltless death I die.

Emilia. O, who hath done this deed?

Desdemona. Nobody; I myself. Farewell!

Commend me to my kind lord; O, farewell! [*Dies.*]

Othello. Why, how should she be murder'd?

Emilia. Alas, who knows?

Othello. You heard her say herself, it was not I.

Emilia. She said so; I must needs report the truth.

Othello. She 's like a liar gone to burning hell;

'T was I that kill'd her.

Emilia. O, the more angel she, 130

And you the blacker devil!

Othello. She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.

Emilia. Thou dost belie her, and thou art a devil.

Othello. She was false as water.

Emilia. Thou art rash as fire, to say
That she was false; O, she was heavenly true!

Othello. O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,
But that I did proceed upon just grounds
To this extremity. Thy husband knew it all.

Emilia. My husband!

Othello. Thy husband. 140

Emilia. That she was false to wedlock?

Othello. Ay, with Cassio. Nay, had she been true,
If heaven would make me such another world
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
I 'd not have sold her for it.

Emilia. My husband!

Othello. Ay, 't was he that told me first;
An honest man he is, and hates the slime
That sticks on filthy deeds.

Emilia. My husband!

Othello. What needs this iteration, woman? I say thy
husband.

Emilia. O mistress, villany hath made mocks with love!—
My husband say that she was false!

Othello.

He, woman ;

151

I say thy husband : dost understand the word ?

My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.

Emilia. If he say so, may his pernicious soul
Rot half a grain a day ! he lies to the heart ;
She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.*Othello.* Ha !*Emilia.* Do thy worst ;
This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven
Than thou wast worthy her.*Othello.*

Peace, you were best ! 160

Emilia. Thou hast not half that power to do me harm
As I have to be hurt. O gull ! O dolt !
As ignorant as dirt ! thou hast done a deed—
I care not for thy sword ; I 'll make thee known,
Though I lost twenty lives.—Help ! help, ho ! help !
The Moor hath kill'd my mistress ! Murther ! murther !*Enter* MONTANO, GRATIANO, IAGO, and others.*Montano.* What is the matter ?—How now, general !*Emilia.* O, are you come, Iago ? you have done well,
That men must lay their murders on your neck.*Gratiano.* What is the matter ?

170

Emilia. Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a man ;
He says thou told'st him that his wife was false.
I know thou didst not, thou 'rt not such a villain ;
Speak, for my heart is full.*Iago.* I told him what I thought, and told no more
Than what he found himself was apt and true.*Emilia.* But did you ever tell him she was false ?*Iago.* I did.*Emilia.* You told a lie, an odious, damned lie ;
Upon my soul, a lie, a wicked lie !

180

She false with Cassio !—did you say with Cassio ?

Iago. With Cassio, mistress. Go to, charm your tongue.

Emilia. I will not charm my tongue ; I am bound to speak :

My mistress here lies murther'd in her bed,—

All. O heavens forfend !

Emilia. And your reports have set the murther on.

Othello. Nay, stare not, masters ; it is true, indeed.

Gratiano. 'T is a strange truth.

Montano. O monstrous act !

Emilia. Villany, villany, villany !

I think upon 't, I think ;—I smell 't ;—O villany !— 190

I thought so then !—I 'll kill myself for grief.—

O villany, villany !

Iago. What, are you mad ? I charge you, get you home.

Emilia. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak ;

'T is proper I obey him, but not now.

Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.

Othello. O ! O ! O ! [He falls on the bed.

Emilia. Nay, lay thee down and roar ;

For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent

That e'er did lift up eye.

Othello. [Rising] O, she was foul !—

I scarce did know you, uncle ; there lies your niece, 200

Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly stopp'd.

I know this act shows horrible and grim.

Gratiano. Poor Desdemona ! I am glad thy father's dead.

Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief

Shore his old thread in twain ; did he live now,

This sight would make him do a desperate turn,

Yea, curse his better angel from his side,

And fall to reprobance.

Othello. 'T is pitiful ; but yet Iago knows

That she with Cassio hath the act of shame 210

A thousand times committed ; Cassio confess'd it :

And she did gratify his amorous works

With that recognizance and pledge of love

Which I first gave her. I saw it in his hand;
It was a handkerchief, an antique token
My father gave my mother.

Emilia. O heaven! O heavenly powers!

Iago. Come, hold your peace.

Emilia. 'T will out, 't will out!—I peace!

No, I will speak as liberal as the north;
Let heaven and men and devils, let them all,
All, all, cry shame against me, yet I'll speak.

220

Iago. Be wise, and get you home.

Emilia.

I will not.

[*Iago offers to stab Emilia.*

Gratiano.

Fie!

Your sword upon a woman?

Emilia. O thou dull Moor! that handkerchief thou
speak'st of

I found by fortune and did give my husband;
For often, with a solemn earnestness,
More than indeed belong'd to such a trifle,
He begg'd of me to steal it.

Iago. Villanous whore!

Emilia. She give it Cassio! no, alas! I found it,
And I did give 't my husband.

Iago. Filth, thou liest!

230

Emilia. By heaven, I do not, I do not, gentlemen.
O murderous coxcomb! what should such a fool
Do with so good a wife?

Othello. Are there no stones in heaven
But what serve for the thunder?—Precious villain!

[*He runs at Iago; Iago, from behind, stabs Emilia,*
and exit.

Gratiano. The woman falls; sure, he hath kill'd his wife.

Emilia. Ay, ay. O, lay me by my mistress' side.

Gratiano. He's gone, but his wife's kill'd.

Montano. 'T is a notorious villain. Take you this weapon,

Which I have here recover'd from the Moor.

Come, guard the door without; let him not pass, 240

But kill him rather. I'll after that same villain,
For 't is a damned slave. *[Exeunt Montano and Gratiano.]*

Othello. I am not valiant neither,
But every puny whipster gets my sword.
But why should honour outlive honesty?
Let it go all.

Emilia. What did thy song bode, lady?
Hark, canst thou hear me? I will play the swan,
And die in music. *[Singing] Willow, willow, willow.—*
Moor, she was chaste; she loved thee, cruel Moor;
So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true;
So speaking—as I think—I die—I die. *[Dies.]*

Othello. I have another weapon in this chamber; 251
It is a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper.—
O, here it is.—Uncle, I must come forth.

Gratiano. *[Within]* If thou attempt it, it will cost thee
dear;

Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

Othello. Look in upon me then, and speak with me,
Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

Re-enter GRATIANO.

Gratiano. What is the matter?

Othello. Behold, I have a weapon;
A better never did itself sustain
Upon a soldier's thigh: I have seen the day, 260
That with this little arm and this good sword
I have made my way through more impediments
Than twenty times your stop.—But, O vain boast!
Who can control his fate? 't is not so now.—
Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd;
Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,
And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.

Do you go back dismay'd? 't is a lost fear;
Man but a rush against Othello's breast,
And he retires.—Where should Othello go? 27c
Now, how dost thou look now? O ill-starr'd wench!
Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at compt,
This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,
And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl!
Even like thy chastity.—
O, cursed, cursed slave!—
Whip me, ye devils,
From the possession of this heavenly sight!
Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!
Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire! 28c
O Desdemona! Desdemona! dead!
Oh! Oh! Oh!

Enter LODOVICO, MONTANO, CASSIO *carried in a chair, and*
Officers with IAGO, *prisoner.*

Lodovico. Where is this rash and most unfortunate man?

Othello. That 's he that was Othello; here I am.

Lodovico. Where is that viper? bring the villain forth.

Othello. I look down towards his feet; but that 's a fable.
If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee. [*Wounds Iago*

Lodovico. Wrench his sword from him.

Iago. I bleed, sir, but not kill'd.

Othello. I am not sorry neither: I 'd have thee live;
For, in my sense, 't is happiness to die. 29c

Lodovico. O thou Othello, that wert once so good,
Fallen in the practice of a damned slave,
What shall be said to thee?

Othello. Why, any thing:
An honourable murtherer, if you will;
For naught I did in hate, but all in honour.

Lodovico. This wretch hath part confess'd his villany.
Did you and he consent in Cassio's death?

Othello. Ay.

Cassio. Dear general, I never gave you cause.

Othello. I do believe it, and I ask you pardon. 300

Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil

Why he hath thus ensnar'd my soul and body?

Iago. Demand me nothing: what you know, you know;
From this time forth I never will speak word.

Lodovico. What, not to pray?

Gratiano. Torments will ope your lips.

Othello. Well, thou dost best.

Lodovico. Sir, you shall understand what hath befallen,
Which, as I think, you know not. Here is a letter
Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo,
And here another; the one of them imports 310
The death of Cassio to be undertook
By Roderigo.

Othello. O villain!

Cassio. Most heathenish and most gross!

Lodovico. Now here 's another discontented paper,
Found in his pocket too; and this, it seems,
Roderigo meant to have sent this damned villain,
But that, belike, Iago in the interim
Came in and satisfied him.

Othello. O the pernicious caitiff!--
How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief
That was my wife's?

Cassio. I found it in my chamber;
And he himself confess'd but even now 320
That there he dropt it for a special purpose
Which wrought to his desire.

Othello. O fool! fool! fool!

Cassio. There is besides in Roderigo's letter,
How he upbraids Iago that he made him
Brave me upon the watch; whereon it came
That I was cast: and even but now he spake,

After long seeming dead, Iago hurt him,
Iago set him on.

Lodovico. You must forsake this room, and go with us;
Your power and your command is taken off, 331
And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave,
If there be any cunning cruelty
That can torment him much and hold him long,
It shall be his. You shall close prisoner rest,
Till that the nature of your fault be known
To the Venetian state.—Come, bring him away.

Othello. Soft you; a word or two before you go.
I have done the state some service, and they know 't.
No more of that.—I pray you, in your letters, 340
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice; then must you speak
Of one that lov'd not wisely but too well;
Of one not easily jealous, but being wrought
Perplex'd in the extreme; of one whose hand,
Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe; of one whose subdued eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees 350
Their medicinable gum. Set you down this;
And say besides, that in Aleppo once,
Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk
Beat a Venetian and traduc'd the state,
I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
And smote him—thus. [Stabs himself.

Lodovico. O bloody period!

Gratiano. All that's spoke is marr'd.

Othello. I kiss'd thee ere I kill'd thee;—no way but this,
Killing myself, to die upon a kiss. [Falls on the bed, and dies.

Cassio. This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon;
For he was great of heart. 361

Lodovico. [To Iago] O Spartan dog,
More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea!
Look on the tragic loading of this bed;
This is thy work: the object poisons sight;
Let it be hid.—Gratiano, keep the house,
And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,
For they succeed on you.—To you, lord governor,
Remains the censure of this hellish villain,
The time, the place, the torture; O, enforce it!
Myself will straight aboard, and to the state
This heavy act with heavy heart relate.

370

[*Exeunt.*



VIEW OF CERINI, CYPRUS.

NOTES.

ABBREVIATIONS USED IN THE NOTES.

- Abbott (or Gr.), Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar* (third edition).
 A. S., Anglo-Saxon.
 A. V., Authorized Version of the Bible (1611).
 B. and F., Beaumont and Fletcher.
 B. J., Ben Jonson.
 Camb. ed., "Cambridge edition" of *Shakespeare*, edited by Clark and Wright.
 Cf. (*confer*), compare.
 Clarke, "Cassell's Illustrated Shakespeare," edited by Charles and Mary Cowden Clarke (London, n. d.).
 Coll., Collier (second edition).
 Coll. MS., Manuscript Corrections of Second Folio, edited by Collier.
 D., Dyce (second edition).
 H., Hudson (first edition).
 Id. (*idem*), the same.
 K., Knight (second edition).
 Nares, *Glossary*, edited by Halliwell and Wright (London, 1859).
 Prol., Prologue.
 S., Shakespeare.
 Schmidt, A. Schmidt's *Shakespeare-Lexicon* (Berlin, 1874).
 Sr., Singer.
 St., Staunton.
 Theo., Theobald.
 V., Verplanck.
 W., White.
 Walker, Wm. Sidney Walker's *Critical Examination of the Text of Shakespeare* (London, 1860).
 Warb., Warburton.
 Wb., Webster's Dictionary (revised quarto edition of 1864).
 Worc., Worcester's Dictionary (quarto edition).

The abbreviations of the names of Shakespeare's Plays will be readily understood; as *T. N.* for *Twelfth Night*, *Cor.* for *Coriolanus*, 3 *Hen. VI.* for *The Third Part of King Henry the Sixth*, etc. *P. P.* refers to *The Passionate Pilgrim*; *V. and A.* to *Venus and Adonis*; *L. C.* to *Lover's Complaint*; and *Sonn.* to the *Sonnets*.

When the abbreviation of the name of a play is followed by a reference to *page*, Rolfe's edition of the play is meant.

The numbers of the lines (except for *Othello*) are those of the "Globe" ed. or of Crowell's reprint of that ed.

NOTES.



GENERAL OF VENICE, IN TIME OF WAR.

ACT I.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.—Nothing of the kind is given in the quarto; but at the end of the play in the 1st folio we find the following:*

* The only other plays in the folio to which similar lists are appended are *Temp.*, *T. G. of V.*, *M. for M.*, *W. T.*, *2 Hen. IV.*, and *T. of A.*

The Names of the Actors.

Othello, *the Moore.*Brabantio, *Father to Desdemona.*Cassio, *an Honourable Lieutenant.*Iago, *a Villaine.*Rodorigo, *a gull'd Gentleman.**Duke of Venice.**Senators.*Montano, *Gouvernour of Cyprus.**Gentlemen of Cyprus.*Lodouico, and Gratiano, *two noble Venetians.**Saylors.**Clowne.*Desdemona, *Wife to Othello.**Æmilia, Wife to Iago.**Bianca, a Curtesan.*

SCENE I.—“The republic of Venice became the virtual sovereigns of Cyprus in 1471; when the state assumed the guardianship of the son of Catharine Cornaro, who had married the illegitimate son of John III. of Lusignan, and, being left a widow, wanted the protection of the state to maintain the power which her husband had usurped. The island was then first garrisoned by Venetian troops. Catharine in 1489 abdicated the sovereignty in favour of the republic. Cyprus was retained by the Venetians till 1570, when it was invaded by a powerful Turkish force, and was finally subjected to the dominion of Selim II. in 1571. From that period it has formed a part of the Turkish empire. Leikosia, the inland capital of the island, was taken by storm; and Famagusta, the principal seaport, capitulated after a long and gallant defence. It is evident therefore that we must refer the action of *Othello* to a period before the subjugation of Cyprus by the Turks. The locality of the scenes after act i. must be placed at Famagusta, which was strongly fortified—a fact which Shakespeare must have known when (iii. 2. 3) he wrote ‘I will be walking on the works’ ” (K.).

The cut on p. 153 is from Vecellio's *Habiti Antichi*, 1590, and represents the identical dress worn by Prince Veniero, when he was made general at the time of the Turkish war, in 1570. “The general of the Venetian forces, to whatever nation he might trace his birth (and it was always a *foreigner* who was selected for that office, ‘lest,’ as Paulus Jovius says, ‘any one of their own countrymen might be puffed up with pride, and grow too ambitious’), assumed, on the day of his election, a peculiar habit, consisting of a full gown of crimson velvet with loose sleeves, over which was worn a mantle of cloth of gold, buttoned upon the right shoulder with massy gold buttons. The cap was of crimson velvet, and the baton of office was of silver, ensigned with the winged lion of St. Mark ” (K.). Another portrait of Prince Veniero (see p. 131 above) in the *Habiti d' Huomini e Donne Venetiane*, 1609, represents him in armour, but still wearing the mantle and bearing the baton already described. Othello speaks of his “helm” (i. 3. 271), and of course in action he wore the armour of the period, which was much the same throughout Christian Europe.

1. *Tush.* Omitted in the folios.*

* We may as well say here that we do not propose to give *all* the little differences between the quartos and the folios: nor shall we in all cases state our reasons for choosing the reading of the one or the other. For a full list of the *variae lectiones* the curious reader must go to the Camb. ed.

Coleridge remarks here : " Admirable is the preparation, so truly and peculiarly Shaksperian, in the introduction of Roderigo, as the dupe on whom Iago shall first exercise his art, and in so doing display his own character. Roderigo, without any fixed principle, but not without the moral notions and sympathies with honour which his rank and connections had hung upon him, is already well fitted and predisposed for the purpose ; for very want of character and strength of passion, like wind loudest in an empty house, constitute his character. The first three lines happily state the nature and foundation of the friendship between him and Iago—the purse—as also the contrast of Roderigo's intemperance of mind with Iago's coolness—the coolness of a preconceiving experimenter."

3. *This*. That is, the elopement and marriage of Desdemona.

4. *'Sblood*. A contraction of *God's blood*. See *Ham.* pp. 208, 230. The folio suppresses the oath here. See p. 11 above.

10. *Off-capp'd*. The folio reading (" Off-capt "); the quartos have " Oft capt," which some modern editors prefer, making *cap* = salute by taking off the cap. The only instance of the verb in S. is in *Hen. V.* iii. 7. 124 : " I will cap that proverb," etc. Cf. *A. and C.* ii. 7. 63 : " I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes."

13. *Circumstance*. Circumlocution. See *Ham.* p. 197.

16. *Certes*. Certainly. See *Temp.* p. 133. Some editors begin the quotation with *for*. The printing of the early eds. leaves the point doubtful.

19. *Arithmetician*. Steevens quotes *R. and J.* iii. 1. 106 : " that fights by the book of arithmetic."

21. *Wife*. Probably = woman, as in *M. of V.* iii. 2. 58, *Hen. V.* iii. 3. 40, etc. The reference seems to be to his passion for Bianca. Some take the line to mean " A fellow whose ignorance of war would be condemned in a pretty woman," which is favoured by the allusion to a *spinner* which follows. Theo. would read " the Florentine's A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife," making it a quotation of Othello's remark concerning Iago, meaning, he says, that " Iago had so beautiful a wife that she was his *heaven on earth*, that he *idolized* her," etc. Steevens explains it as " very near being married," and quotes iv. 1. 116 below : " Faith, the cry goes that you shall marry her." Tyrwhitt conjectures " life " for *wife*, " alluding to the judgment denounced in the Gospel against those of whom all men speak well." W. reads " wise." Other attempts at emendation are " phyz " (Hanmer), " face " (Capell), " guise," " strife," etc.

23. *Division*. Disposition, arrangement. Cf. *Much Ado*, v. 1. 230 : " Rightly reasoned, and in his own division."

24. *Theoric*. Theory ; as in *A. W.* iv. 3. 162 and *Hen. V.* i. 1. 52.

25. *Toged*. Wearing the toga, or gowned. It is the reading of the 1st quarto ; the folios have " tongued," which some prefer. There seems to be a similar misprint of " tongue " for " togue " or " toge " in the 1st folio in *Cor.* ii. 3. 122, where the later folios substitute " gown." Steevens suggests that S. may have formed the word *toged* " in allusion to the Latin adage, *Cedant arma togæ*." Cf. Cicero's use of *togati*—in the garb of peace.

Propose. Speak, talk. See *Much Ado*, p. 140.

30. *Be-lee'd*. Placed on the lee, or in a position unfavourable to the wind (Schmidt). The folio has "Christen'd," which K. prefers to *Christian*.

31. *Debitor and creditor*. The title of certain ancient treatises on book-keeping; here used as a nickname (Clarke). So *counter-caster* is contemptuous for an accountant, or one who reckons by *counters*. Cf. *Cymb.* v. 4. 174: "O the charity of a penny cord! it sums up thousands in a trice: you have no true debitor and creditor but it; of what's past, is, and to come, the discharge; your neck, sir, is pen, book, and counters." See also *A. Y. L.* p. 164.

The folios and some modern eds. put a period after *creditor*.

33. *God bless the mark!* See *M. of V.* p. 138, or *R. and J.* p. 186. The folio omits *God*.

Ancient. Ensign. See *Hen. V.* p. 154.

36. *Letter*. "Recommendations by letter" (Schmidt). Clarke suggests that it may mean "according to the letter of his promise" or "in accordance with theoretical knowledge and pretensions" (cf. 17 or 24 above). The Coll. MS. gives "favour."

37. *Old gradation*. The established order of promotion. Cf. *M. for M.* iv. 3. 104: "By cold gradation" (that is, by deliberate steps).

39. *Affin'd*. Bound by any tie. Cf. ii. 3. 200 below. The 1st quarto has "assign'd."

41. *Content you*. Be at ease, do not worry. Cf. *Cymb.* i. 5. 26: "O, content thee!" Often it is = compose yourself, keep your temper. See *Much Ado*, p. 164, or *R. and J.* p. 160.

45. *Knee-crooking*. Cf. *Ham.* iii. 2. 66: "And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee," etc.

48. *For nought but provender*, etc. Cf. what Antony says of Lepidus in *J. C.* iv. 1. 19 fol.

49. *Honest knaves*. "Iago's sneer in using the word *knaves* for *servants*, while scoffing at their fidelity, is of kindred wit with Falstaff's calling a tradesman who applies for his justly due money a *knave*" (Clarke). See 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 41. Cf. 115 below. On *me*, see Gr. 220.

50. *Trimm'd . . . visages*. The Coll. MS. has "learn'd . . . usages," and W. conjectures "train'd . . . usages;" but no change is really called for. *Trimm'd in forms and visages* = wearing the outward appearance.

63. *Compliment extern*. Outward appearance (Schmidt). H. prints "complement." See *R. and J.* p. 171, note on *Captain of compliments*. S. uses *extern* as a noun in *Sonn.* 125. 2.

65. *Duws*. The 1st quarto has "Doues" (doves), which Malone defends.

66. *Full*. The quarto reading; the folio has "fall," which K. adopts, making the passage mean "What a fall does Fortune owe him!" With our reading, *owe* = own, possess; as often. See *Mach.* p. 162 or *M. N. D.* p. 152, and cf. iii. 3. 333 below. For *full fortune*, cf. *Cymb.* v. 4. 110 and *A. and C.* iv. 15. 24.

Thick-lips has been cited in support of the notion that Othello is a

negro (see pp. 21, 25 above), but Roderigo uses the term contemptuously as=African.

Coleridge remarks: "Roderigo turns off to Othello; and here comes one, if not the only, seeming justification of our blackamoor or negro Othello. Even if we supposed this an uninterrupted tradition of the theatre, and that Shakspeare himself, from want of scenes, and the experience that nothing could be made too marked for the senses of his audience, had practically sanctioned it—would this prove aught concerning his own intention as a poet for all ages? Can we imagine him so utterly ignorant as to make a barbarous negro plead royal birth—at a time, too, when negroes were not known except as slaves? As for Iago's language to Brabantio, it implies merely that Othello was a Moor, that is, black. Though I think the rivalry of Roderigo sufficient to account for his wilful confusion of Moor and Negro—yet, even if compelled to give this up, I should think it only adapted for the acting of the day, and should complain of an enormity built on a single word. . . . Besides, if we could in good earnest believe Shakspeare ignorant of the distinction, still why should we adopt one disagreeable possibility instead of a ten times greater and more pleasing probability? It is a common error to mistake the epithets applied by the *dramatis personæ* to each other as truly descriptive of what the audience ought to see or know. No doubt Desdemona saw Othello's visage in his mind; yet, as we are constituted, and most surely as an English audience was disposed in the beginning of the seventeenth century, it would be something monstrous to conceive this beautiful Venetian girl falling in love with a veritable negro. It would argue a disproportionateness, a want of balance, in Desdemona which Shakspeare does not appear to have in the least contemplated."

68. The first *him* refers to Brabantio, the second to Othello.

71. *Though that*. For *that* as "a conjunctive affix," see Gr. 287; and for *as=that* in 73, Gr. 109.

75. *Like . . . as*. Cf. *Rich. III.* iv. 1. 9: "Upon the like devotion as yourselves," etc.

76. *By night and negligence*. That is, *at night and through negligence*.

86. *Zounds*. Omitted in the folio. See *R. and J.* p. 180.

87. *Burst*. Often used of the heart; as in *A. W.* iv. 3. 367, *J. C.* iii. 2. 190, *Lear*, v. 3. 182, 199, etc.

88. *Snorting*. Snoring; as in 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 578: "Fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like a horse."

93. *Worser*. The folio reading; the quartos have "worse." Cf. Gr. 11.

94. *Haunt*. Usually transitive in S., but cf. *Macb.* i. 6. 9, and *L. C.* 130.

97. *Distempering*. Disordering, intoxicating. Cf. *Ham.* iii. 2. 312, 313.

98. *Upon malicious bravery*. "Urged by a malicious desire to brave me" (Clarke). The folios have "knavery." For *upon*, see Gr. 191.

104. *A grange*. That is, a lonely farm-house where a robbery could be easily committed. Cf. *M. for M.* iii. 1. 277 and *W. T.* iv. 4. 309.

113. *Odd-even*, etc. Apparently meant for the interval between twelve

at night and one in the morning, as Henley explains it. Clarke cites *Macb.* iii. 4. 127, where Macbeth asks "What is the night?" and Lady Macbeth replies "Almost at odds with morning, which is which." "Odd season" and "odd hour" have been suggested as emendations.

115. *Knave*. Menial. See on 49 above.

117. *And your allowance*. And is allowed or approved by you. The 3d quarto has "and to your allowance."

121. *From*. Away from, contrary to; as in *J. C.* i. 3. 35, ii. 1. 196, *Ham.* iii. 2. 22, etc. Gr. 158.

126. *In*. Changed by Pope to "To," and by Capell to "On." The Coll. MS. also has "On," and "Laying" for *Tying*, and "wheedling" for *wheeling*. For *in*=on, cf. i. 3. 74 below: "in your own part;" 2 *Hen.* VI. iii. 2. 257: "In pain of your dislike," etc. Gr. 160.

Extravagant. Wandering, vagabond. See *Ham.* p. 176. *Wheeling* has much the same sense. Cf. *T. and C.* v. 7. 2: "Attend me where I wheel."

138. *Check*. Rebuke; as in iii. 3. 67 and iv. 3. 19 below.

139. *Cast him*. Throw him over, dismiss him. Cf. ii. 3. 12, 254, and v. 2. 327 below.

141. *Stand in act*. Are in action, are now going on. *Stand* is often nearly=*be* (Schmidt). Cf. i. 3. 70 and ii. 1. 51 below.

142. *Fathom*. Calibre, capacity; a nautical metaphor. Cf. i. 2. 17 below: "give him cable."

Coleridge remarks here: "The forced praise of Othello followed by the bitter hatred of him in this speech! And observe how Brabantio's dream prepares for his recurrence to the notion of philters, and how both prepare for carrying on the plot of the arraignment of Othello on this ground."

148. *Sagittary*. "The residence at the arsenal of the commanding officers of the navy and army of the republic. The figure of an archer, with his drawn bow, still indicates the place" (K.). Some take it to be the name of an inn. Clarke suggests that it may be "a private house bearing one of those distinctive names, and even signs, which it was the mode formerly to give to private mansions in England." It appears from i. 2. 45 below that Othello was not at his usual lodging, and the messengers of the senate had not known where to find him. Cassio also asks "What makes he here?" which implies that he was in an unfamiliar place. Note also what Othello says in i. 3. 121. If the arsenal had been the "place," no guide to it would have been necessary.

151. *My despised time*. Cf. *R. and J.* i. 4. 110: "a despised life clos'd in my breast."

156. *More*. The folios have "moc." See *A. Y. L.* p. 176 or *Much Ado*, p. 137.

161. *Is*. The reading of quartos and 1st folio; the later folios have "Are." See Gr. 335.

162. *Maidhood*. Used again in *T. N.* iii. 1. 162. The quartos have "manhood."

163. *Abus'd*. Deluded, deceived. Cf. *Temp.* v. 1. 112, *Much Ado*, v. 2. 100, etc.

171. *At most.* That is, of the houses.

172. *Night.* From 1st quarto; the other early eds. have "might."

SCENE II.—2. *Stuff o' the conscience.* Matter of conscience. Cf. *Ham.* ii. 2. 324: "there was no such stuff in my thoughts," etc.

3. *Contriv'd.* Deliberate. Cf. *Hen. V.* iv. 1. 171: "premeditated and contrived murder;" *J. C.* ii. 3. 16: "the Fates with traitors do contrive" (that is, plot), etc.

5. *Yerk'd.* Thrust, stabbed. Cf. *Hen. V.* iv. 7. 83: "their wounded steeds . . . Yerk out their armed heels at their dead masters."

6. *'Tis better,* etc. "How well these few words impress at the outset the truth of Othello's own character of himself at the end, that he was 'not easily wrought!' His self-government distinguishes him throughout from Leontes" (Coleridge).

He. Probably referring to Roderigo.

10. *Forbear.* Spare, let alone. Cf. *Ham.* v. 1. 296: "For love of God, forbear him," etc.

12. *Magnifico.* Cf. *M. of V.* iii. 2. 282: "the magnificoes Of greatest port." Tollet quotes Minsheu, *Dict.* "The chief men of Venice are by a peculiar name called *magnifici*, i. e. *magnificoes*."

14. *Double.* Malone quotes Thomas's *Hist. of Italy*, 1560: "Whereas many have reported, the duke in ballotyng should have two voices; it is nothinge so; for in giving his voice he hath but one ballot, as all others have." He had, however, a vote in each of the various councils of the Venetian state, a privilege which no other person enjoyed. But *double*, as Steevens suggests, may be simply = forcible. Henley understands it to refer to the power of either divorcing or punishing.

17. *Give him cable.* That is, give him cable *for*. For the ellipsis, cf. i. 3. 94 below: "I won his daughter" (with). Gr. 202.

20. *Which when I know.* Omitted in 1st quarto.

22. *Siege.* Rank; literally, seat. Cf. *Ham.* iv. 7. 77: "of the unwor-thiest siege." It is used in the literal sense in *M. for M.* iv. 2. 101: "upon the very siege of justice." The quartos have "height" or "hight."

Demerits. Merits; as in *Cor.* i. 1. 276: "Of his demerits rob Co-minius." It was = what one *merits* or deserves, in a good as well as a bad sense. For the latter, see *Mach.* iv. 3. 226: "Not for their own de-merits, but for mine." Steevens quotes Dugdale, *Warwickshire*: "Henry Conway, esq., for his singular demerits received the dignity of knight-hood."

23. *Unbonneted.* As this naturally means *with the cap off* (cf. *Lear*, iii, 1. 14), Pope changed it to "unbonnetting," Theo. to "and bonneted," and Hammer to "e'en bonneted." Schmidt remarks: "Perhaps the meaning is simply, I may say so with all courtesy and humility; and Othello's words must perhaps be accompanied by a corresponding gesture, as the 1st folio seems to imply by placing the word *unbonneted* in a parenthesis." Coleridge says: "It is not *I*, but my *demerits*, that may speak *unbonnetted*—without the symbol of a petitioning inferior."

26. *Unhoused.* "Free from domestic cares" (Johnson); "not tied to

a household and family" (Schmidt). In *T. of A.* iv. 3. 229, it is =houseless, shelterless.

27. *Circumscription*. Restraint; used by S. only here.

Confine. Accented on either syllable. See *Ham.* p. 176. Gr. 490.

28. *For the sea's worth*. Cf. *W. T.* iv. 4. 501:

"for all the sun sees,
Or the close earth wombs, or the profound sea hides
In unknown fathoms;"

and *Hen. V.* i. 2. 164:

"as rich with praise
As is the ooze and bottom of the sea
With sunken wrack and sunless treasures."

30. *You were best*. See *J. C.* p. 166, or Gr. 230, 352.

31. *Parts*. Merits (Schmidt). Cf. i. 3. 252 below: "his valiant parts."

33. *Janus*. Cf. *M. of V.* i. 1. 50: "by two-headed Janus."

35. *The goodness*, etc. Cf. *M. for M.* iv. 2. 76:

"The best and wholesomest spirits of the night
Envelop you, good Provost!"

37. *Haste-post-haste*. An emphatic form of *post-haste*. Cf. "post-post-haste" in i. 3. 46 below.

40. *Heat*. Haste, urgency; as in 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 3. 27, etc.

41. *Sequent*. The 1st quarto has "frequent."

43. *Consuls*. Senators, councillors; as in i. 1. 25 above. Theo. changed it to "couns'lers," and Johnson to "council."

46. *About*. The folio reading; the quartos have "about" or "above." *Quests*. Used in a concrete sense, like *search* in i. 1. 148 (Schmidt). It is =inquest, jury, in *Sonn.* 46. 10 and *Rich. III.* i. 4. 189.

49. *Makes*. Does. See *Ham.* p. 185.

50. *Carack*. A large ship, or galleon. Cf. *C. of E.* iii. 2. 140: "whole armadoes of caracks." Steevens quotes B. and F., *Coxcomb*: "They're made like caracks, all for strength and stowage."

52. *To who?* The later quartos and folios (3d and 4th) read "To whom?" See Gr. 274.

As Steevens remarks, it is singular that Cassio should ask this question. Cf. iii. 3. 94 fol. below. Blackstone suggests that his ignorance is affected, in order to keep his friend's secret until it should be publicly known.

53. *Have with you*. I'll go with you. See *A. Y. L.* p. 146.

55. *Be advis'd*. Be cautious, take heed. See *M. N. D.* p. 126.

56. *To bad intent*. Cf. *T. of S.* i. 2. 199: "Why came I hither but to that intent?" Gr. 186.

59. *Keep up*, etc. See p. 29 above.

65. *If she*, etc. This line is not in the 1st quarto.

67. *Opposite*. Opposed, averse. Cf. *Lear*, ii. 1. 51:

"Seeing how loathly opposite I stood
To his unnatural purpose," etc.

68. *Curled*. Foppish, elegant. Cf. *A. and C.* v. 2. 304: "the curled Antony," etc.

70. *Guardage*. Guardianship; used by S. nowhere else.

71. *To fear, not to delight*. "To one more likely to terrify than delight her" (Malone). Steevens and Schmidt make *fear* and *delight* verbs.

72-77. *Judge . . . thee*. Omitted in 1st quarto. For *mc*, see on i. 1. 49 above; and cf. *J. C.* i. 2. 270, *Ham.* ii. 2. 601, etc.

Gross in sense. "Palpable to reason" (Clarke).

74. *Minerals*. Cf. ii. 1. 284 below: "like a poisonous mineral," etc.

75. *Weaken motion*. "Subdue the impulse of affection" (Clarke). Cf.

i. 3. III:

"Did you by indirect and forced courses
Subdue and poison this young maid's affections?"

Or it may mean "impair the faculties," as Ritson explains it; referring to the power attributed to love potions or philters "of perverting and of course weakening or impairing both the sight and judgment, and of procuring fondness or dotage toward any unworthy object." Schmidt gives a similar explanation. Hanmer changed *weaken* to "waken," taking *motion* to have the same sense as in i. 3. 328 below.

Disputed on. Argued in court, made the subject of judicial investigation.

77. *Attach*. Arrest; a law term. Cf. *R. and J.* v. 3. 173: "whoe'er you find attach." See also *Hen. VIII.* i. 1. 217, i. 2. 210, etc.

78. *Abuser of the world*. Corrupter of the community.

83. *Cue*. For the literal and figurative use of the word in S., see *Ham.* p. 213.

86. *Course of direct session*. The regular course of legal proceedings.

SCENE III.—I. *Composition*. Consistency, agreement.

News. Both singular and plural in S. See *Much Ado*, p. 125, and cf. 32 below.

5. *Jump*. Agree. Cf. *T. N.* v. 1. 259: "till each circumstance . . . do cohere and jump." So *jump with*, as in *M. of V.* ii. 9. 32, 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 78, etc. *Just*=exact; as in *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 375: "a just seven-night;" *M. of V.* iv. 1. 327: "a just pound," etc.

6. *Where the aim reports*. "Where men report, not by certain knowledge, but by aim or conjecture" (Johnson). Cf. *J. C.* i. 2. 163: "What you would work me to, I have some aim," etc. The quartos have "they aim;" and the Coll. MS. "with the same reports."

10. *I do not*, etc. "I do not feel so over-confident on account of the error that may be in these reports, but that I can perceive ground for dread in the main particular" (Clarke). For *fearful*=full of fear, see *J. C.* p. 175.

16. *By Signior Angelo*. Omitted in 1st quarto.

17. *How say you by*, etc. What say you to, etc. Cf. *M. of V.* i. 2. 58: "How say you by the French lord?" and see note in our ed. p. 132.

18. *By no assay of reason*. By any test of reason. For the double negative, see Gr. 406.

Pageant. Show, pretence. The word is commonly applied to a theatrical exhibition. See *M. N. D.* p. 163.

20. *Importancy*. Used by S. nowhere else.

23. *With more facile question bear it*. "With greater facility of contest carry it" (Clarke). *Question*—"trial and decision by force of arms, as the *ultima ratio regum*" (Schmidt).

24. *For that*, etc. Because it is not in such warlike condition of defence. *Brace* literally means armour; as in *Per.* ii. 1. 133. Cf. *vantbrace* in *T. and C.* i. 3. 297.

30. *Wage*. Hazard, encounter. Cf. *1 Hen. IV.* iv. 4. 20 :

"too weak
To wage an instant trial with the king."

33. *Ottomites*. Ottomans. Cf. 235 and ii. 3. 171 below.

35. *Injointed*. Joined, allied. Cf. *insinewed* in the same sense in *2 Hen. IV.* iv. 1. 172 (see also *K. John*, v. 2. 63).

36. *Ay*, etc. This line is not in the 1st quarto.

37. *Re-stem*. The first quarto has "resterine," the other quartos "resterne."

42. *To believe him*. That is, not to doubt the truth of this intelligence (Johnson). Sr. and Keightley read "relieve."

44. *Luccicos*. The reading of all the early eds. changed by Capell to "Lucchese" because it is not an Italian form. K. suggests that it is probably the name of "a Greek soldier of Cyprus—an Estradiot—one who from his local knowledge was enabled to give him information."

46. *Post-post-haste*. See on i. 2. 37 above.

48. *Vuliant Othello*, etc. Reed quotes Thomas, *Hist. of Italye*: "By lande they are served of straungers, both for generalls, for capitaines, and for all other men of warre : because theyr lawe permitteth not any Venetian to be capitaine over an armie by lande : Fearing, I thinke, Cæsar's example." See p. 154 above.

49. *Ottoman*. Schmidt is doubtful whether this is noun or adjective. We are inclined to think it the latter. S. uses the word only here.

52. *Good your grace*. See Gr. 13.

56. *Is of so flood-gate*, etc. That is, has the impetuosity of a flood rushing through an open sluice. Cf. *Hen. V.* i. 1. 33 :

"Never came reformation in a flood,
With such a heedy currance, scouring faults."

57. *Engluts*. Swallows up. Cf. *Hen. V.* iv. 3. 83 :

"For certainly thou art so near the gulf,
Thou needs must be englutted."

61. *Mountebanks*. Quacks. Cf. *Ham.* iv. 7. 142 : "I bought an unction of a mountebank," etc. The word is used as a verb (=gull) in *Cor.* iii. 2. 132.

63. *Being*, etc. This line is not in the 1st quarto.

64. *Sans*. See *A. Y. L.* p. 163.

67. *The bloody book of law*. By the Venetian law the giving of love-potions was highly criminal (Clarke).

69. *Proper*. Own; as often. Cf. *Temp.* iii. 3. 60 : "their proper selves;" *M. for M.* iii. 1. 413 : "his proper tongue," etc.

70. *Stood in your action*. Were the subject of your accusation. See on i. 1. 141 above.

82. *Soft*. The folio reading; the quartos have "set." Cf. *Cor.* iii. 2. 82:

"Thou art their soldier, and being bred in broils
Hast not the soft way which, thou dost confess,
Were fit for thee to use," etc.

90. *Round*. Plain, direct. See *Hen. V.* p. 175. For the adverb (=directly) see *Ham.* p. 203. For *unvarnish'd* the 2d and 3d quartos have "unravish'd." On *deliver*=relate, see *Ham.* p. 186.

94. *I won his daughter*. The later folios add "with." See on i. 2. 17 above, and cf. *T. of A.* iv. 3. 262: "more than I could frame employment" (for); *Cymb.* ii. 4. 68: "well worth watching" (for), etc.

96. *Herself*. Itself. Cf. *Gr.* 229.

105. *Conjur'd*. Charmed by incantations. For the accent, see *M. N. D.* p. 164.

107. *More wider*. More apparent or obvious (Schmidt). For the double comparative, see *Gr.* 11. The quartos have "more certaine;" and the 1st folio joins this speech to the preceding.

Overt test. "Open proofs, external evidence" (Johnson).

108. *Thin habits*. Superficial appearances.

109. *Modern*. Common, insignificant. See *Macb.* p. 243.

115. *Sagittary*. See on i. 1. 148 above.

118. *The trust*, etc. The line is not in the 1st quarto; neither is 123 just below.

124. *Justly*. Truthfully. Cf. *M. for M.* v. 1. 298: "Look you speak justly," etc.

125. *Thrive*. Prosper, succeed. Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 7. 60: "Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may," etc.

136. *Scapes*. Not "'scapes," as often printed. See *A. Y. L.* p. 171.

139. *Portance in my*. The reading of the folios and 2d and 3d quartos. The 1st quarto has "with it all my." *Portance*=conduct, deportment; as *Cor.* ii. 3. 232: "his present portance."

140. *Antres*. Caverns (Latin, *antrum*); found only here.

Idle. Barren, unproductive; the reading of the quartos and 1st folio. Wiclif has "The earth was idel and voide." The later folios read "wild." Cf. *idleness*=want of cultivation, in 323 below and in *Hen. V.* v. 2. 51.

142. *It was my hint*. I had occasion. Cf. *hint*=subject, in *Temp.* i. 2. 134, ii. 1. 3, etc.

143. *Cannibals*. Also alluded to in 3 *Hen. VI.* i. 4. 152, v. 5. 61. In 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 180 Pistol confounds the word with "Hannibals."

144. *Anthropophagi*. Man-eaters. The quartos print "Anthropophagie," and the 1st folio "Antropophage." Raleigh, in his *Discoverie of Guiana*, 1596, mentions the Amazons, the Cannibals, and the "nation of people whose heads appear not above their shoulders." So Hakluyt, in his *Voyages*, 1598, speaks of a people "whose heades appeare not above their shoulders: they are reported to have their eyes in their shoulders, and their mouthes in the middle of their breasts." In Holand's *Pliny*, 1601, we read of "Anthropophagi, or eaters of man's flesh, whom we have placed above the north pole, tenne daies journey by land above the river Borysthenes," etc., and of people "without heads stand-

ing upon their neckes who carrie eies in their shoulders." Hall, in his *Quo Vadis*, refers to "headlesse Easterne people that have then eyes in their breasts, a misconceit arising from the fashion of their attire," etc. Steevens quotes the tragedy of *Lochrine*, 1595 :

"Or where the bloody Anthropophagi
With greedy jaws devour the wandering wights."

Cf. *Temp.* iii. 3. 46 :

"or that there were such men
Whose heads stood in their breasts?"

147. *Still.* Ever, very often. Gr. 69.

149. *A greedy ear.* Malone cites Marlowe, *Lust's Dominion*, written before 1593 :

"Hang both your greedy ears upon my lips ;
Let them devour my speech ;"

and Spenser, *F. Q.* vi. 9. 26 :

"Whylest thus he talkt, the knight with greedy eare
Hong still upon his melting mouth attent."

153. *Dilate.* Relate at length. Cf. *C. of E.* i. 1. 123 :

"Do me the favour to dilate at full
What hath befall'n of them and thee till now."

So *dilated*=detailed in *A. W.* ii. 1. 59 and *Ham.* i. 2. 38.

155. *Intentively.* Attentively. The 1st folio has "instinctively," and the other folios "distinctively." Steevens cites Chapman, *Iliad*, x.: "with intentive ear:" and *Odyssey*, viii.: "intentively retaine." Bullokar, in his *Expositor*, 1616, has "*Intentive*, which listeneth well and is earnestly bent to a thing;" and Cockerham, in his *Dict. of Hard Words*, 1632, "*Intentive*, that listeneth."

159. *Sighs.* The quarto reading; the folios have "kisses," which is inconsistent with the character of Desdemona (see 94 above), and with what follows.

160. *Passing.* Often used adverbially, but only before adjectives and adverbs (Schmidt).

On *swore*, cf. Whitaker's *Vindication of Mary Queen of Scots* (quoted by Steevens): "Let not the modern reader be hurt here and in paragraph x. at a Lady, a Queen, and a Mary, *swearing*. To *aver upon faith and honour*, was then called *swearing*, equally with a solemn appeal to God; and considered as the same with it."

163. *Her.* That is, *for* her; though some take it to mean that she would fain have been such a man. The former explanation is favoured by what follows.

167. *Hint.* The folio reading; the quartos have "heate."

173. *Take up*, etc. That is, make the best of it. Cf. *at the best*=as well as possible, in *T. of A.* iii. 6. 29, etc.

177. *On my head.* The folio reading; the quartos have "light (or "lite") on me."

183. *Learn.* Teach. See *Much Ado*, p. 153 or *A. Y. L.* p. 141.

188. *Challenge.* Claim. Cf. *Lear*, i. 1. 54: "Where nature doth with merit challenge," etc.

190. *Please it your grace.* See *A. V. L.* p. 138, note on *So please you*, or *M. of V.* p. 134, note on *If it please you.*

191. *Had rather to.* See *M. of V.* p. 132, note on *I had rather to be married.*

194. *Which, etc.* This line is omitted in the 1st quarto.

195. *For your.* Hammer reads "And for your" for the sake of the measure. Cf. *Gr.* 484.

197. *Escape.* Clarke thinks the word may have the sense of "sally, prank" (*Fr. escapade*) in addition to that of "flight, elopement."

199. *Like yourself.* "In a strain of resignation to that which is irretrievably past and gone, like yours when you say 'I have done'" (Clarke). Sir J. Reynolds explains it: "Let me speak as yourself would speak, were you not too much heated with passion."

200. *Grise.* Step, degree. Cf. *T. N.* iii. i. 135:

"*Olivia.* That's a degree to love.
"*Viola.* No, not a grise;"

and *T. of A.* iv. 3. 16: "every grise of fortune."

201. *Into your favour.* Omitted in the folios.

202. *When remedies, etc.* Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 28: "past cure is still past care."

205. *Next.* Nearest. Cf. *W. T.* iii. 3. 129: "the next way home;" 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 1. 264: "'T is the next way to turn tailor," etc. For *new* the quartos have "more."

213. *The free comfort, etc.* "The gratuitous sentiments of consolation which he hears delivered together with the sentence" (Clarke).

219. *Pierced.* Penetrated, reached. Cf. *M. of V.* v. 1. 67: "With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear," etc. Warb. would read "pieced" = cured.

220. *Beseech you, etc.* The quarto reading; the 1st and 2d folios have "I humbly beseech you, proceed to the affairs of state."

222. *Fortitude.* Strength. Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* ii. 1. 17: "his own arm's fortitude."

224. *Allowed.* Acknowledged; as in *Hen. VIII.* ii. 4. 4: "And on all sides the authority allow'd," etc.

225. *More safer.* Cf. "more wider" in 107 above; also *Temp.* i. 2. 19: "more better," etc.

226. *Slubber.* Sully, soil. S. uses the word only here and in *M. of V.* ii. 8. 39: "Slubber (=slight, slur over) not business for my sake;" but we have *beslubber* (=daub, smear) in 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 341.

For the metaphor, cf. *Much Ado*, iii. 2. 6: "that would be as great a soil in the new gloss of your marriage," etc.; and *Macb.* i. 7. 34: "Which should be worn now in their newest gloss."

229. *Couch.* The quartos have "cooch," the folios "coach."

230. *Thrice-driven.* Referring to the selection of the feathers by driving with a fan, to separate the light from the heavy (Johnson).

Agnize. Acknowledge, confess, avow. Malone quotes *A Summarie Report*, etc., 1586: "a repentant convert, agnising her Maiesties great mercie," etc.

232. *Hardness*. Hardship; as in *Cymb.* iii. 6. 21: "hardness ever Of hardness is mother."

236. *Reference*. Assignment. The 1st quarto (followed by 3d and 4th folios) has "reuerence."

Exhibition. Provision, allowance; as in *T. G. of V.* i. 3. 69:

"What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition thou shalt have from me."

See also iv. 3. 72 below.

273. *Besort*. "Befitting attendance" (Clarke). Schmidt defines *accommodation* and *besort* as "besorting or convenient accommodation." We find the verb in *Lear*, i. 4. 272: "such men as may besort (=become, befit) your age."

238. *Levels with*. Is in keeping with.

If you please, etc. The 1st folio has "Why at her Fathers?" the other folios, "Why, at her Fathers."

240. *Nor I; I would not*. The folios have "Nor would I."

243. *To my unfolding*. To what I say. Cf. *M. W.* i. 3. 105, ii. 2. 227, etc.

For *your prosperous* (that is, propitious, favouring) the quartos have "a gracious." Cf. *T. of A.* v. 1. 186: "To the protection of the prosperous gods."

244. *And let me*, etc. "Let your favour *privilege* me" (Johnson).

245. *Simpleness*. Simplicity. See *Much Ado*, p. 141.

247. *That I did love*, etc. "Here is a notable instance of the way in which S. makes his most gentle women speak out firmly and eloquently when stress of need comes. Desdemona, since her entrance, has remained silent, save when directly appealed to by her father, when seconding her husband's fiat by echoing his 'Nor I,' and now when replying to the Duke's question. Desdemona is gentle even to timidity; but, like many women whose gentleness of nature has been wrought into timidity by a too rigid strictness on the part of those who bring them up, she is capable of singularly bold action and self-assertion on rare occasions. Her independent act in leaving her father's house, and marrying the man of her choice, is precisely characteristic of the one, and her present speech is an eminent specimen of the other. Encouraged by loving treatment, she is capable of exerting moral strength; chilled by severity, she is a moral coward. Desdemona has the virtues of a gentle-natured woman; but, alas! she also has the faults of a timid woman" (Clarke).

248. *My downright violence*, etc. The bold action I have taken, and the stormy fortunes I have voluntarily encountered, in order to marry him. The 1st quarto has "scorne of Fortunes."

249. *Subdued*, etc. Made subject to the very nature of my lord. Malone makes *quality*=profession, but the next line favours the other explanation. For *very quality* the 1st quarto has "utmost pleasure."

255. *A moth*. "Figuratively, an idle eater" (Schmidt).

258. *Dear*. Deeply felt. See *Rich. II.* p. 164 or *Temp.* p. 124.

259. *Let her have your voices*. The folio has "voice." The quarto reading is

"Your voyces Lords: beseech you let her will
Have a free way."

260. *Vouch with me, heaven.* Omitted in 1st quarto.

262, 263. *Nor to comply*, etc. A much disputed passage. The quartos have "heate, the young affects, In my defunct;" the 1st folio, "heat the yong affects ("effects" in later folios) In my defunct," etc. The reading in the text is Rann's. The meaning is, "I ask it not to please appetite, or satisfy loose desires, the passions of youth which I have now outlived, or for any particular gratification of myself, but merely that I may indulge the wishes of my wife" (Johnson). Theo. reads "heat, the young affects, In my distinct," etc.; Malone changes "distinct" to "dis-junct." For other attempts at emendation, see the Var. of 1821 and the Camb. ed. For *affects*=inclinations, desires, cf. *L. L. L.* i. i. 152: "For every man with his affects is born," etc. It has been said that Othello would hardly "confess that all youthful passions were *defunct* in him;" but it may be replied that he only means, as the connection shows, that their early impetuosity is past—that he can control them, and is no longer controlled by them. In iii. 3. 265, he again alludes to the fact that he is not a young man, but "declined into the vale of years." After all, the passage is not without its difficulties; but the reading in the text is quite as satisfactory as any of the freer emendations that have been proposed.

264. *Free.* Liberal, bountiful. Cf. *1 Hen. VI.* v. 4. 82: "liberal and free;" *T. and C.* iv. 5. 100: "His heart and hand both open and both free," etc.

265. *Defend.* Forbid. See *Much Ado*, p. 129.

266. *Scant.* Be deficient in, neglect. Cf. iv. 3. 88 below.

267. *For.* Because. See *M. of V.* p. 134, note on *For he is a Christian.*
Toys. Trifles. Cf. *1 Hen. VI.* iv. i. 145: "a toy, a thing of no regard."
See also *M. N. D.* p. 179.

268. *Seel.* Blind; a term in falconry. See *Macb.* p. 212. The quartos have "foyles," and the Coll. MS. gives "foil."

269. *Offic'd.* The folio reading; the quartos have "active." In either case, the meaning is "my visual and active powers." So *speculation*=vision; as in *Macb.* iii. 4. 95: "no speculation in those eyes," etc.

270. *Disports.* Sports, pastimes; as in *R. of L.* arg. 11: "in several disports."

271. *Skillet.* A small kettle or boiler; still a familiar word in New England.

272. *Indign.* Unworthy, disgraceful; used by S. only here.

273. *Estimation.* The folio reading; the quartos have "reputation," which means the same.

282. *Import.* Concern. Cf. *L. L. L.* iv. i. 57: "This letter is mistook, it importeth none here," etc.

285. *With what else*, etc. That is, whatever else your grace shall *think needful*, etc. For many similar transpositions, see Gr. 419a. Cf. v. 2. 4 below.

287. *And, noble signior.* Most editions insert here the stage direction, "To Brabantio;" but the speech itself shows to whom it is addressed.

288. *Delighted*. "Delighting" (Hanmer's reading) or delightful. Cf. *Cymb.* v. 4. 102 :

"to make my gift,
The more delay'd, delighted."

Cf. *becomed*=becoming, in *R.* and *J.* iv. 2. 26, etc.

291. *If thou hast eyes to see*. The 1st quarto reads "have a quick eye to see."

Coleridge observes here : "In real life, how do we look back to little speeches as presentimental of, or contrasted with, an affecting event ! Even so Shakespeare, as secure of being read over and over, of becoming a family friend, provides this passage for his readers, and leaves it to them."

296. *In the best advantage*. At the most favourable opportunity. Cf. ii. 1. 237 and iii. 3. 312 below.

304. *Incontinently*. Immediately. It is used by S. only here, but we have *incontinent* in the same sense in iv. 3. 11 below. See also *A. Y. L.* v. 2. 42 and *Rich. II.* v. 6. 48.

311. *Four times seven years*. "It is remarkable that S. has here taken pains to specify the exact age of Iago, as he has specified that of Hamlet. They are perhaps the two most intellectual characters that our poet has drawn ; and he has made them nearly of the same age, as if at that period of life a man's intellect were at its culminating point of activity and energy. . . . That Iago should be no more than twenty-eight years old, and yet so versed in worldly ways, so decided in his opinions, so competent in stratagem, so expert in turning the worthiest as well as the weakest points of human nature to his purpose, so utterly without faith in goodness as he is, makes him the more an innate villain. His cynical contempt is not the growth of sad experience or soured feeling, his coarseness and hardness are not the result of a long course of battling with the world, the savage pertinacity of revenge is not the offspring of an old-conceived resentment ; but he is a hard, cold-blooded, almost vivacious scoundrel, from inherent disposition, who uses his keen intellect with the same fierce joy in its skill and power to destroy that he uses his sharp dagger or sword" (Clarke).

314. *A guinea-hen*. A cant term for a woman of loose character.

317. *Fond*. Foolish ; as often. See *M. N. D.* p. 163.

318. *Virtue ! a fig*, etc. Coleridge remarks : "This speech comprises the passionless character of Iago. It is all will in intellect ; and therefore he is here a bold partisan of a truth, but yet of a truth converted into a falsehood by the absence of all the necessary modifications caused by the frail nature of man. And then comes the last sentiment :

"Our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts, whereof I take this that you call love to be a sect or scion !"

Here is the true Iagoism of, alas ! how many ! Note Iago's pride of mastery in the repetition of 'Go, make money !' to his anticipated dupe, even stronger than his love of lucre ; and when Roderigo is completely won—

"I am chang'd. I 'll go sell all my land ;"

when the effect has been fully produced, the repetition of triumph—

"Go to ; farewell ; put money enough in your purse !"

The remainder—Iago's soliloquy—the motive-hunting of a motiveless malignity—how awful it is! Yea, whilst he is still allowed to bear the divine image, it is too fiendish for his own steady view—for the lonely gaze of a being next to devil, and only not quite devil—and yet a character which Shakspeare has attempted and executed without disgust and without scandal!" See also p. 31 fol. above.

322. *Gender*. Kind. Cf. *The Phoenix and the Turtle*, 18: "thy sable gender."

323. *Idleness*. See on i. 3. 140 above.

325. *Balance*. The folios have "brain" or "braine," which Steevens takes to be a misprint for "beam."

328. *Motions*. Sensual impulses. For *stings*, see *A. Y. L.* p. 164, note on *The brutish sting*. *Unbitted*=unbridled.

330. *Sect*. Cutting; changed by Hammer to "slip," and by Johnson to "set."

335. *Perdurable*. An emphatic form of *durable*. Cf. *Hen. V.* iv. 5. 7: "O perdurable shame!" So *perdurably*=lastingly, in *M. for M.* iii. 1. 115.

336. *Stead*. Help, be of use to; as in *Temp.* i. 2. 165, *M. of V.* i. 3. 7, *R. and J.* ii. 3. 54, etc.

337. *Defeat thy favour*. Disfigure or disguise thy face. For *favour*=face, see *J. C.* p. 131. Cf. *Gen.* xxix. 17, etc.

342. *Sequestration*. Separation, rupture. Cf. *Hen. V.* i. 1. 58:

"Any retirement, any sequestration
From open haunts and popularity."

Sequester is used in the same sense in iii. 4. 39 below.

344. *Locusts*. Perhaps here called *luscious* from their association with honey in *Matt.* iii. 4 (Schmidt).

345. *Coloquintida*. Colocynth, or "bitter apple." Bullein, in his *Bulwark of Defence*, 1579, speaks of it as "most bitter, white like a baule, full of seedes, leaves like to cucumbers," etc.

351. *Erring*. Erratic, wandering; as in *Ham.* i. 1. 154: "The extravagant and erring spirit," etc.

Supersubtle. Used by S. nowhere else. Cf. *superdainty* (*T. of S.* ii. 1. 189), *superfinical* (*Lear*, ii. 2. 19), etc.

354. *Clean*. Entirely. Cf. *J. C.* i. 3. 35: "clean from the purpose," etc. See also *Josh.* iii. 17, *Ps.* lxxvii. 8, etc.

357. *If I depend on the issue*. Omitted in 1st quarto.

361. *Hearted*. Seated or fixed in the heart. Cf. iii. 3. 436 below: "hearted throne."

362. *Conjunctive*. Conjoined, united. Cf. *Ham.* iv. 7. 14: "conjunctive to my life and soul." The 1st quarto has "communicative."

365. *Traverse*. A military word of command=march, go on (Schmidt). Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 291: "Hold, Wart, traverse."

370-374. *Go to . . . purse*. The reading of the 2d and 3d quartos. The 1st folio reads thus:

"Iago. Go too, farewell, Do you heare, *Rodorigo*?

"*Rod.* He sell all my Land. Exit.

"Iago. Thus do I euer make my Foole, my purse;"

Some modern eds. follow the folio.

376. *Snipe*. "Woodcock is the term generally used by S. to denote an insignificant fellow [see *Ham.* p. 191]; but Iago is more sarcastic, and compares his dupe to a smaller and meaner bird" (Steevens).

378. *It is thought*, etc. Snider (*System of Shakespeare's Dramas*, vol. i. p. 112 fol.) endeavours to show that Iago is really jealous of Othello, and that the latter has been guilty of adultery with Emilia, but it does not seem to us that he makes out his case.

381. *Will do*, etc. "That is, I will act as if I were certain of the fact" (Mason).

Holds me well. Thinks well of me. See *Much Ado*, p. 144.

383. *Proper*. Comely, handsome. See *Mer.* p. 132 or *A. Y. L.* p. 143.

384. *To plume up my will*, etc. "This, in Iago's mouth, has most characteristic effect; as if any project that involved reduplication of knavery were a feather in the cap of his depraved will—a thing to plume himself upon as a feat of intellectual volition. The words S. chooses are so significant, so inclusive, that they suggest a crowd of images in their expressive conciseness" (Clarke). For *plume* the 1st quarto has "make."

386. *Abuse*. Deceive, delude. See on i. i. 163 above.

388. *Dispose*. Disposition, temper. Cf. *T.* and *C.* ii. 3. 174:

"He doth rely on none,
But carries on the stream of his dispose
Without observance or respect of any," etc.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Seaport in Cyprus*. Undoubtedly Famagusta, which was the chief port of the island at that time. See p. 154 above.

2. *High-wrought*. S. is fond of compounds with *high*; as *high-battled*, *high-judging*, *high-reared*, *high-resolved*, *high-sighted*, *high-stomached*, etc.

3. *Heaven*. Sky. The 1st quarto has "haven."

5. *At land*. We still say *at sea*, but not *at land*. In Florio's *Montaigne* we find "at shore." Cf. *Gr.* 143, 144.

7. *Ruffian'd*. Played the ruffian, been boisterous; the only instance of the verb in S. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 1. 22: "the ruffian billows;" and *T.* and *C.* i. 3. 38: "the ruffian Boreas."

8. *Mountains melt*. Perhaps suggested by *Judges*, v. 5: "The mountains melted from before the Lord" (Steevens).

10. *Segregation*. Separation, dispersion; used by S. only here.

12. *The chidden billow*. The quartos have "chiding." S. often uses *chide* in the sense of "to make an incessant noise." Cf. *A. Y. L.* ii. 1. 7: "And churlish chiding of the winter's wind;" *Hen. VIII.* iii. 2. 197: "As doth a rock against the chiding flood," etc. In *M. N. D.* iv. 1. 120, it is used of the baying of hounds.

13. *Wind-shak'd*. We have *wind-shaken* in *Cor.* v. 2. 117: "the oak not to be wind-shaken." S. uses *shak'd*, *shook*, and *shaken* as the participle.

Man. The quartos have "mayne," the folios "maine," or "main." Most of the modern eds. give "main" (=force, as in "might and main"), which is quite as likely to be right.

15. *The guards*, etc. Johnson says, "alluding to the star *Arctophylax*." The constellation now known as *Bootes* was originally called *Arctophylax*, or *Arcturus*, both of which names mean the *guard* or *keeper of the bear*. The name *Arcturus* was afterwards given to the principal star in the constellation. We have no doubt that the *guards of the pole* here are the two stars commonly called the *Pointers*. The 1st quarto reads "ever-fired."

16. *Molestation*. Disturbance; used nowhere else by S.

17. *Enchafed* = chafed (see *J. C.* p. 131), enraged. Cf. *Cymb.* iv. 2. 174: "Their royal blood enchaf'd."

18. *Embay'd*. Land-locked. For these words with the prefix *en*, see Gr. 440.

22. *Designment*. Design, enterprise. Cf. *Cor.* v. 6. 35: "serv'd his designments."

23. *Sufferance*. Disaster.

25, 26. The early eds. put a colon after *in*, and a comma after *Veronese*, which the quartos spell "Veronessa," and the 1st folio "Veronessa." Theo. changed the pointing to "in, A Veronessa; Michael," etc., and is followed by some of the recent editors, who take the ship to be "one fitted out by the people of Verona, a city of the Venetian state." This is a rather forced explanation; and, as a choice of difficulties, it seems better to suppose that S. forgot for the moment that he had made Cassio a Florentine, or that he chose to let the speaker call him a Veronese. *Veronese* may be metrically a quadrisyllable; some print it "Veronesé."

30. *On 't*. Of it. See Gr. 181. For 't is, cf. *Macb.* i. 4. 58: "It is a peerless kinsman;" *T. of A.* iii. 1. 23: "a noble gentleman 't is," etc. Oftener it is used contemptuously; as in *M. of V.* iii. 3. 18, *Hen. V.* iii. 6. 70, *A. and C.* iii. 2. 6, etc.

34. *With*. By. See Gr. 193.

36. *Full*. Complete, perfect. Cf. *A. and C.* iii. 13. 87: "the fullest man."

39, 40. *Even till . . . regard*. Omitted in 1st quarto. *Regard* = view; as in *L. C.* 213: "The deep-green emerald, in whose fresh regard," etc.

42. *Arrivance*. Arrival. The 1st folio has "Arriuancie." Clarke notes that there is an unusual number of words in *-ce* in this play.

49. *Expert and approv'd allowance*. That is, allowed and proved expertness. See *Ham.* p. 271, note on *Excellent differences*.

50. *My hopes*, etc. "My hopes, not having been utterly destroyed by reiterated false excitement and successive defeat, remain in confident expectation of being fulfilled" (Clarke). Malone compares *T. N.* i. 1. 2:

"Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken and so die;"

and *T. G. of V.* iii. 1. 220:

"O, I have fed upon this woe already,
And now excess of it will make me surfeit."

Henley cites *Prov.* xiii. 12 : "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick."

60. *Wiv'd*. Cf. *M. of V.* i. 2. 145 : "I had rather he should shrive me than wive me;" 2 *Hen.* IV. i. 2. 61 : "manned, horsed, and wived," etc.

61. *Achiev'd*. Won; as in *M. of V.* iii. 2. 210 : "Achiev'd her mistress," etc.

Coleridge remarks : "Here is Cassio's warm-hearted, yet perfectly disengaged, praise of Desdemona, and sympathy with the 'most fortunately' wived Othello; and yet Cassio is an enthusiastic admirer, almost a worshipper, of Desdemona. O, that detestable code that excellence cannot be loved in any form that is female but it must needs be selfish ! Observe Othello's 'honest,' and Cassio's 'bold' Iago, and Cassio's full guileless-hearted wishes for the safety and love-raptures of Othello and 'the divine Desdemona.' And also note the exquisite circumstance of Cassio's kissing Iago's wife, as if it ought to be impossible that the dull-est auditor should not feel Cassio's religious love of Desdemona's purity. Iago's answers are the sneers which a proud, bad intellect feels towards women, and expresses to a wife. Surely it ought to be considered a very exalted compliment to women, that all the sarcasms on them in Shakspeare are put in the mouths of villains."

63. *Quirks*. Conceits; as in *Much Ado*, ii. 3. 245 : "odd quirks and remnants of wit," etc. *Blazoning*=praising, extolling; as in *R. and J.* ii. 6. 26 : "and that thy skill be more To blazon it," etc.

64. *The essential vesture of creation*. "The real qualities with which creation has invested her" (Johnson). S. uses *essential* nowhere else.

65. *Does tire the engineer*. Wearies out the inventor (Schmidt); or tires whoever attempts to devise eulogies worthy of her. The 1st quarto has "Does beare all excellency;" the 1st folio, "Do's tyre the Ingeniuer." Steevens reads "ingenier"—ingenious person, or artist; and cites B. J. *Sejanus*, i. 1 :

"No, Silius, we are no good ingeniers,
We want the fine arts," etc.

Johnson suggests "th' ingenious verse," Capell gives "tire the inventor," and Jervis conjectures "tire the imaginer." The reading in the text is doubtful, but it is preferable to the tame phrase of the quarto.

70. *Ensteep'd*. The reading of the folios and 2d and 3d quartos. The 1st quarto has "enscaped," which W. takes to be a misprint of "enscarp'd." Boswell explains *traitors ensteep'd* as "traitors concealed under the water;" and Schmidt defines *ensteeped* as "steeped, lying under water."

72. *Mortal*. Deadly, destructive. See *Rich.* II. p. 189 or *Macb.* p. 171.

74. *Captain's captain*. Cf. *Rich.* III. iv. 4. 336 : "And she shall be sole victress, Cæsar's Cæsar."

77. *Sevennight's*. See *A. Y. L.* p. 177. We have *seven-night* in *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 375 and *W. T.* i. 2. 17.

Jove. "For this absurdity I have not the smallest doubt that the Master of the Revels, and not our poet, is answerable" (Malone).

Clarke remarks: "Far from thinking that there is either 'absurdity' in the word, or that it was a substitution for any other, we believe it to have been the author's own word, characteristically put into Cassio's mouth here. To this day Italians use mythological adjurations in common with Christian appeals; and in Shakespeare's time the custom was almost universal."

80. *Extincted*. Used by S. only here; but we have *extinct* in *Rich. II.* i. 3. 222 and *Ham.* i. 3. 118, and *extincture* in *L. C.* 294.

81. *And bring*, etc. This line is found only in the quartos.

82. *Riches*. Singular, as in iii. 3. 173 below. Cf. *Sonn.* 87. 6: "for that riches," etc.

86. *Enwheel*. Encompass. Gr. 440.

103. *List*. Desire, inclination; the reading of 1st quarto. The folios and later quartos have "leave," and the Coll. MS. "lust."

106. *Chides*. Scolds; as in *A. Y. L.* iii. 5. 64, 65, etc.

110. *Saints in your injuries*. Sanctimonious when doing injuries.

111. *Housewives*. Often used contemptuously = hussies. Cf. iv. i. 87 below, and see *Hen. V.* p. 183.

118. *Critical*. Censorious; as in *M. N. D.* v. i. 54: "some satire, keen and critical." S. uses the word only twice; but he has *critic* in the same sense in *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 170: "critic Timon." The noun also is always = censurer, carper; as in *Sonn.* 112. 10, *T. and C.* v. 2. 131, etc.

121. *I am not merry*, etc. "The struggle of courtesy in Desdemona to abstract her attention" (Coleridge).

125. *Birdlime*. For the allusion, see *Ham.* p. 233, note on *Lined Frize* is a coarse woollen cloth, mentioned again in *M. W.* v. 5. 146. Steevens quotes *The Puritan*: "The excuse stuck upon my tongue, like ship-pitch upon a mariner's gown."

132. *White*. There is a play on *white* and *wight* (Schmidt); and in 135 just below, one on *folly*, which was often = wantonness. See on v. 2. 132 below.

137. *Fond*. Foolish; as in i. 3. 317 above.

142. *Heavy*. Dull. Cf. *K. John*, iv. i. 47: "cheer'd up the heavy time," etc.

144. *One that*, etc. One who, in the consciousness of her own merit, dare challenge the testimony of malice itself in her behalf.

153. *To change*, etc. *As* (Gr. 281) to change a choice bit for one less esteemed. Steevens cites *Queen Elizabeth's Household Book*: "Item, the Master Cookes have to fee all the salmon's tailles."

155. *See suitors*, etc. This line is not in the 1st quarto.

156. *Wight*. Originally = person, and applied to both sexes. Cf. Drayton, *Muses' Elys.*:

"These sprightly gallants lov'd a lass,
Call'd Lirope the bright;
In the whole world there scarcely was
So delicate a wight."

158. *Chronicle small beer*. That is, keep petty household accounts.

161. *Profane and liberal counsellor*. Coarse and wanton talker. For *profane*, cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* v. 5. 54; and for *liberal*, see *Ham.* p. 258.

163. *Home*. That is, without reserve (Schmidt). Cf. *Ham.* iii. 3. 29: "she'll tax him home" (reprove him soundly); *Id.* iii. 4. 1: "Look you lay home to him;" *M. for M.* iv. 3. 148: "Accuse him home and home," etc.

165. *Well said*. Well done; as in iv. 1. 107 and v. 1. 98 below.

167. *Gyre*. Fetter, shackle; the only instance of the verb in *S. Courtship*=courtesy; as in *L. L. L.* v. 2. 363: "Trim gallants, full of courtship and of state," etc.

171. *Play the sir*. Play the fine gentleman. For the ironical use, cf. *W. T.* i. 2. 212: "this great sir;" *Cymb.* i. 1. 166: "To draw upon an exile! O brave sir!" etc.

172. *Courtesy*. It is doubtful whether this refers to Cassio or Desdemona, as the word in the sense of an act of salutation was used of both sexes. See *Much Ado*, p. 159, note on *Courtesies*; and cf. *R. of L.* 1338: "The homely villain court'sies to her low."

178. *Warrior*. In playful allusion to her having followed him to the wars; and perhaps Desdemona has the present address in mind in iii. 4. 150 below. Steevens gives sundry quotations to show that English imitators of the French sonneteers often called their mistresses "warriors" (*guerrières*); but, as Schmidt remarks, these passages from *Othello* do not prove that S. was among them.

My dear Othello! "Exquisitely true to such a nature as Desdemona's, her having no more words than this simple exclamation in which to express her full-hearted happiness; while equally true to the glowing ardour of such a nature as Othello's is his giving way to that burst of eloquent tenderness which describes the overflow of his manly delight" (Clarke).

179. *Content*. Happiness, joy; as in 187 and 192 just below. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* i. 4. 3:

"this night he dedicates
To fair content and you," etc.

197. *Set*. Changed by Pope to "let;" but, as Malone suggests, *set down the pegs* may have been the musical technicality of the time.

201. *Honey*. See *R. and J.* p. 177, note on *Honey nurse*.

Steevens explains *well desir'd* as "much solicited by invitations," but it seems to be simply=well beloved, a favourite. Othello adds, "*I* have found great love amongst them."

203. *Out of fashion*. "Out of conventional method" (Clarke). Cf. *Hen V.* iv. 1. 85.

206. *Master*. That is, the *captain* (as we still use the term), not the *pilot*, as Johnson explains it. Cf. *Temp.* i. 1. 2, 8, 11, 13, ii. 2. 48, v. 1. 99, *Mach.* i. 3. 7, etc.

211. *Base men*, etc. "The insolent contempt with which Iago treats Roderigo, not even caring to conceal the disdain he feels for his inferiority of intellect and weak credulity, is one of the peculiarities of his tact in swaying this poor dupe. It coolly assumes his own superiority as an incontrovertible fact, which imposes upon his victim, and tames him into unquestioning submission" (Clarke).

212. *A nobility*, etc. Malone quotes *Ham.* iv. 5. 161: "Nature is fine in

love;" and Steevens adds from Dryden: "Why love does all that 's noble here below."

214. *The court of guard.* The place where the guard musters. Cf. B. and F., *The Beggar's Bush*: "Visit your courts of guard, view your muniti-
tion."

217. *Thus.* That is, on thy lips, while thou art listening to a wiser man (Johnson).

224. *Favour.* Personal appearance. See on i. 3. 337 above.

226. *Conveniences.* Attractions.

227. *Heave the gorge.* Cf. *Ham.* v. i. 207: "my gorge rises at it."

230. *Pregnant.* Probable, plausible; as in *M. for M.* ii. i. 23: "'T is very pregnant," etc.

232. *Conscionable.* Conscientious; used by S. only here.

234. *Salt.* Lustful, licentious; as in *M. for M.* v. i. 406, *A. and C.* ii. i. 21, etc.

235. *Slipper.* "Slippery" (the reading of the later folios). The quartos have "subtle slipper."

239. *Green.* Inexperienced; as in *K. John*, ii. i. 472, *Ham.* i. 3. 101, etc.

243. *Condition.* Disposition, qualities. Cf. *M. of V.* i. 2. 143: "the condition of a saint."

246. *Blessed pudding!* Omitted in the quartos.

249. *Index.* Prologue. The index was formerly placed at the beginning of books. See *Ham.* p. 236.

256. *Tainting.* Discrediting, impugning. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* iii. i. 55, etc.

257. *Course.* The 1st quarto has "cause," which the Coll. MS. also gives.

260. *Sudden.* Hasty, impetuous. See *A. Y. L.* p. 167.

262. *Whose qualification,* etc. "Whose resentment shall not be so qualified or tempered as to be well tasted, as not to retain some bitterness" (Johnson). Cf. the use of *qualified* in ii. 3. 30 below.

265. *Prefer.* Advance, promote. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* iv. i. 102: "Newly prefer'd from the king's secretary," etc.

267. *Prosperity.* Success; as in *L. L. L.* v. 2. 871: "A jest's prosperity," etc.

271. *His.* "Even the word *his* here in reference to Othello, without naming him or giving him his title, has characteristic effect in Iago's mouth as a piece of cool, off-hand, slighting mention; and is therefore calculated to confirm the impression he wishes to produce upon Rod-
erigo of hatred towards the Moor" (Clarke).

274. *Apt,* etc. Natural and very credible. Cf. v. 2. 176 below: "apt and true."

282. *I do suspect,* etc. See on i. 3. 378 above. For *lusty* the quartos have "lustful."

Coleridge observes here: "This thought, originally by Iago's own confession a mere suspicion, is now ripening, and gnaws his base nature as his own 'poisonous mineral' is about to gnaw the noble heart of his general."

290. *Whom I trash,* etc. For *trash* the 1st quarto has "crush," and the other early eds. "trace." The emendation is Steevens's, and is gen-

erally adopted. The repetition is quite in Shakespeare's manner. For *trash*, a hunter's term=check, keep back, see *Temp.* p. 113. Iago means that he restrains Roderigo like a hound for his too impatient pursuit of Desdemona.

For the first *trash* Warb. substituted "brach" (=a worthless hound), which Coll. adopts.

291. *The putting on.* This refers to his picking a quarrel with Cassio, not to his "quick hunting" of Desdemona.

292. *On the hip.* A term in wrestling, meaning to "have the advantage of." Cf. *M. of V.* i. 3. 47: "If I can catch him once upon the hip;" and *Id.* iv. i. 334: "Now, infidel, I have you on the hip."

293. *In the rank garb.* In the coarsest fashion. For *garb*, cf. *Ham.* ii. 2. 390: "comply with you in this garb," etc.

299. *Knavery's plain face*, etc. The full design of knavery is never visible until the moment comes for its being put in practice. "Iago's complacent contemplation of his own villany, his willing self-admission of scoundrelism, are thoroughly those of a man whose pride of intellect is all-engrossing, and who has no one perception of moral beauty or dignity. He can even afford to allow that 'the Moor is of a free and open nature,' that he 'is of a constant, loving, noble nature,' even though he hates him, because he holds these as very poor and contemptible characteristics; he carelessly admits the possibility of his having an adulterous liking for Desdemona, but chooses to ascribe it quite as much to desire of 'revenge' as preference; and remorselessly plans the ruin of Cassio from no stronger motive than bare suspicion and professional envy; his sovereign thought, through all, being his own superiority of intellect, which can crush these simple good people from out his path at will, as if they were so many miserable worms" (Clarke).

SCENE II.—3. *Mere perdition.* Absolute destruction. See *J. C.* p. 129, note on *Merely upon myself*.

3. *Put himself into triumph.* Give himself up to exultation. Cf. *Per.* i. 3. 24: "puts himself unto the shipman's toil," etc.

5. *Addiction.* Inclination; as in *Hen. V.* i. i. 54: "Since his addiction was to courses vain."

7. *Nuptial.* The quartos have "nuptialls." See *Temp.* p. 143.

8. *Offices.* The rooms in the castle where food and drink were prepared and kept. See *Rich. II.* p. 159.

SCENE III.—1. *Good Michael*, etc. "These few words, introduced at its juncture, are illustrative of Shakespeare's peculiar skill in dramatic art. They seem insignificant; but they give augmented effect to Othello's subsequent anger at Cassio's having been betrayed not only into neglect of duty in preserving order, but into breach of order himself. They also serve to set well before the mind Othello's trust and confidence in Cassio as his chosen officer, and his liking for him as a personal friend; calling him by his Christian name *Michael*, which, after the one final impressive appeal to him, 'How comes it, Michael, you are thus forgot?' he never again uses" (Clarke).

12. *Cast.* Dismissed, sent off. See on i. 1. 139 above.

17. *Right modest.* "It is worthy of observation how wonderfully this brief morsel of dialogue is made to serve the dramatist's purpose in development of character. It shows the hard intellectual calculator, Iago, dallying with unhallowed suggestions, and presenting them to the thought of the man whom he hopes to corrupt and sway to his purpose; while the imagination of even the sensualist, Cassio, is held within bounds by the more potent influence of Desdemona's pure immaculacy. It is the counteracting power of virtue against vice; the might of innocence over guilt; and, while depicting forcibly the natures of the two men, indirectly denotes that of the woman" (Clarke).

21. *Stoup.* Cup, flagon. See *Ham.* p. 260.

30. *Craftily qualified.* Slyly diluted (that is, by Cassio himself).

31. *Here.* That is, in my head; as a gesture shows.

37. *Dislikes.* Displeases, is distasteful to. For the impersonal use, see *R. and J.* p. 165. Cf. *Gr.* 297.

43. *Carous'd.* Drunk. Cf. *Ham.* v. 2. 300: "The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet," etc.

44. *Pottle-deep.* To the bottom of the *pottle* or tankard (originally a measure of two quarts). Cf. *M. W.* ii. 1. 223 and iii. 5. 30. We find *pottle-pot* in 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 2. 83 and v. 3. 68.

45. *Swelling.* Cf. *Hen. V.* v. 1. 15: "here he comes, swelling like a turkey-cock."

46. *That hold,* etc. That is, are sensitive with regard to their honour, or quick to take offence at a supposed insult.

47. *The very elements.* "As quarrelsome as the *discordia semina rerum*; as quick in opposition as fire and water" (Johnson). Cf. *Rich. II.* iii. 3. 55:

"Methinks King Richard and myself should meet
With no less terror than the elements
Of fire and water, when their thundering shock
At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven."

Schmidt makes *elements* = "a pure extract, as it were, the very quintessence of the isle."

52. *If consequence,* etc. If the result do but justify my expectation. "Every scheme subsisting only in the imagination may be termed a *dream*" (Johnson).

54. *Fore.* Not 'fore. See *Hen. V.* p. 155.

A rouse. A bumper, or too deep a draught. See *Ham.* p. 181.

58. *Canakin.* A diminutive of *can*; used by S. only here. Steevens cites Barclay, *Ship of Fools*: "some quafes ye canakin halfe full."

69. *Exquisite.* The 1st quarto and some modern eds. have "expert." Cf. B. and F., *The Captain*:

"*Lod.* Are the Englishmen

Such stubborn drinkers?

"*Piso.* ——— not a leak at sea

Can suck more liquor; you shall have their children

Christen'd in mull'd sack, and at five years old

Able to knock a Dane down."

On the intemperance of the Dances, see *Ham.* pp. 182, 193.

72. *Almain*. German (Fr. *Allemand*). Cf. Drayton, *Polyolbion*: "Of Almain, and to them for their stout captain gave," etc. We find also the forms *Aleman* and *Alman*. Cf. Holland, *Ammianus Marcellinus*: "Chonodomarius and Vestralpus, Aleman kings;" and Owen, *Epigrams*:

"'T is good to be and have, a Greek, I think,
Once said; an Alman added, and to drink."

So Germany was called *Almany*; as in Harrington's *Ariosto*: "And dwelt in Almaney."

77. *King Stephen*, etc. These stanzas are from an old song, "Take thy old cloak about thee," which may be found in Percy's *Reliques*. Cf. *Temp.* iv. 1. 221: "O King Stephano! O peer!"

80. *Lown*. Lout, stupid fellow." Cf. *Per.* iv. 6. 19: "both lord and lown." *Loon* (see *Macb.* v. 3. 11) is the same word.

111. *Equinox*. Equal, counterpart; the only instance of the word in *S.*

114. *On*. See Gr. 180.

117. *He'll watch*, etc. That is, he will keep awake while the clock strikes two rounds, or twenty-four hours. *S.* uses *horologe* nowhere else. Cf. Drayton, *Moses*: "The cock, the country horologe," etc.

127. *Ingraft*. Ingrafted, inveterate. Cf. *J. C.* ii. 1. 184: "the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar," etc.

128. *Action*. Metrically a trisyllable. Cf. *patience* in 345 below.

134. *Twiggen*. Covered with twigs, or wicker-work. The quartos have "wicker."

137. *Mazzard*. Head. See *Ham.* p. 261.

143. *Diablo!* The devil! "Appropriately put into the mouth of the *Italian Iago*" (Clarke).

149. *All sense of place*. Hanmer's correction of the "all place of sense" of the early eds.

152. *Turn'd Turks*. See *Ham.* p. 228.

155. *For*. The 1st quarto has "forth," which some editors prefer. Cf. *Ham.* i. 3. 20: "He may not . . . Carve for himself" (that is, indulge himself, do as he pleases).

158. *From her propriety*. That is, out of herself. Cf. *T. A.* v. 1. 150: "That makes thee strangle thy propriety" (disavow thy individuality).

162. *In quarter*. In peace, or concord (Schmidt). Cf. *C. of E.* ii. 1. 108: "keep fair quarter with his bed;" and *A. John*, v. 5. 20: "keep good quarter and good care to-night." Some make it = on our station, at our posts.

163. *Devesting*. Undressing.

164. *Planet*. For the supposed planetary influence, cf. *Ham.* i. 1. 162: "no planets strike;" and see note in our ed. p. 177.

167. *Peevish odds*. Silly quarrel. For *peevish*, see *Hen. V.* p. 171.

170. *Are thus forgot*. Have thus forgotten yourself. See Gr. 295.

172. *Were wont be civil*. For the omission of *to*, see Gr. 349.

173. *Stillness*. Cf. *Hen. V.* iii. 1. 4: "As modest stillness and humility."

175. *Censure*. Judgment. See *Ham.* p. 190 or *Macb.* p. 251.

176. *Unlace*. Slacken, or loosen; or, perhaps, strip off its ornaments (Johnson). Schmidt gives the latter explanation (=disgrace).

177. *Spend your rich opinion.* Throw away or squander your valuable reputation.

179. *Hurt to danger.* Dangerously wounded.

181. *Something now offends.* Now somewhat pains. For the adverbial use of *something*, see Gr. 68.

184. *Self-charity.* Charity to one's self, care of one's self.

187. *My blood*, etc. "My angry impulse begins to prevail over my steadier sense and judgment" (Clarke).

188. *Collied.* Obscured; literally, blackened as with *coal* or smut. See *M. N. D.* p. 129.

193. *Approv'd in this offence.* Proved to have been engaged in this offence. Cf. *M.* of *V.* iii. 2. 79: "approve it with a text," etc.

197. *Manage.* Bring about, set on foot. Cf. the use of the noun in *R.* and *J.* iii. 1. 148: "The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl."

198. *The court and guard of safety.* "The very spot and guarding-place of safety" (Clarke). Theo. plausibly reads "of guard," as in ii. 1. 214 above.

199. *Monstrous.* A trisyllable, as in *Macb.* iii. 6. 8. Gr. 477.

200. *Affin'd.* Influenced by any tie or affinity. See on i. 1. 39 above. *Leagu'd* is Pope's correction of the "league" of the early eds.

201. *Deliver.* Speak. See on i. 3. 90 above.

210. *Execute upon him.* "Wreak his anger upon him" (Schmidt).

211. *Entreats his pause.* Begs him to stop. Cf. *Ham.* iii. 1. 68: "Must give us pause," etc.

212. *Myself*, etc. "Iago's thoroughly lying account of the incidents that occurred, with his art in seeming to 'mince' the 'matter' and make 'it light to Cassio,' while in fact contriving to give all possible heightening touches of his misdeed, is most skilfully managed in this speech. It will be remembered that far from *pursuing* Roderigo and *returning* to the scene of the conflict, Iago never stirs from the spot, but remains to direct the movements of his puppets, and prompt them in the parts which he has previously designed that they should perform; and that instead of Cassio's having been 'high in oath,' he has given vent to nothing more offensive in speech than the threats, 'I'll beat the knave into a twiggen bottle' and 'I'll knock you o'er the mazzard'" (Clarke).

216. *For that.* Because. See on i. 3. 267 above.

234. *Sweeting.* Cf. *T.* of *S.* iv. 3. 36: "What, sweeting, all amot?" *T. N.* ii. 3. 43: "Trip no further, pretty sweeting," etc.

236. *Lead him off.* Malone may be right in thinking this a stage-direction that has got into the text. W. remarks that Othello would have been more likely to say, "Lead him away." Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* v. 3. 9: "thrice I led him off."

249. *Sense.* Sensibility, feeling. The quartos have "offence."

254. *Cast.* Dismissed, cashiered. See on i. 1. 139 above.

259. *Slight.* The folio reading; the quartos have "light."

260. *Speak parrot.* Talk nonsense; like *discourse fustian* just below.

264. *What.* Who; as in *Hen. V.* iv. 3. 18: "What 's he that wishes so?" Gr. 254.

271. *Pleasance*. "Pleasure" (the quarto reading). Cf. *P. P.* 158: "Youth is full of pleasance, age is full of care."

276. *Unperfectness*. Imperfection; used by S. only here. Cf. *unperfect* in *Sonn.* 23. 1 and *Ps.* cxxxix. 16.

278. *Moraler*. Moralizer. Gr. 443. Cf. *moral*=moralize in *A. Y. L.* ii. 7. 29.

283. *Hydra*. For the allusion, cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* v. 4. 25 and *Cor.* iii. 1. 93. The word is an adjective in 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 2. 38: "this Hydra son of war."

285. *By and by*. Presently; as often. See *Hen. V.* p. 155. So *presently*=immediately; as in v. 2. 52 below. See *Much Ado*, p. 121.

286. *Unblest*. Accursed; as in v. 1. 34 below.

290. *Approved*. Proved. Cf. 193 above.

291. *A time*. The quartos have "some time;" and W. conjectures "one time." *A* is sometimes=one. See *Ham.* p. 274, or *R. and J.* p. 177.

295. *Denotement*. Denoting, indication. The early eds. have "deuotement" or "devotement." Theo. made the change, "blunderingly" in Schmidt's opinion; but it is improbable that S. should have written "devoted himself to the devotement." We find *denote* (=mark, indicate) in iii. 3. 416 and iv. 1. 265 below.

Parts. Qualities. Cf. i. 3. 252 above.

300. *Splinter*. Bind up with *splints*; the only sense in which S. uses the verb. Cf. *Rich. III.* ii. 2. 118:

"The broken rancour of your high-swoln hearts,
But lately splinter'd, knit, and join'd together."

301. *Lay*. Wager, stake; as in 2 *Hen. VI.* v. 2. 27 and *Cymb.* i. 4. 159. *Crack*. Breach. Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 415: "My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw."

312. *What's*. Who is. See on 264 above.

313. *Free*. Innocent, harmless. See *Ham.* p. 213, and cf. iii. 3. 255 below: "hold her free."

314. *Probal*. A word found nowhere else. It may be an abbreviation of *probable* or *provable*. Coll. compares *miseral* for *miserable* (Paynter) and *varial* for *variable* (Barnaby Rich).

316. *Inclining*. Ready, favourably disposed.

317. *Fruitful*. Bountiful, generous. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* i. 3. 56: "A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us."

318. *As the free elements*. Out of which all things are produced. See *Hen. V.* p. 169.

324. *Function*. "Operation of the mental faculties" (Schmidt); as in *Macb.* i. 3. 140: "function Is smother'd in surmise."

325. *Parallel*. Coinciding with his wish or purpose.

327. *Put on*. Instigate. Cf. ii. 1. 291 above, and see *Ham.* p. 257.

328. *Suggest*. Tempt. See *Rich. II.* pp. 153, 198.

332. *Pestilence*. Poison.

333. *Repeals*. Strives to restore him to his place; literally, recalls. See *J. C.* p. 157, note on *The repealing of my banish'd brother*.

340. *Cry*. Pack. Cf. *Cor.* iii. 3. 120: "You common cry of curs!"

345. *Patience*. A trisyllable. Gr. 479.

351. *Though other things*, etc. "Although our other plans are growing to maturity, yet the fruits of our scheme for the removal of Cassio, as it first bore promising blossom, will naturally first ripen." Iago is trying to inspire Roderigo with patience for the ripening of his plan against Desdemona by bidding him remember that meanwhile his plan against Cassio is succeeding" (Clarke). Johnson explains the passage thus: "Of many different things, all planned with the same art and promoted with the same diligence, some must succeed sooner than others, by the order of nature. Everything cannot be done at once; we must proceed by the necessary gradation. We are not to *despair* of slow events any *more* than of tardy fruits, while the causes are in regular progress, and the fruits *grow fair against the sun*."

353. *By the mass*. Changed in the folio to "In troth." See p. 11 above.

360. *Apart*. Aside. See *Ham.* p. 242, and cf. iv. 1. 67 below.

361. *Jump*. Just, exactly. Cf. *Ham.* i. 1. 65: "jump ("just" in folio) at this dead hour;" and *Id.* v. 2. 386: "jump upon this bloody question." Cf. the use of the verb *jump* in i. 3. 5 above.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—1. *Content*. Reward, pay. Cf. *Rich.* III. iii. 2. 113: "Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you," etc.

2. *Bid good morrow*. It was the custom for friends to serenade a new-married couple on the morning after their marriage, or to bid them *good morrow* by a morning song. See *R. and J.* p. 193, note on *Hunts-up*. Cf. Milton, *L'All.* 45 (referring to the lark):

"Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good morrow."

3. *Naples*. "The Neapolitans have a singularly drawling nasal twang in the utterance of their dialect; and Shylock tells of 'when the bagpipe sings i' the nose'" (Clarke). For *speak* the Coll. MS. has "squeak."

10. *For love's sake*. The 1st quarto has "of all loves," for which see *M. N. D.* p. 154.

20. *Quillets*. Quibbles, subtleties. See *Ham.* p. 262.

25. *Seem to*. A colloquial periphrasis. Cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 1. 19: "let the prologue seem to say;" *M. of V.* ii. 4. 11: "it shall seem to signify," etc.

26. *Good my friend*. Cf. i. 3. 52 above: "Good your grace," etc. Gr. 13.

In happy time. Just in time. See *R. and J.* p. 195.

32. *Access*. Accented by S. on the last syllable, except in *Ham.* ii. 1. 110. Gr. 490.

33. *Mean*. Often used by S. in the singular, though oftener in the plural. Cf. *W. T.* iv. 4. 89, *R. and J.* iii. 3. 45, v. 3. 240, etc.

34. *Converse*. Conversation; as in *Ham.* ii. i. 42: "your party in converse," etc.

37. *A Florentine*. That is, even a Florentine. Iago was a Venetian; as is evident from iii. 3. 201, 202 and v. i. 89 fol.

39. *Your displeasure*. That is, the displeasure you have incurred from Othello (Steevens). For *sure* the quartos have "soone."

43. *Affinity*. Family connection; used by S. only here.

Wholesome. Sound, reasonable. See *Ham.* p. 230.

46. *To take*, etc. This line is not in the folios.

50. *Desdemona*. The folios have "Desdemon" here, as in five other passages. K. takes the ground that the contraction is one of familiar tenderness; but, if so, S. would not have put it in Cassio's mouth. It is probably a mere transcriber's or printer's error.*

51. *Bestow you*. Conduct you to a place. See *Ham.* pp. 212, 240.

52. *I am*, etc. Omitted in 1st quarto.

SCENE II.—2. *Senate*. The quartos have "state."

3. *Works*. See on i. i. i (p. 154) above.

6. *We'll*. The reading of the 3d folio. The 1st has "Well," the 2d "Weel," and the quartos "We."

SCENE III.—3. *Warrant*. The quartos have "know."

4. *Case*. The quarto reading; the folios have "cause."

10. *I know't*. As in the folios; the quartos read "O, sir, I thank you."

12. *Strangeness*. Distant behaviour. The quartos have "strangest." Cf. *V. and A.* 310: "She puts on outward strangeness, seems unkind," etc.

14. *That policy*, etc. "He may either of himself think it politic to keep me out of office so long, or he may be satisfied with such slight reasons, or so many accidents may make him think my readmission at that time improper, that I may be quite forgotten" (Johnson). Clarke's explanation of 15, 16 is perhaps better: "Or be sustained by such trivial occurrences, or be renewed by such unforeseen circumstances."

19. *Doubt*. Suspect, fear. See *Ham.* pp. 187, 202, 220.

20. *Assure thee*. Assure thyself, be assured. Cf. iv. 2. 198 below.

23. *Watch him tame*. Alluding to the practice of taming hawks by keeping them from sleep. Cf. *T. and C.* iii. 2. 46: "you must be watched ere you be made tame, must you?" Steevens cites Cartwright, *Lady Errant*:

"we'll keep you,
As they do hawks, watching until you leave
Your wildness;"

Monsieur D'Olive: "your only way to deal with women and parrots is to keep them waking;" and Sir W. Davenant, *Just Italian*: "They've watch'd my hardy violence so tame."

* K strangely overlooks this passage in his note on iii. 3. 55. He says that *Desdemon* is used in five passages (iii. 3. 55, iv. 2. 40, v. 2. 25, 203, 281), four times by Othello and once by Gratiano. In all these his theory is plausible enough, but the present passage is fatal to it. The error is not corrected in his 2d ed.

24. *Shrift*. Confessional. Cf. *R. and J.* ii. 4. 192, ii. 5. 68, etc.
28. *Give thy cause away*. That is, give it up.
39. *Steal*. The 1st quarto has "sneake."
47. *His present reconciliation take*. "Accept the submission which he makes in order to be reconciled" (Johnson). Warb. would read "make." Schmidt explains *reconciliation* as "restoration to favour."
49. *Cunning*. "Knowledge, forethought" (Schmidt). Cf. *T. and C.* v. 5. 41 and *T. of A.* v. 4. 28. Cf. also the use of the adjective=knowing; as in *T. of S.* ii. 1. 56: "Cunning in music and the mathematics," etc.
52. *Sooth*. In sooth, truly. See *M. N. D.* p. 153, note on *Good troth*.
54. *To suffer*. The 1st quarto has "I suffer."
66. *Their*. Rowe's emendation for the "her" of the early eds. The Coll. MS. has "our," and Sr. (2d ed.) "the."
67. *Check*. Rebuke. See on i. 1. 138 above.
70. *Mammering*. Hesitating; used by S. nowhere else. The 1st quarto has "muttering." Steevens cites the comedy of *Acolastus*, 1540: "I stand in doubt, or in a mamorynge between hope and fear;" and Drant, *Horace*, sat. ii. 3: "then mameryng he doth doute." Malone adds from Lyly, *Euphues*: "neither stand in a mamering, whether it be best to depart or not."
71. *That came*, etc. See on i. 2. 52 above.
72. *Spoke*. For this form, see Gr. 343.
77. *As*. "The *if* is implied in the subjunctive" (Gr. 107). For the omission of *to* with *wear*, see Gr. 349.
79. *Peculiar*. Private, one's own; as in iv. 1. 62 below.
82. *Poise*. Weight. Cf. *Lear*, ii. 1. 122: "Occasions, noble Gloucester, of some poise," etc. Clarke thinks it also includes the idea of "nice balance, careful adjustment, as by scales."
90. *Wretch*. Sometimes used as a term of tenderness blended with pity. "It expresses the utmost degree of amiableness, joined with an idea which perhaps all tenderness includes, of feebleness, softness, and want of protection" (Johnson). Cf. *R. and J.* i. 3. 44: "The pretty wretch left crying," etc. Theo. changed the word to "wench."
106. *By heaven*, etc. The folio reads "Alas, thou ecchos't me." The "alas" was of course put in to fill the gap made by the omission of the oath.
113. *Purse*. Wrinkle. In *M. of V.* i. 3. 175 it means to put in a purse; and in *A. and C.* ii. 2. 192, *pursed up*=gained possession of.
115. *Conceit*. Conception, idea. Cf. the use of the verb (=conceives imagines) in 149 below.
118. *For*. Because. See on i. 3. 267 above.
123. *Delations*. The 1st quarto has "denotements;" the 1st folio and 2d and 3d quartos, "dilations;" the later folios, "cold delations." *Close delations*=secret accusations, hidden intimations. For *close*, see *Mach.* pp. 223, 246. *Delations* is not found elsewhere in S. Sir Henry Wotton, in his *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*, 1651, speaking of the *Inquisitori di Stati* at Venice, says that they "receive all secret delations in matter of practice against the Republick."
- Working from the heart*, etc. "Either 'working from the heart that

cannot control its passion of generous indignation,' or 'working from the heart that passionate impulse cannot move to speak out unadvisedly'" (Clarke).

124. *For*. As for, with respect to. See Gr. 149.

127. *Seem none*. That is, not seem honest men; as Malone and Clarke explain it. Johnson makes it—"no longer seem, or bear the shape of men."

130. *Yet there's more*. There's yet more. Cf. "yet not"=not yet, and see *R. and J.* p. 165. Gr. 76.

135. *To that all slaves are free to*. That is, to that which all slaves are free to do or not to do; or we may say that *free* is=*not bound*. Cf.

Cymb. v. 1. 7: "Every good servant does not all commands:
No bond but to do just ones."

139. *But some uncleanly apprehensions*, etc. "That some injurious suspicions will not occasionally enter into it, keep court there for judging others, and sit side by side, as on a law bench, with more legitimate meditations" (Clarke). *Leets* and *law-days* mean the same. Steevens quotes Jacob, *Law Dict.*: "*Leet* is otherwise called a *law-day*." In the only other instance of the word in *S.* (*T. of S.* ind. 2. 89: "present her at the leet") it means a court-leet. Cf. Bullokar, *English Expositor*, 1616: "*A leet* is a court or law-day, holden commonly every half year." On this passage cf. *R. of L.* 853:

"But no perfection is so absolute
That some impurity doth not intrude."

For the legal image Malone compares *Sonn.* 30. 1:

"When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past."

145. *Though I perchance*, etc. "Though I perhaps am mistaken, led into an error by my natural disposition, which is apt to shape faults that have no existence" (Malone). Clarke believes that *though* is here="inasmuch as, since;" but this is not absolutely necessary. As he himself remarks, "the confused and imperfect construction in this speech is wonderfully managed, to give the effect of Iago's adoption of a hesitating, unwilling manner; half expressing, half suppressing his suggestions, and whetting his victim's anxiety to hear more by bidding him desire to hear no more." Malone observes: "The adversative particle *though* does not indeed appear very proper; but in an abrupt and studiously clouded sentence like the present, where more is meant to be conveyed than meets the ear, strict propriety may well be dispensed with. The word *perchance*, if strongly marked in speaking, would sufficiently show that the speaker did not suppose himself *vicious in his guess*." For *that your wisdom yet* the 1st quarto has "Lintreate you then," which perhaps better suits the broken character of the sentence. Possibly, in revising the play, *S.* made the change to the more logical form of the folio, and overlooked the *though*, which does not suit that form so well.

149. *Conceits*. See on 115 above. The first quarto has "coniects," and Warb. reads "conjects."

151. *Scattering and unsure observance.* Random and uncertain observation. Cf. *T. N.* ii. 3. 50: "What 's to come is still unsure," etc.

155. *Good name*, etc. Malone suggests that S. may have had in mind *Proverbs*, xxii. 1.

158. *'T was mine*, etc. The same editor cites Horace, *Sat.* ii. 2:

"Nunc ager Umbreni sub nomine, nuper Ofelli
Dictus, erit nulli proprius, sed cedet in usum
Nunc mihi, nunc alii;"

thus translated by Drant, 1567:

"Now Umbrens grounde, of late Ofells,
(A thing not very stable)
Now myne, now thine, so muste we take
The worlde as variable."

160. *Not enriches.* Cf. *Temp.* ii. 1. 121: "I not doubt;" *Id.* v. 1. 38: "Whereof the ewe not bites," etc. Gr. 305. W. conjectures "naught" for *not*.

162. *Thoughts.* The first quarto has "thought."

166. *Green-eyed.* Cf. *M. of V.* iii. 2. 110: "green-eyed jealousy." For *green* applied to eyes in a complimentary sense, see *R. and J.* p. 198.

Mock. Changed by Hammer to "make," which Schmidt thinks "may be right." Clarke says: "Here *mock* bears the sense of disdain, spurn, tear wrathfully, even while feeding on. . . Jealousy, even while greedily devouring scraps of evidence, and stray tokens of supposed guilt, bitterly scorns them, and stands self-contemned for feeding on them." Mason cites in confirmation of "make" iii. 4. 160 below:

"'t is a monster
Begot upon itself, born on itself;"

and Massinger, *The Picture*:

"why should I nourish
A fury here, and with *imagin'd food*,
Holding no real ground on which to raise
A building of suspicion she was ever
Or can be false?"

For ourself, we agree with Furness, who says: "The meat that jealousy feeds on is the victim of jealousy, the jealous man, who is mocked with trifles light as air." Cf. Hunter: "Jealousy mocks the person who surrenders his mind to her influence, deluding him perpetually with some new show of suspicion, sporting with his agonized feelings, just as the feline tribe sport with the prey which they have got into their power. The cat is *green-eyed*." St. also suggests that the *meat* the monster *mocks* "may be his credulous victim," that is, the jealous man.

170. *Strongly.* The folios have "soundly," and the Coll. MS. has "fondly."

172. *Poor and content*, etc. Malone quotes *Dorastus and Fawnia* (the novel on which *W. T.* is founded), 1592: "We are rich, in that we are poor with content."

173. *Fineless.* Infinite, boundless; the only instance of the word in S. For *fine*=end, see *Ham.* p. 262. Pope substituted "endless" here.

182. *Exsufflicate*. "Probably synonymous to *blown*=empty, unsubstantial, frivolous" (Schmidt). This seems better than to make it=contemptible, abominable (from Low Latin, *exsufflare*, to spit upon), as Nares does. Malone says: "Whether our poet had any authority for the word, which I think is used in the sense of *swollen*, and appears to have been formed from *sufflatus*, I am unable to ascertain." The early eds. have "exufflicate" ("exufficated" in 4th folio).

183. *Matching thy inference*. That is, such as you have described (in 169, 170 above).

186. *Where virtue is*, etc. "An action in itself indifferent grows *virtuous* by its end and application" (Johnson). The 2d and later folios have "most virtuous."

188. *Doubt*. Suspicion; as in 417 below: "a shrewd doubt," etc. *Revolt* is often used of inconstancy in love; as in *K. John*, iii. 1. 322, *R. and J.* iv. 1. 58, *Cymb.* i. 6. 112, iii. 4. 57, etc.

200. *Self-bounty*. Inherent generosity (Warb.).

204. *Leave't*. The reading of the 1st quarto and the folios; the 2d and 3d quartos have "leave." On the other hand, the 2d and 3d quartos have *keep't* (or "keepe't"), the folios "kept," and the 1st quarto "keepe."

206. *She did deceive her father*, etc. "This and the following argument of Iago ought to be deeply impressed on every reader. Deceit and falsehood, whatever conveniences they may for a time promise or produce, are in the sum of life obstacles to happiness. Those who profit by the cheat distrust the deceiver, and the act by which kindness is sought puts an end to confidence" (Johnson). Cf. Clarke's note on *And so she did*: "In this little speech of four monosyllabic words is contained the moral of Desdemona's fate. Had Othello been able to refute as a foul calumny this insinuated truth of Iago's, the villain's scheme must have come to naught at once. But, unhappily, Desdemona's timidity has led her to conceal from her father her love for the Moor by affecting to dread him; and this former deviation from strict honesty is now enabling a traitor to undermine her husband's faith in her honour. O, just and wise, and most moral Shakespeare!" See also p. 29 above.

210. *Seel*. See on i. 3. 268 above. *Close as oak*=close as the grain of oak (Steevens).

212. *Beseech you of your pardon*. Cf. *M. N. D.* iii. 1. 185: "I shall desire you of more acquaintance;" *Hen. V.* iii. 3. 45: "whom of succours we entreated;" Spenser, *F. Q.* ii. 9. 42: "If it be I, of pardon I you pray," etc. Gr. 174.

219. *Issues*. Conclusions. On *reach*, cf. *T. and C.* iv. 4. 110:

"the moral of my wit
Is 'plain and true;' there's all the reach of it."

222. *Success*. Consequence; that which *succeeds* or follows. Cf. "bad success" in 3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 2. 46 and *T. and C.* ii. 2. 117. See also *J. C.* p. 151.

223. *Worthy*. The 1st quarto has "trusty."

224. *I see you are mov'd*. "The art with which this wretch contrives

to exasperate the pangs of the wound he is inflicting, affecting to commiserate while he is stabbing deeper and deeper, torturing the brave nature by noticing its ill-concealed anguish, together with the efforts made by the courageous man to repress the writhings of his pierced soul, are surely unsurpassed in passionate composition" (Clarke).

227. *Erring*. Straying, wandering. See i. 3. 351 above: "an erring barbarian;" and cf. i. 3. 62, 100.

230. *Complexion*. Alluding to the fair skin of Desdemona in contrast with the dark Moorish skin of Othello, and perhaps also, as Clarke suggests, to the temperament of the Italians in comparison with that of the Moors. Cf. *Ham.* p. 193.

232. *Foh!* The quartos have "Fie."

Rank. "Morbid" (Schmidt). Johnson says: "A rank will is self-will overgrown and exuberant."

234. *Position*. Assertion. Cf. ii. 1. 230 above, and *T. and C.* iii. 3. 112.

236. *Recoiling*. Going back, reverting. Cf. *W. T.* i. 2. 154: "methoughts I did recoil Twenty-three years," etc.

237. *Fall to*. Come to, begin. Cf. *Ham.* v. 2. 216: "before you fall to play," etc. *Match*=compare; as in *T. and C.* i. 3. 194, *R. and J.* ii. prol. 4.

238. *Happily*. Haply; as often. See *Ham.* pp. 175, 208.

240. *Set on thy wife*, etc. "In this brief speech of Othello's the dramatist has wonderfully combined the native nobleness of the speaker with the meanness inevitably supervening from jealousy. The nature of the man revolts from having the probabilities of his chosen wife's fall discussed by the gross lips of Iago, and he abruptly dismisses him; but the vitiating poison of jealousy having once been instilled, the moral dignity that has already taken one step in degradation condescends to desire him to watch, and to *set on his wife to observe*" (Clarke).

246. *Though it be fit*. The reading of the 1st quarto; the folios have "Although 'tis fit," and the other quartos "And though tis fit."

247. *For, sure*, etc. "Observe again how the liar can treacherously eulogize when it may serve his purpose [cf. ii. 3. 109 above]. In the present instance, he knows that at this particular juncture praise of Cassio would be specially calculated to injure instead of benefit him with Othello; and, moreover, the mention of Cassio's *place* serves to suggest the idea that Iago himself may fill it—a suggestion adopted and acted upon, as is seen by Othello's words at the close of this scene, 'Now art thou my lieutenant'" (Clarke).

249. *His means*. That is, "whether he thinks his best *means*, his most powerful *interest*, is by the solicitation of your lady" (Johnson).

250. *Strain his entertainment*. Urge his reinstatement; "press hard his readmission to his office" (Johnson). For *entertainment* as a military term (=service), cf. *A. W.* iii. 6. 13, iv. 1. 17, *Cor.* iv. 3. 49, and *A. and C.* iv. 6. 16.

251. *Importunity*. The Var. of 1821 has "opportunity."

255. *Free*. Free from guilt. See *A. Y. L.* p. 165.

256. *Government*. Self-control; as in *R. of L.* 1400, 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 31, iii. 1. 184, etc.

259. *Learned*. Experienced (Warb.); intelligent (Schmidt).

260. *Haggard*. A *haggard* was a wild, untrained hawk. See *Much Ado*, p. 140. S. uses the word adjectively nowhere else.

261. *Jesses*. Leathern or silken straps attached to the foot of the hawk, by which the falconer held her. Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* vi. 4. 19:

"That like an Hauke, which feeling her selfe freed
From bels and jesses which did let her flight"

(where *let*=hinder).

262. *Let her down the wind*. "The falconers always let the hawk fly against the wind; if she flies with the wind behind her, she seldom returns. If therefore a hawk was for any reason to be dismissed, she was *let down the wind*, and from that time shifted for herself and preyed at fortune" (Johnson). Percy quotes Burton, *Anat. of Melan.*: "As a long-winged hawke, when he is first *whistled off* the fist, mounts aloft," etc. Cf. B. and F., *Bonduca*:

"he that basely
Whistled his honour off to the wind."

263. *For*. Because. See on i. 3. 267 above.

Black. Not to be taken too literally. It is often opposed to *fair*. Cf. *T. G. of V.* v. 2. 12: "Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes." See also *Much Ado*, iii. 1. 63, etc.

264. *Parts*. Gifts. See *M. N. D.* p. 164. Cf. i. 3. 252 above.

265. *Chamberers*. "Men of intrigue," according to Steevens; but more likely, as Schmidt defines it—"men conversant with the arts of peace, opposed to *soldiers*," like *carpet-monger* in *Much Ado*, v. 2. 32. Cf. the Countess of Pembroke's *Antonius*, 1590: "Fal'n from a souldier to a chamberer."

274. *Prerogativ'd*. "Privileged, exempt from certain evils" (Schmidt). Malone wished to read "more" for *less*.

276. *This forked plague*. The *horns* of the cuckold. Cf. *W. T.* i. 2. 186 and *T. and C.* i. 2. 173. Malone cites one of Sir John Harrington's *Epigrams*:

"Actæon guiltless unawares espying
Naked Diana bathing in her bowre,
Was plagu'd with *horns*; his dogs did him devoure;
Wherefore take heed, ye that are curious, prying,
With some such *forked plague* you be not smitten,
And in your foreheads see your faults be written."

277. *Quicken*. That is, begin to live. Cf. iv. 2. 66 below: "That quicken even with blowing," etc.

Desdemona comes. The quarto reading; the folios have "Looke where she comes."

280. *Generous*. Noble; as in *M. for M.* iv. 6. 13: "The generous and gravest citizens;" *Ham.* i. 3. 74: "most select and generous," etc. Cf. the Latin *generosus*.

281. *Attend*. Await. Cf. *M. W.* i. 1. 279: "The dinner attends you, sir," etc.

287. *Napkin*. Handkerchief. Cf. 306 below, and see *A. Y. L.* p. 190.

292. *A hundred times*. This is apparently inconsistent with the brief

time that has elapsed since the beginning of the drama ; but it is really an illustration of what Furness (*Hamlet*, vol. i. p. xv.) calls the poet's "two series of times, the one suggestive and illusory, and the other visible and explicitly indicated." Halpin calls them the *protractive* series and the *accelerating* series ; and Christopher North describes them as Shakespeare's "two clocks." Clarke remarks here : "In hardly any play is our dramatist's system of simultaneously indicated long time and short time more visibly and skilfully sustained than in *Othello*. He had to give the brief effect of recent marriage, consequent upon the elopement and secret espousals which occur in the opening of the play ; and he had also to give the lengthened effect of conjugal union, in order to add to the tragic impression of broken wedded faith and destroyed wedded happiness. To produce the former effect, he has made but one night elapse since the arrival of the wedded pair in Cyprus and the celebration of their nuptials ; to produce the latter effect, he throws in occasional touches that indicate a longer period."

294. *Should*. The Var. of 1821 has "would."

295. *Reserves*. Preserves, keeps. Cf. *Sonn.* 32. 7 : "Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme ;" *Per.* iv. 1. 40 : "reserve That excellent complexion," etc.

296. *Ta'en out*. Copied ; as in iii. 4. 179, iv. 1. 141 fol. below. Cf. Holland's *Pliny* : "Nicophanes [a famous painter] gave his mind wholly to antique pictures, partly to exemplifie and take out their patterns ;" and Middleton, *Women Beware*, etc. :

"she intends
To take out other works in a new sampler."

299. *Fantasy*. Fancy, whim. For the different senses of the word in S., see *Ham.* pp. 171, 246. The 1st quarto reads here : "I nothing know, but for his," etc.

312. *To the advantage*. Opportunely (Johnson).

313. *Wench*. Cf. v. 2. 271 below, and see *Temp.* p. 115.

316. *Import*. Importance ; as in *T. of S.* iii. 2. 104, 1 *Hen.* VI. i. 1. 91, etc.

318. *Lack*. Miss. See *A. Y. L.* p. 187.

319. *Acknowen*. The reading of the folios and the 2d quarto ; the 1st and 3d quartos have "not you known on 't. The meaning is, "do not confess to the knowledge of it" (Schmidt). Cf. *acknowledge*. Steevens cites Golding's *Ovid* : "Howbeit I durst not be so bolde of hope acknowne to be ;" and Puttenham, *Arte of English Poesie*, 1589 : "so would I not have a translatur be ashamed to be knowen of his translation." In the *Life of Ariosto* appended to Sir John Harrington's *Orlando Furioso*, we read : "Some say he was married to her privilie, but durst not be acknowne of it."

325. *The Moor*, etc. This line is not in the 1st quarto.

326. *Conceits*. Conceptions. See on 115 above.

327. *Distaste*. To be distasteful or unsavoury. Cf. *T. and C.* iv. 4. 50 : "Distasting with the salt of broken tears" ("distasted" in the quartos). It is used transitively (=embitter) in *T. and C.* ii. 2. 123 : "Cannot distaste the goodness ;" and (=dislike) in *Id.* ii. 2. 66 : "Although my will distaste what it elected."

328. *Act.* Action, operation ; as in i. 1. 62 above.

329. *I did say so.* Referring to what he has just said. He sees by Othello's looks that the "poison" is burning his blood.

330. *Mandragora.* Mandrake. For the various superstitions connected with the plant, see *R. and J.* p. 206, note on *Mandrakes*. Cf. *A. and C.* i. 5. 4 fol.

331. *Syrups.* Used by S. only here and in *C. of E.* v. 1. 104 : "With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers."

332. *Medicine.* Used again as a verb in *Cymb.* iv. 2. 243 : "Great griefs, I see, medicine the less."

333. *Ow'dst.* Ownedst, hadst ; as in i. 1. 66 above.

338. *What sense,* etc. Steevens quotes Middleton, *The Witch* (see *Macb.* p. 11) :

"I feele no ease ; the burthen's not yet off,
So long as the abuse sticks in my knowledge.
Oh, tis a paine of hell to know ones shame!
Had it byn hid and don, it had byn don happy,
For he that 's ignorant lives long and merry ;"

and again :

"Hadst thou byn secret, then had I byn happy,
And had a hope (like man) of joies to come.
Now here I stand a stayne to my creation ;
And, which is heavier than all torments to me,
The understanding of this base adultery," etc.

340. *The next night.* Indication of long time ; as if many nights had elapsed. The folio reads, "the next night well, fed well, was free," etc.

346. *Pioners.* Spelt "Pyoners" in the quartos and 1st and 2d folios, "Pioneers" in the later folios. See *Ham.* p. 198. The word is here = the vilest of the camp. Pioneers were generally degraded soldiers, appointed to that office as a punishment. Cf. Davies, *The Art of War*, 1619 : "Such a one is to be dismissed with punishment, or to be made some abject pioner."

347. *So.* Provided that, if. Gr. 133. *O now,* etc. See p. 33 above.

352. *The ear-piercing fife.* Warb. wanted to change this most expressive epithet to "fear'spersing !" Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 5. 30 :

"when you hear the drum
And the vile squealing of the wry-neck'd fife ;"

and see note in our edition, p. 142.

According to Warton, the fife and drum were used together in the European armies, especially in the German, as early as the first quarter of the 16th century. The fife was subsequently given up in the English service, and we find no mention of it until 1747, when it was used by the order of the Duke of Cumberland in the camp at Maestricht. It is unknown to the French even now ; and M. Alfred de Vigny, in translating this passage of *Othello*, gives us only the drum :

"Adieu donc, le coursier que la trompette anime,
Et ses hennissements et les bruits du tambour,
L'étendard qu'on déploie avec des cris d'amour !"

354. *Circumstance.* S. uses the singular and the plural indifferently. Cf. *R. of L.* 1262 and 1703, etc.

355. *Whose rude throats.* Steevens quotes Milton, *P. L.* vi. 586: "From those deep-throated engines belch'd, whose roar," etc. The quartos have "wide throats."

356. *Clamours.* Applied by S. to the sound of cannon (*K. John*, ii. i. 383), of drums and trumpets (*Id.* v. 2. 168), of tempests (2 *Hen. IV.* iii. i. 24, *T. and C.* v. 2. 174), etc.

361. *Man's.* The 1st quarto has "mans," the folios "mine" (which some editors prefer), the later quartos "my." Steevens suggests that "S. might have designed an opposition between *man* and *dog*."

362. *Hadst been better have been.* See *Much Ado*, p. 132, note on *Have made Hercules have turned*, or Gr. 360.

365. *Probation.* Proof; as the context shows. Cf. *Ham.* i. i. 156:

"and of the truth herein
This present object made probation," etc.

369. *Remorse.* Pity, compunction. See *Macb.* p. 171.

371. *Do deeds*, etc. Cf. *M. for M.* ii. 2. 121:

"Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep."

379. *This profit.* This good lesson (Schmidt). Cf. *Cymb.* iii. 3. 18:

"to apprehend thus
Draws us a profit from all things we see."

380. *Sith.* Since. It is the folio reading, the quartos having "since." See *Ham.* p. 201.

381. *Shouldst.* Cf. *Macb.* i. 2. 46: "You should be women; And yet your beards," etc. Gr. 323. Iago plays upon the word in his reply.

384. *Be . . . is.* The change from the subjunctive to the indicative is very significant (Gr. 299).

386. *Her name.* The reading of 2d and 3d quartos; the folios have "My name," which K. defends.

388. *If there be cords*, etc. Cf. *Per.* iv. 2. 160: "If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep," etc.

398. *Living.* "That has the life of truth and fact in it, not founded on mere surmise" (Clarke). For *she's* the quartos have "that she's."

401. *Prick'd.* Spurred, incited. Cf. *T. of S.* iii. 2. 75, *Rich. II.* ii. i. 207, etc.

406. *Sleeps.* Cf. *Ham.* iv. 7. 30: "Break not your sleeps for that," etc. See *Macb.* p. 209, note on *Loves*, or *Rich. II.* p. 206, note on *Sights*.

414. *Cursed fate*, etc. "The effect of long time is conveyed throughout this speech" (Clarke).

417. *A shrewd doubt.* Ground for evil suspicion. For *doubt*, see on 188 above; and for *shrewd*, see *Hen. VIII.* p. 202 and *J. C.* p. 145. The 1st quarto gives this line to Iago.

420. *Yet.* As yet. See on 130 above.

428. *Any that was.* The quartos and 1st folio have "any, it was;" the later folios, "any, if 't was." The correction is Malone's.

432. *True.* The 1st quarto has "time."

433. *Fond.* Foolish. See on i. 3. 317 above.

435. *The hollow hell.* The folio reading; the quartos have "thy hollow cell," which most editors prefer; but we are inclined to agree with K. that *hell* was intended to be antithetical to the preceding *heaven*. Cf. Milton, *P. L.* i. 314:

"He call'd so loud that all the hollow deep
Of hell resounded;"

and *Id.* i. 542: "A shout that tore hell's concave."

436. *Hearted.* See on i. 3. 361 above. *Hearted throne* = "the *heart* on which thou wast *enthroned*" (Johnson). Cf. *T. N.* ii. 4. 22:

"It gives a very echo to the seat
Where Love is thron'd."

437. *Fraught.* Freight, load. It is used literally in *T. N.* v. i. 64: "the Phoenix and her fraught from Candy;" and *T. A.* i. i. 71: "the bark that hath discharg'd her fraught." Cf. *fraughtage* in *C. of E.* iv. i. 87 and *T. and C.* prol. 13.

441-448. These lines are not in the 1st quarto. Steevens suggests that S. took the simile from Holland's *Pliny*: "And the sea Pontus ever more floweth and runneth out into Propontis, but the sea never retireth backe againe within Pontus."

442. *Compulsive.* Used again in *Ham.* iii. 4. 86. Cf. *compulsive* in *Ham.* i. i. 103.

443. *Feels.* The folios have "keepes" or "keeps." The Coll. MS. has "knows," which W. adopts.

447. *Capable.* Capacious, ample. For another peculiar use of the word, see *A. Y. L.* p. 182.

448. *Yond.* Not to be printed "'yond," as it often is. See *Temp.* p. 121, or *J. C.* p. 134.

Marble. Probably = everlasting (Schmidt). Cf. *Cymb.* v. 4. 87: "Peep through thy marble mansion;" *Id.* v. 4. 120: "The marble pavement closes;" and *T. of A.* iv. 3. 191: "the marbled mansion all above."

450. *Engage.* Pledge. Cf. *A. Y. L.* v. 5. 172: "I do engage my life," etc.

451. *Witness,* etc. This apostrophe proves that S. intended this scene should be in the open air.

452. *Clip.* Embrace, surround. Cf. *K. John*, v. 2. 34: "Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee about;" *Cymb.* ii. 3. 139:

"His meanest garment,
That ever hath but clipp'd his body," etc.

454. *Execution.* Exercise, employment. Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 3. 111: "The execution of my big-swoln heart," etc. Cf. the use of *execute* in *T. and C.* v. 7. 6: "In fellest manner execute your arms," etc.

456. *Remorse.* Pity; as in 369 above. "It shall be an act, not of cruelty, but of *tenderness to obey him*; not of malice to others, but of *tenderness for him*" (Johnson). Steevens compares *Cymb.* iv. 2. 168:

"I'd let a parish of such Clotens blood,
And praise myself for charity."

457. *Business ever.* The quartos have "worke so ever."

SCENE IV.—2. *Lies*. Lodges, resides. Cf. *T. G. of V.* iv. 2. 137: "Where lies Sir Proteus?" 2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 299: "when I lay at Clement's inn," etc. See also Milton, *L'All.* 79: "Where perhaps some beauty lies," etc.

17. *By them answer*. That is, by them be enabled to answer, or get the information to use in my answer.

22. *Should*. Could. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* iii. 2. 160: "What should this mean?" Gr. 325.

For *handkerchief* the 1st quarto has "handkercher." See *Hen. V.* p. 163.

23. *I know not*. A direct lie. "Emilia is one of those who think that a lie is the easiest means of evading a difficulty; and the dramatist has made her a coarse type of such women; while he has made the delicate, the gentle, the innocent Desdemona a refined type of them. Fine moral harmony in even two such dissimilar characters!" (Clarke).

24. *Had rather*. See *A. Y. L.* p. 139, note on *Had as lief*.

25. *Crusadoes*. Portuguese gold coins current in England in the time of S. They were so called from the *cross* stamped upon them.

36. *For yet* (cf. iii. 3. 420 above), see Gr. 76; and for the double negative, Gr. 406.

39. *Sequester*. Sequestration, separation. See *A. Y. L.* p. 152, note on *Sequester'd*.

40. *Exercise*. Performance of religious duties. Cf. *W. T.* iii. 2. 242, *Rich. III.* iii. 2. 112, iii. 7. 64, etc.

46. *Our new heraldry*, etc. This was thought by Warb., Chalmers, Douce, and others, to refer to the arms of the order of Baronets, instituted by King James in 1611, and was used by them in fixing the date of the play (see p. 11 above); but if the passage contains any such allusion, it must have been inserted some years after the play was written. Steevens considered it "only a figurative expression, without the least reference to King James's creation of baronets;" and we are inclined to agree with him.

48. *Chuck*. Equivalent to *chick*. See *Macb.* p. 212.

50. *Sorry*. "Sore, painful" (Schmidt); the folio reading. The quartos have "sullen," and the Coll. MS. "sudden." For the ellipsis of the relative, see Gr. 244.

56. *Charmer*. Enchantress. Cf. *Deut.* xviii. 11: "Let none be found among you that is a charmer." Perkins, in his *Discourse of the damned Art of Witchcraft*, 1610, speaks of "diviners, charmers, jugglers," etc.

61. *Loathed*. The 1st quarto has "loathly," which is found in *Temp.* iv. 1. 20 and 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 4. 122.

63. *Wive*. See on ii. 1. 60 above.

64. *Her*. The antecedent is implied in *wive*.

68. *'Tis true*, etc. See pp. 17 and 29 above.

69. *A sibyl*, etc. Cf. *T. of S.* i. 2. 70: "As old as Sibyl;" and *M. of V.* 1. 2. 116: "as old as Sibylla."

Had number'd, etc. "Numbered the sun to course, to run two hundred compasses, two hundred annual circuits" (Johnson).

73. *Dyed in mummy*. The balsamic liquor that oozed from mummies

was supposed to have medicinal properties. Steevens says that in his day it was still sold in the principal apothecaries' shops. See *Macb.* p. 228.

74. *Conserv'd*. Prepared as a conserve. The 1st quarto has "Conserues," and "with" for *which* in 73.

78. *Startingly*. Abruptly. *Rush* = *rashly* = vehemently, violently (Johnson). Cf. *M. for M.* v. 1. 36: "most bitterly and strange." For other examples of this and similar ellipses, see Gr. 397, or Schmidt, Appendix, p. 1419.

91. *Talk me*. Cf. *T. of S.* i. 2. 190: "No, say'st me so, friend?" etc. Gr. 220.

102. *'T is not*, etc. This, like *I ne'er saw this before* just above, helps to give the effect of long time. "They are indefinite expressions, and the present one applies to experience of marriage in the abstract; but they tend to do away with the effect of Desdemona's recent nuptials, and to substitute that of her having been some time wedded" (Clarke).

104. *Hungerly*. Hungrily. Cf. *T. of A.* i. 1. 262: "I feed Most hungerly on your sight." It is an adjective in *T. of S.* iii. 2. 177. Gr. 447.

107. *Happiness*. Good luck. For the accent of *importune*, see *R. and J.* p. 143, or *Ham.* p. 190.

110. *Virtuous*. Powerful; as in *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 267: "this virtuous property." See *M. N. D.* p. 169.

112. *Office*. The 1st quarto has "duty," which means the same.

118. *My benefit*. An act of kindness to me.

120. *Shut myself up in*. The 1st quarto has 'shoote my selfe up in;,' and the Coll. MS. "shift myself upon." Capell reads "shoot myself upon." S. elsewhere uses *shut up in* = confine. Cf. *T. and C.* i. 3. 58, *T. of A.* iv. 3. 279, and *Macb.* ii. 1. 16. The meaning here seems to be, "confine myself to some other course, awaiting whatever fortune may bestow upon me" (Steevens and Clarke).

122. *Advocation*. Advocacy, pleading; used by S. only here.

124. *Favour*. Aspect, personal appearance; as in i. 3. 337 above.

127. *Within the blank*, etc. "Within the *shot* of his anger" (Johnson). Cf. *Ham.* iv. 1. 42: "As level as the cannon to his blank;" and see note in our ed. p. 243.

136. *Puff'd his own brother*. "And yet he was cool and unruffled" is understood (Malone).

140. *Unhatch'd practice*. Undeveloped treason. For *unhatch'd*, cf. *Ham.* i. 3. 65; and for *practice* = plotting, see *Ham.* p. 255, or *Much Ado*, p. 156.

141. *Demonstrable*. Used by S. only here. For the accent, see Gr. 492.

142. *Puddled*. Muddled, disturbed, or the Yankee "riled." Cf. *C. of E.* v. 1. 173: "pails of puddled mire."

145. *It indues*, etc. "It imparts to the other limbs the faculty of feeling the same pain" (Schmidt). Cf. *Ham.* iv. 7. 180: "native and indued Unto that element." Johnson conjectured "subdues."

148. *Observancy*. Devotion, homage. The 1st folio has "observancie" (and "fits"), the quartos "observances," the later folios "observ-

ance." S. does not use *observancy* elsewhere. For *observance* in the same sense, see *M. W.* ii. 2. 203 : "a doting observance;" *A. Y. L.* v. 2. 102 : "duty and observance," etc. W. has "observancy" and "fit," the latter being probably a misprint.

149. *As fits*, etc. Another suggestion of "long time." For *beskrew*, see *M. N. D.* p. 152.

150. *Unhandsome warrior*. "Unfair assailant" (Johnson). "A lovely reminiscence of her husband's calling her *my fair warrior* in the joy of his first meeting with her on arrival" (Clarke). See ii. i. 184 above.

155. *Toy*. Whim, fancy. See *Ham.* pp. 187, 195, and cf. note on i. 3. 267 above.

160. *For*. Because; as in i. 3. 267, iii. 3. 263, etc.

161. *Upon*. The 3d quarto has "unto."

168. *Make*. Do. See on i. 2. 49 above. The 4th folio and the Var. of 1821 have "makes."

177. *Continue*. Uninterrupted, unbroken by other business. The 1st quarto has "convenient." Cf. *T. of A.* i. i. 11 : "continue goodness."

179. *Take out*. Copy (cf. 189 just below). See on iii. 3. 296 above.

186. *In good troth*. The 1st quarto has "by my faith."

193. *Addition*. Credit. For *woman'd*, see Gr. 290.

194. *Why . . . not*. Not in the 1st quarto.

196. *Bring me*, etc. Accompany me. See *Hen. V.* p. 158.

200. *Circumstanc'd*. That is, I must yield to circumstances.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—2. *Unauthoriz'd*. So *authorize* is accented by S. on the penult. See *Macb.* p. 218.

3. *Against the devil*. Johnson makes this—"to cheat the devil;" Schmidt explains *against* as "towards, to."

5. *The devil*, etc. "*The devil tempts their virtue* by stirring up their passions, and *they tempt heaven* by placing themselves in such a situation as makes it scarcely possible to avoid falling by the gratification of them" (Henley). Cf. *Matt.* iv. 7.

18. *The raven*. It was believed that the raven hovered near a house in which sickness or infection existed. Malone quotes Marlowe, *Jew of Malta*, ii. 1 :

"Thus like the sad presaging raven, that tolls
The sick man's passport in her hollow beak,
And in the shadow of the silent night,
Does shake contagion from her sable wings."

Cf. Davenant, *Love and Honour* :

"So ravens croke
When they fly o'er the mansions of the sick,
Boding their death."

24. *Dotage of*. Doting upon, doting affection for. See *M. N. D.* p. 174.

25. *Supplied*. "Gratified the desire of" (Schmidt). Cf. *M. for M.* v. 1. 212.

31. *To confess and be hanged*. An old proverb. Cf. *T. of A.* i. 2. 22 : "Ho, ho ! confess'd it ! hang'd it, have you not ?" and Marlowe, *Few of Malta* (quoted by Steevens) : "Blame us not, but the proverb—Confess, and be hang'd."

33. *Shadowing*. "Full of shapes and images of things" (Schmidt). Johnson explains the passage thus : "This passion, which spreads its clouds over me, is the effect of some agency more than the operation of words ; it is one of those notices which men have of unseen calamities." Sir J. Reynolds says : "Othello alludes only to Cassio's dream, which had been invented and told him by Iago." Hanmer adopted Warburton's conjecture of "induction" (cf. *Rich.* III. iv. 4. 5) for *instruction*. The Coll. MS. has "shuddering" for *shadowing*.

35. *Noses, ears, and lips*. Steevens compares *W. T.* i. 2. 285 (omitted under *nose* in Mrs. Clarke's *Concordance*) :

"Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek ? is meeting noses ?
Kissing with inside lip" etc.

Clarke remarks : "This speech, composed entirely of abrupt and incoherent words, disjointed phrases, and unconnected exclamations, wrung from the depths of a soul immersed in images of the most revolting and poignantly distressing kind, affords a notable instance of Shakespeare's might in producing powerful impressions through imperfect expression."

44. *He had one yesterday*. Iago is a liar, and may lie here ; but, as Clarke remarks, it helps to give the effect of "long time."

46. *His*. Its. Gr. 228.

47. *By and by*. Presently. See on ii. 3. 285 above.

55. *A horned man*. A cuckold. Cf. *Much Ado*, i. 1. 266, ii. 1. 47, v. 1. 184, v. 4. 44, etc. See on iii. 3. 276 above.

57. *Civil*. Civilized. Cf. *Cymb.* iii. 6. 23 :

"Ho, who 's here ?
If any thing that 's civil, speak ; if savage,
Take or lend."

61. *Unproper*. Not exclusively their own ; with perhaps a play on the other sense. Cf. *proper* = one's own, in i. 3. 69 above. S. uses *unproper* only here, *improper* (=not becoming) only in *Lear*, v. 3. 221.

62. *Peculiar*. Private, one's own ; as in i. 1. 60 and iii. 3. 79 above.

63. *The spite of hell*. Schmidt makes *spite* = "mortification, vexation" (cf. *V. and A.* 1133) ; but it seems rather to be = malice. *The spite of hell* is explained by the *fiend's arch-mock*. The man is not *mortified*, for he does not know his disgrace.

64. *Secure*. Free from care or suspicion (Latin *securus*). See *Ham.* p. 196. For *lip* = kiss, cf. *A. and C.* ii. 5. 30.

68. *In a patient list*. Within the bounds of patience. For *list* = boundary, see *Ham.* p. 249.

69. *O'erwhelmed*. The 1st quarto has "erewhile mad ;" probably the compositor's misreading of the MS.

71. *Shifted him away*. Contrived to get rid of him. Cf. *Macb.* ii. 3. 151:

"And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away"

(that is, contrive to get away).

72. *Ecstasy*. Here=swoon; elsewhere=any state of being beside one's self (rapture, madness, etc.). See *Ham.* p. 201, or *Macb.* p. 211.

74. *Encave*. Conceal; used by S. only here. Cf. Gr. 440.

75. *Fleers*. Mocks; the only instance of the noun in S. For the verb, see *Much Ado*, p. 162. *Scorns*=expressions of scorn. Cf. *1 Hen. VI.* i. 4. 39: "With scoffs, and scorns, and contumelious taunts," etc.

76. *Region*. Part. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* ii. 4. 184: "The region of my breast;" and *Lear*, i. 1. 147: "The region of my heart."

79. *He hath, and is again to cope*. He hath met and is again to meet. For the ellipsis, cf. Gr. 383; and for *cope*=meet, encounter, see *A. Y. L.* p. 155.

81. *All in all in spleen*. Wholly given up to anger. Cf. *1 Hen. IV.* v. 2. 19: "A hair-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a spleen."

87. *Housewife*. Hussy. See on ii. 1. 111 above.

88. *It is*. Used contemptuously; as in *R. and J.* iv. 2. 14, etc. See on ii. 1. 30 above.

94. *Unbookish*. Ignorant, unskilled.

97. *Worser*. Cf. i. 1. 93 above.

Addition. Title. See *Ham.* p. 193.

101. *Caitiff*. Formerly used of both sexes. Cf. *A. W.* iii. 2. 117: "I [Helena] am the caitiff that do hold him to it;" *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 100: "For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care," etc. Here the word is used half playfully, half fondly; like *fool* (see *A. Y. L.* p. 151), *wretch* (iii. 3. 90 above), etc.

107. *Well said*. Well done. See on ii. 1. 165 above.

111. *Do you triumph, Roman?* *Roman* is ironical, suggested by the *triumph*.

112. *Customer*. A harlot (cf. 87 above); as in *A. W.* v. 3. 287: "some common customer."

Bear some charity. As we still say "bear malice," "bear ill-will," etc. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* iii. 1. 63: "Zeal and obedience he still bore your grace," etc.

119. *Scored me*. Johnson (so Schmidt) explains this as="made my reckoning, settled the term of my life;" Steevens and Clarke take it to mean "branded me." The 1st quarto has "stor'd me well."

125. *The other day*. A "long-time" hint.

126. *Bauble*. Contemptuously=plaything; or perhaps=fool. The fool's club or staff was called a *bauble*; as in *A. W.* iv. 5. 32 and *R. and J.* ii. 4. 97.

127. *Me*. "Ethical dative." Gr. 220. Cf. i. 1. 49 above. The 1st quarto has "by this hand she fals thüs," etc.

130. *Hales*. Hauls, draws. See *Much Ado*, p. 137.

137. *Filchew*. Literally, pole-cat; here used contemptuously. Cf. *T. and C.* v. 1. 67 and *Lear*, iv. 6. 124. For the idiomatic use of *such another*, cf. *M. W.* i. 4. 160, *T. and C.* i. 2. 282, 296, etc.

144. *Hobby-horse*. For the contemptuous use of the word, see *Much Ado*, p. 144. It was applied to both sexes.

154. *Very fein*. We should not use this expression now, though we say "very gladly," etc. Cf. *Much Ado*, p. 118, note on *Very much glad*.

169. *To-night*. "It is this necessity for *prompt vengeance* on the part of Othello that makes the dramatist throw in occasional touches of short time; as it is the need for effect of destruction to *established wedded faith and happiness* that makes S. introduce denotements of long time" (Clarke).

171. *It hurts my hand*. Steevens quotes *A. and C.* iv. 9. 16 :

"throw my heart

Against the flint and hardness of my fault;

Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder," etc.

176. *She will sing*, etc. Cf. *V. and A.* 1096 :

"To recreate himself when he hath sung,

The tiger would be tame and gently hear him."

178. *Invention*. Mental activity in general (Schmidt). See *Much Ado*, p. 156.

181. *Condition*. Disposition. See on ii. 1. 243 above.

185. *Patent*. Privilege, formal permission. Malone compares *King Edward III.*, 1596 : "Why then give sin a passport to offend."

192. *Unprovide*. Unfit, deprive of resolution; used by S. only here.

197. *Let me be his undertaker*. Let me take care of him. *Undertaker* occurs again in *T. N.* iii. 4. 349, where it is = a meddler, or one who undertakes other people's business.

203. *Save you*, etc. The 1st quarto has "God save the worthy general!" The change, like others of the kind, was probably made on account of the statute against using the Divine name on the stage. See p. 11 above.

With all my heart. The phrase is used both as a reply to a salutation (=I thank you with all my heart) and as a salutation (=I greet you with all my heart). For an example of the former, see *Lear*, iv. 6. 32; and for one of the latter, *T. of A.* iii. 6. 27 (Clarke).

219. *Atone them*. Bring them *at one*, reconcile them. Cf. *Rich. II.* 1. 1. 202 : "Since we cannot atone you," etc. For other meanings of *atone*, see *A. Y. L.* p. 199.

223. *Deputing*. Substituting; as in iv. 2. 217 below.

225. *I am glad*, etc. Clarke thinks it possible that S. wrote "*mad* to see you *glad*." The speech is probably ironical.

231. *If that*, etc. "If woman's tears could impregnate the earth. By the doctrine of equivocal generation, new animals were supposed producible by new combinations of matter" (Johnson). For *teem*, see *Macb.* p. 243.

232. *Falls*. Lets fall. See *J. C.* p. 169, note on *They fall their crests*.

Malone says : "S. here alludes to the fabulous accounts of crocodiles. Each tear, says Othello, which falls from the false Desdemona would generate a crocodile, the most deceitful of all animals, and whose own tears are proverbially fallacious." Bullokar, in his *English Expositor*, says : "It is written that he will weep over a man's head when he hath

devoured the body, and then will eat up the head too. Wherefore in Latin there is a proverb, *crocodili lachrymæ*, crocodile's tears, to signify such tears as are fained, and spent only with intent to deceive, or doe harm." According to the same writer, a dead crocodile, "but in perfect forme," about nine feet long, had been exhibited in London in the poet's time.

255. *Safe*. Sound. Cf. *J. C. i. 1. 14*: "a safe conscience," etc.

256. *Censure*. Opinion, judgment; as in *ii. 3. 175* above. See another example in the preface to the 1st quarto, quoted on p. 11.

260. *Use*. Custom, habit. Cf. *M. of V. iv. 1. 268*: "it is still her use;" *Ham. iii. 4. 168*: "For use almost can change the stamp of nature," etc.

262. *New-create*. For the compound, cf. *Temp. i. 2. 81* and *Hen. VIII. v. 5. 42*. The hyphen is not in the early eds.

263. *Honesty*. What is becoming or proper. Cf. *Ham. ii. 2. 204*: "I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down," etc.

SCENE II.—2. *Nor ever heard*, etc. A suggestion of "long time."

3. *And she*. Cf. *A. and C. iii. 13. 98*: "So saucy with the hand of she here;" *T. and C. ii. 3. 25*: "Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee suck," etc.

12. *Durst to wager*. See Gr. 349.

13. *Other*. For the singular use, cf. *L. L. L. iii. 1. 83*. "Do the wise think them other?" See also Gr. 12.

14. *Remove*. Banish, put away. Cf. *R. of L. 243*: "My will is strong, past reason's weak removing;" *Id. 614*: "thy will remove," etc.

29. *Mystery*. Like *function* in 27 = trade, occupation. Cf. *M. for M. iv. 2. 30* fol. and *T. of A. iv. 1. 18*. "Othello taunts Emilia with having made a traffic in connivance at stolen meetings between Cassio and Desdemona, and now bids her give a specimen of proficiency in her avocation; afterwards following up his insult by flinging her money for her 'pains'" (Clarke).

35. *Being like one of heaven*. "How exquisitely these few words serve to paint to us Desdemona's look of angelic purity and innocence, together with the impression it exercises upon even her husband's jaundiced sight!" (Clarke).

47. *They*. For *heaven* as a plural, cf. *Rich. II. i. 2. 6*, *Macb. ii. 1. 4*, and *Ham. iii. 4. 173*. See *Rich. II. p. 157*.

53, 54. *A fixed figure*, etc. A much disputed passage. The 1st quarto has:

"A fixed figure, for the time of scorne,
To point his slow vnmouing fingers at—oh, oh,"

The 1st folio reads:

"The fixed Figure for the time of Scorne,
To point his slow, and mouing finger at."

The Coll. MS. has "slowly moving," which was also a conjecture of Mason's. St. adopts Hunter's conjecture:

"The fixed figure of the time, for scorn
To point his slow and moving finger at,—"

The reading in the text is that of the 2d quarto, and is adopted by W., the Camb. editors, Clarke, and others.

The time of scorn = "the scornful world" (Schmidt), or "the scornful spirit of the epoch" (Clarke). *Slow* (=slow to change its direction) prepares the way for *unmoving*, which both explains and emphasizes it. That S. should be supposed to have written "slow and moving" shows what a poet may suffer at the hands of a prosaic critic. The mistake in the folio was doubtless one of the ear in transcribing the manuscript.

56. *Garner'd*. Johnson says: "The *garner* and the *fountain* are improperly conjoined;" but a *succession* of metaphors is not a fault, like the *mixing* of them.

60. *Cistern*. Steevens quotes *A. and C.* ii. 5. 95 :

"So half my Egypt were submerg'd, and made
A cistern for scal'd snakes."

61. *Turn thy complexion*, etc. "At such an object do thou, *Patience*, thyself *change colour*; at this do thou, even thou, *rosy cherub* as thou art, *look as grim as hell*" (Johnson).

62. *Rose-lipp'd cherubin*. Cf. *T. A.* ii. 4. 24: "thy rosed lips." For *cherubin*, see *Temp.* p. 115.

67. *Lovely*. For the adverbial use, cf. *I Hen. IV.* iii. 1. 124 :

"I framed to the harp
Many an English ditty lovely well."

70. *Book*. For the metaphor, cf. *K. John*, ii. 1. 485, *R. and J.* i. 3. 87, iii. 2. 83, *R. of L.* 615, 1253, etc.

72. *Commoner*. Harlot; as in *A. W.* v. 3. 194.

77. *The bawdy wind*. Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 6. 16: "the strumpet wind;" *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 129: "the wanton wind," etc.

82. *This vessel*. This body of mine. Cf. *T. of A.* v. 1. 204 and *Per.* iv. 4. 30. It is sometimes = a person; as in *W. T.* iii. 3. 21, *J. C.* v. 5. 13, etc. The Biblical phrase "the weaker vessel" (= woman) is used in *L. L. L.* i. 2. 276, *A. Y. L.* ii. 4. 6, etc.

89. *Married with*. Cf. *M. N. D.* i. 1. 40: "to marry with Demetrius." See also *Much Ado*, v. 4. 37, *R. and J.* iii. 5. 219, *Ham.* i. 2. 151, etc. So the transitive verb sometimes; as in *A. and C.* i. 2. 29: "to marry me with Octavius Cæsar;" but *to* is oftener used.

90. *To Saint Peter*. *To that of Saint Peter*. For the ellipsis, cf. *J. C.* ii. 1. 125 :

"What need we any spur but our own cause
To prick us to redress? What other bond
Than [that of] secret Romans, that have spoke the word,
And will not palter?"

98. *With who?* See on i. 2. 52 above.

107. *How have I been behav'd?* Cf. *Ham.* iii. 1. 35: "as he is behav'd." See Gr. 295.

108. *Least misuse*. The 1st quarto has "greatest abuse;" and the Coll. MS. "least misdeed." Clarke explains the passage thus: "How can I have behaved, that even my least misconduct should have subjected me to the smallest misconstruction on his part?" It may be a case

like those explained by Schmidt in his Appendix, p. 1420, and referred to in *A. Y. L.* p. 156, note on *No more do yours*. See also *R.* and *J.* p. 199, note on *And I am nothing slow to slack his haste*.

115. *Thrown such despite*, etc. "This shows that Emilia, among her other objectionable characteristics, is a listener—a mean listener at doors" (Clarke).

118. *Such as she says*, etc. See p. 19 above.

120. *Callat*. A coarse or lewd woman, a drab. Cf. *W. T.* ii. 3. 90, 2 *Hen. VI.* i. 3. 86, and 3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 2. 145. Malone quotes Harrington, *Ariosto*, 1591: "And thus this old, ill-favour'd spiteful callet."

129. *Eternal*. For the use of the word here, see *Ham.* p. 195, note on *Eternal blazon*.

131. *Cogging*. Deceiving, lying. Cf. *M. W.* iii. 1. 123: "this same scall, scurvy, cogging companion;" *T. and C.* v. 6. 11: "you cogging Greeks," etc. See also *Much Ado*, p. 164.

As Clarke notes, actresses often make the mistake of delivering this speech in a manner to indicate that Emilia suspects her husband; but clearly this is not the case. Her suspicion never for an instant falls upon Iago.

139. *Notorious*. Notable, egregious; as in v. 2. 238 below. Cf. *C. of E.* iv. 1. 84, *T. of S.* v. 1. 54, etc.

140. *Companions*. Contemptuous, as *fellow* now is. See another example in note on 131 just above. Cf. *Temp.* p. 131, note on *Your fellow*.

142. *Rascals*. For the original meaning of the word, see *A. Y. L.* p. 179.

143. *Speak within door*. That is, not so loud as to be heard outside the house (Johnson).

144. *Squire*. For the contemptuous use of the word, see *Much Ado*, p. 127.

145. *The seamy side without*. Cf. ii. 3. 42 above: "Whom love hath turn'd almost the wrong side out."

152. *Discourse of thought*. "Discursive range of thought" (Clarke). See *Ham.* p. 183, note on *Discourse of reason*. The 2d and 3d quartos have "discourse or thought."

153. *Or that*. For *that* as a "conjunctional affix," see Gr. 287.

159. *Defeat*. Destroy. Cf. *Sonn.* 61. 11: "Mine own true love that doth my rest defeat." So the noun = ruin, destruction. See *Ham.* p. 214.

161. *It doth abhor me*. It is abhorrent to me, it fills me with horror. Cf. *Ham.* v. 1. 207 (1st quarto): "Here hung those lippes . . . now they abhorre me."

162. *Addition*. Name, title; as in iv. 1. 97 above.

166. *Chide with*. Quarrel with. Cf. *Sonn.* 111. 1: "O, for my sake do you with Fortune chide;" *Cymb.* v. 4. 32: "With Mars fall out, with Juno chide," etc.

169. *Stay the meat*. Are waiting for supper. For *stay*, see *Ham.* p. 268. The 1st quarto reads: "And the great messengers of Venice stay."

173. *In the contrary*. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* iii. 2. 182: "as, i' the contrary," etc.

174. *Every day*. They have been in Cyprus only one day, but this gives the impression of "long time."

Daffest me. Dost put me off. All the early eds. except the 1st folio have "doffist" or "dofst." *Daff* is only another form of *doff*=*do off*. See *Much Ado*, p. 138.

178. *Put up in peace what*, etc. We now say "put up *with*." Cf. *T. A. i. 1. 433*: "And basely put it up without revenge."

188. *Respect*. Attention, notice (Schmidt); as in *1 Hen. IV. iv. 3. 31*: "If you vouchsafe me hearing and respect," etc.

193. *Fobbed*. Cheated, tricked. It is Rowe's correction of the "fopt" of the early eds. Cf. *1 Hen. IV. i. 2. 68*: "And resolution thus fobbed as it is with the rusty curb of old father antic the law;" *Cor. i. 1. 97*: "you must not think to fob off our disgrace with a tale," etc.

199. *You have said*. "Well said, quite right" (Schmidt); as in *T. G. of V. ii. 4. 29, T. N. iii. 1. 12*, etc.

200. *Intendment*. Intention. See *A. Y. L. p. 139*.

202. *Mettle*. The early eds. make no distinction between *mettle* and *metal*. See *Rich. II. p. 157*, note on *That metal*.

206. *Directly*. Honestly, in a straightforward manner. Cf. *Cymb. iii. 5. 113*: "directly and truly," etc.

214. *Engines*. Ritson and Clarke explain this as=instruments of torture. Cf. *Lear, i. 4. 290*: "That, like an engine, wrench'd my frame of nature." But it may simply mean "device or contrivance," as Schmidt gives it. Cf. *A. W. iii. 5. 21*: "their promises, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all these engines of lust," etc.

221. *Lingered*. Prolonged, protracted. For the transitive use, see *M. N. D. p. 124*, or *Gr. 290*.

222. *Determinate*. Decisive; as in *Hen. VIII. ii. 4. 176*: "a determinate resolution," etc. It is=limited, fixed, in *Sonn. 87. 4* and *T. N. ii. 1. 11*.

225. *Uncapable*. Cf. *M. of V. iv. 1. 5*: "Uncapable of pity." Elsewhere S. uses *incapable*. See *Gr. 442*.

229. *Harlotry*. See *R. and J. p. 204*. The 1st quarto has "harlot."

234. *Amazed*. In a maze, bewildered; as in *K. John, ii. 1. 356*: "Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus?" *R. and J. iii. 1. 139*: "Stand not amaz'd," etc.

236, 237. *High supper-time*. High time for supper. Mason wanted to read "nigh."

237. *Grows to waste*. Is wasting away. Malone says that "perhaps we ought to print *waist*." See *Ham. p. 186*, note on *Vast*.

SCENE III.—2. 'T will do me good to walk. "One of Shakespeare's subtle indications of physical condition; it perfectly shows the restlessness, the mal-ease, the fret of limb and frame accompanying fever of the mind" (Clarke).

10. *He looks gentler*, etc. "This also serves to denote the present state of Othello with perfect truth to natural course in emotional disturbance. His look and manner are calmer, because he has come to a resolved conclusion. . . . His mind being once made up as to the course

he must pursue and the punishment he will inflict, it can suffer him to speak and look more gently than he did" (Clarke).

11. *Incontinent*. Immediately. See on i. 3. 304 above, and cf. *A. Y. L.* p. 194.

15. *Wearing*. Clothes; as in *W. T.* iv. 4. 9: "With a swain's wearing."

19. *Checks*. See on i. i. 138 above.

22. *All's one*. All the same, very well. Cf. *Much Ado*, v. i. 49: "Well, all is one," etc.

Faith. The reading of the 1st quarto; the other early eds. have "father."

23. *If I do die*, etc. "The touch of superstitious foreboding, the touch of tender sentiment, the touch of self-chiding for being weak enough to indulge them, are all perfectly womanly; and make one marvel how a man could so intuitively have conceived the passage. But then the man is SHAKESPEARE; whose knowledge of womanhood, in all its intensest depths, is a miracle in itself" (Clarke). On the poet's fondness for pre-sentiments, see *Ham.* p. 273, note on *But thou wouldst not think*, etc., and *R. and J.* p. 157, note on *My mind misgives*, etc.

24. *Talk*. That is, talk idly, talk nonsense. Cf. *Much Ado*, iii. 3. 37: "to babble and to talk;" *Macb.* iv. 2. 64: "Poor prattler, how thou talk'st!" etc.

26. *Mad*. Some of the editors would have this mean "wild" or "inconstant," but we see no reason for not taking it in the common sense of insane. *Prov'd mad* = turned out to be deranged, as Clarke and others explain it.

30. *To do*. Pope needlessly changed this to "ado." *To-do* is sometimes used for *ado* (see *Ham.* p. 207); but in the present passage the verb may have its ordinary meaning: *I have to do much*, that is, to make a great effort.

34. *Proper*. Comely, handsome. See on i. 3. 383 above, and cf. *Heb.* xi. 23.

39. *The poor soul*, etc. S. has here "adapted" an old ballad, which may be found in Percy's *Reliques*. The original is a man's song, entitled "A Lover's Complaint, being forsaken of his Love;" and in making it a woman's song the poet has varied its diction somewhat.

Sighing. This is the reading of the original and of the 2d quarto ("singhing" in 3d quarto). The folios have "singing," which may possibly be one of the changes made by S.

55. *Moe*. More. See *A. Y. L.* p. 176. For *couch* = lie, cf. *Much Ado*, iii. i. 46, *M. of V.* v. i. 305, etc.

59. *Dost thou*, etc. "Just one of Shakespeare's natural touches of abrupt reference and introduction of subject. Desdemona asks this question, and Emilia answers it, using the word *such*, although there has been no mention of unfaithfulness during this scene; but it has been the subject of their thought, it has lain at the root of their dread that Othello is jealous, and they now show that it is perfectly present to their mind by this unshowered allusion" (Clarke).

63. *No, by this heavenly light!* "The contrast throughout the present

brief dialogue, of the innately pure woman and the ingrained coarse woman, the white-souled Desdemona and the gross-thoughted, mercenary, lax-principled Emilia, with her threadbare sophisms, her shallow excuses, and her palterings with right and wrong, forms a fine climax to the light and dark characteristic difference between these two principal female figures in the tragedy picture, even while the dramatic harmony is maintained by the single point of moral fallibility which they have in common" (Clarke).

70. *Joint-ring*. A common lover's token in the olden time. Its construction is well explained in Dryden's *Don Sebastian*:

"a curious artist wrought them
With joints so close as not to be perceiv'd,
Yet are they both each other's counterpart;
Her part had *Juan* inscrib'd, and his had *Zayda*
(You know these names are theirs), and in the midst
A heart divided in two halves was plac'd.
Now, if the rivets of those rings inclos'd
Fit not each other, I have forg'd this lye;
But if they join, you must for ever part."

72. *Exhibition*. See on i. 3. 236 above, and cf. also *Lear*, i. 2. 25:

"And the king gone to-night! subscrib'd his power!
Confin'd to exhibition!"

81. *To the vantage*. "To boot, over and above" (Steevens).

83-100. *But I . . . us so*. Omitted in the 1st quarto.

85. *And pour*, etc. Malone compares *Sonn.* 142. 8: "Robb'd others' beds' revenues of their rent." For *foreign*, cf. *Per.* iv. 1. 34: "With more than foreign heart."

86. *Peevish*. Foolish. Cf. ii. 3. 167 above.

88. *Having*. "Allowance, pin-money" (Schmidt). Cf. *A. Y. L.* p. 178.

In despite. Out of malice; as in *Hen. V.* iii. 5. 17, etc.

89. *Galls*. Bitter feelings. Cf. *T. and C.* i. 3. 237: "they have galls," etc.

91. *Sense*. "Senses, sensation" (Schmidt). Malone explains it as "sensual appetite." Cf. *M. for M.* i. 4. 59, etc.

100. *So*. The later folios have "to."

101. *Uses*. "Manners, ways" (Schmidt). The 1st quarto has "usage," which some modern editors prefer.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—1. *Bulk*. "A part of a building jutting out" (Schmidt); as in *Cor.* ii. 1. 226: "stalls, bulks, windows," etc. The 1st and 2d folios have "barke."

5. *Resolution*. Metrically equivalent to five syllables. Gr. 479.

11. *Quat*. Literally, a pustule or pimple. Cf. the contemptuous use of *scab* in *T. N.* ii. 5. 82, *T. and C.* ii. 1. 31, *Cor.* i. 1. 169, etc. See also *Much Ado*, p. 146. The 1st quarto has "gnat." Steevens quotes Dek-

ker, *Gul's Hornbook*, 1609: "a yong quat of the first yeeres revennew;" and *The Devil's Law Case*, 1623: "O young quat!"

To the sense = to the quick.

16. *Bobb'd from him*. Fooled him out of. Cf. *T. and C.* iii. i. 75: "You shall not bob us out of our melody." In *T. and C.* ii. i. 76 and *Rich. III.* v. 3. 334, *bob*=beat, drub.

22. *But so*. The folio reading="But, soft!" (*M. N. D.* iv. i. 124, etc.). The quartos have "be't so," which may be what S. wrote.

25. *Coat*. That is, "coat of proof" or shirt of mail, worn beneath his outer garments. Hearing this, Iago wounds him "in the leg."

26. *Proof*. Trial; as in i. i. 28 above.

34. *Unblest*. Accurst; as in ii. 3. 286 above.

35. *Forth of*. Out of. See *Rich. II.* p. 192.

37. *No passage*. No passers-by. Cf. *C. of E.* iii. i. 99: "the stirring passage of the day."

42. *A heavy night*. "A thick cloudy night, in which an ambush may be commodiously laid" (Johnson). Steevens cites *M. for M.* iv. i. 35: "the heavy middle of the night;" where, however, it may be = drowsy, sleepy, as Schmidt explains it.

48. *Cries on*. Cries out; as in *Ham.* v. 2. 375: "cries on havoc." Malone quotes *Eastward Hoe*, 1605: "Who cries on murder?" Johnson makes it = exclaims against. See *Ham.* p. 276.

58. *Make away*. Get away. Cf. *make after* (i. i. 68 above), *make for* (i. 3. 14), etc. The transitive *make away* = make away with, kill; as in *A. Y. L.* v. i. 58, *Rich. III.* iv. 4. 281, etc.

69. *Cry you mercy*. Beg your pardon. See *M. N. D.* p. 159. Cf. 93 below.

71. *Brother*. That is, brother officer.

78. *May*. See Gr. 309; and for *should* in the next line, Gr. 325.

85. *Trash*. Worthless creature. Cf. ii. i. 290 above.

98. *Well said*. Well done; as in ii. i. 165 and iv. i. 107 above.

105. *Gentlemen*. The quartos have "gentlewoman."

106. *Gastness*. Ghastliness, haggard look. The quartos have "jeasures" or "jestures." We find *gasted* (or *ghasted*) in *Lear*, ii. i. 57.

117. *Know of*. Find out from. For *of* = from, see Gr. 165 fol.

129. *Fordoes*. Undoes, destroys. See *Ham.* p. 201.

SCENE II.—I. *It is the cause*, etc. "Othello, full of horror at the cruel action which he is about to perpetrate, seems at this instant to be seeking his justification from representing to himself the *cause*, that is, the greatness of the provocation he had received" (Steevens).

4. *Whiter skin of hers than snow*. Cf. *Macb.* v. 8. 7: "Thou bloodier villain than terms can give thee out;" and see on i. 3. 285 above.

7. *Put out the light*, etc. Warb. pointed the line "Put out the light, and then—Put out the light!" and explained it thus: "The meaning is, I will put out the light, and then proceed to the execution of my purpose. But the expression of *putting out the light* bringing to mind the effects of the extinction of the light of life, he breaks short, and questions himself about the effects of this metaphorical extinction, introduced by a repeti-

tion of his first words, as much as to say, But hold, let me first weigh the reflections which this expression so naturally excites." But, as Malone suggests, it probably means, I will now put out the light, and then put out the light of life. This introduces the following reflections as aptly as the other explanation, and seems simpler and more natural. The metaphor is a common one in S. Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 6. 1, *Macb.* v. 5. 23, *R. of L.* 191, etc.

11. *Cunning'st.* For this contraction of superlatives, cf. *Macb.* ii. 1. 24, ii. 2. 4, iii. 4. 126, etc. See Gr. 473.

12. *Promethean heat.* Cf. *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 304, 351: "Promethean fire."

13. *Relume.* The folios have "re-Lume" or "re-lume;" the 1st quarto, "returne;" the other quartos, "relumine."

The rose. The folios have "thy rose," and in the next line but one "smell thee."

21. *This sorrow's heavenly.* "This tenderness, with which I lament the punishment which justice compels me to inflict, is a holy passion" (Johnson). Steevens remarks that the *cruel tears* "seems adopted from the fabulous history of the crocodile"!

30. *By.* Aside. Cf. *Much Ado*, iv. 1. 24: "Stand thee by, friar," etc. Gr. 36.

32. *Forefend.* Forbid; as in 185 below. Cf. *W. T.* iv. 4. 541, *Rich. II.* iv. 1. 129 ("forbid" in the folios), *Cymb.* v. 5. 287, etc.

42. *That death's unnatural,* etc. Cf. *Rich. III.* i. 2. 134:

"It is a quarrel most unnatural,
To be reveng'd on him that loveth you."

46. *Point on.* Cf. *T. and C.* i. 3. 331: "find Hector's purpose Pointing on him;" *J. C.* i. 3. 32: "the climate that they point upon," etc.

63. *Thou dost stone my heart,* etc. "Thou dost harden my heart by denying thy guilt, and causest me to kill thee from wrath at thy perjury, when I intended thy death to be a sacrifice made to justice" (Clarke).

Johnson remarks here: "I am glad that I have ended my revisal of this dreadful scene. It is not to be endured."

72. *Tu'en order.* Taken measures. Cf. *Rich. III.* i. 4. 288: "Until the duke take ("give" in the folios) order for his burial;" *Id.* iv. 2. 53: "I will take order for her keeping close," etc.

82. *Being done,* etc. "My deed of retribution being once put into execution, there must be no pause in completing it" (Clarke).

83. *It is too late.* Here the 1st quarto inserts, "*Des.* O Lord, Lord, Lord." Tollet and Malone believe that it was omitted in the folio on account of the statute of 1606 (see p. 11 above).

91. *By and by.* Presently; as in ii. 1. 270 above.

92. *Like.* Likely; as often. See *Ham.* p. 186.

101. *At alteration.* At the change.

106. *Murther.* The early eds. have "murthers."

109. *Error.* Aberration. On *more nearer* in 110, see Gr. 11.

124. *Nobody,* etc. See p. 30 above.

132. *Folly.* Wantonness, unchastity; as often. Cf. *R. of L.* 556, 851, *M.W.* ii. 2. 253, iii. 2. 35, *T. and C.* v. 2. 18, etc. There is a play upon this sense in ii. 1. 135 above. See also *Deut.* xxii. 21.

134. *False as water.* Cf. *W. T.* i. 2. 132 :

"but they were false
As o'er-dyed blacks, as wind, as waters."

See also *T. and C.* iii. 2. 199, *T. of A.* iii. 6. 99, and *Hen. VIII.* ii. 1. 130. Cf. *Gen.* xlix. 4.

139. *My husband!* Emilia's astonishment here is sufficient proof that she did not before suspect Iago of being the "eternal villain" that had "devised this slander." See on iv. 2. 131 above.

149. *Iterance.* The quartos have "iteration," which means the same. So in 208 below the quartos have "reprobation," the folios "reprobance."

150. *Villany hath made mocks*, etc. "*Villany* has taken advantage to *play upon* the weakness of passion" (Johnson).

160. *You were best.* See on i. 2. 30 above.

162. *As I have to be hurt.* That is, to endure being hurt. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* iii. 2. 387 :

"I am able now, methinks,
Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,
To endure more miseries and greater far
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer ;"

and 2 *Hen. VI.* iv. 1. 130 : "More can I bear than you dare execute."

176. *Apt.* Natural ; as in ii. 1. 274 above.

182. *Charm.* Check or restrain, as with a charm or spell. Cf. *T. of S.* i. 1. 214 : "I will charm him first to keep his tongue ;" *Id.* iv. 2. 58 : "To tame a shrew and charm her chattering tongue ;" 2 *Hen. VI.* iv. 1. 64 : "And therefore shall it charm thy riotous tongue ;" and 3 *Hen. VI.* v. 5. 31 : "Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm your tongue." Steevens cites examples of the phrase from Ben Jonson, Spenser, Chapman, and others.

184-192. *My mistress . . . villany.* These lines are not in the 1st quarto.

191. *I thought so then.* Referring to the suspicions she had expressed in iv. 2. 129 fol. "She seems to us about to say, 'I thought then that there was villany going on, but little thought my husband was its author.' The very thought that Iago could be capable of such villany causes her to interrupt her half-uttered sentence with 'I 'll kill myself for grief'" (Clarke).

205. *Shore.* The past tense of *shear*=cut, as with shears. The participle is *shorn* (as in *Sonn.* 68. 6), but *shore* for the sake of the rhyme in *M. N. D.* v. 1. 347.

207. *Curse his better angel*, etc. Cf. *Sonn.* 144. 6 : "Tempteth my better angel from my side."

208. *Reprobance.* "Perdition, eternal damnation" (Schmidt). See on 149 above.

211. *A thousand times.* An indefinite phrase, but used here to give the effect of "long time." Cf. "a hundred times" in iii. 3. 292 above.

213. *Recognizance.* Token. The word is used by S. only here and in *Ham.* v. 1. 113, where it has its legal sense.

215. *Antique.* For the accent, see *Mach.* p. 130.

216. *My father gave my mother.* This is not consistent with iii. 4. 55 fol. and has been criticised as an oversight in the poet; but, as Steevens remarks, it is only a fresh proof of his art. Othello tells the truth here, while there he was frightening Desdemona with a fictitious history of the handkerchief. Clarke remarks: "Even this slight deviation from truth on the part of Othello works its own retribution. Had he not over-excited the gentle lady's fears by this description of the handkerchief, and startled her by his peremptoriness in demanding it, she might not have been tempted to prevaricate and tell a falsehood in reply to his divergence from absolute fact. Thus subtly does the greatest of dramatic moralists draw his ethical lessons."

219. *As liberal as the north.* As freely as the north wind blows. The 1st quarto reads: "I'll be in speaking, liberall as the ayre;" the other quartos: "Ile be in speaking, liberall as the north." Cf. *Rich. II.* ii. 1. 229: "a liberal tongue;" and *Cymb.* i. 3. 36: "the tyrannous breathing of the north."

230. *Filth.* For the personal use, cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 346, *Lear*, iv. 2. 39, etc.

232. *Coxcomb.* Equivalent here to *fool* in its strongest sense.

233. *Are there no stones in heaven,* etc. Cf. *J. C.* i. 3. 49: "Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone;" and see note in our ed. p. 138.

234. *Precious.* For the ironical use, cf. *Cymb.* iii. 5. 81 and iv. 2. 83.

238. *Notorious.* Egregious; as in iv. 2. 139 above. Iago was not a *notorious* villain in the modern sense of the word, for his villany had but just then become known.

246. *I will play the swan,* etc. Cf. *R. of L.* i. 1611:

"And now this pale swan in her watery nest
Begins the sad dirge of her certain ending."

See also *K. John*, v. 7. 21, *M. of V.* iii. 2. 44, and *Phoenix and Turtle*, 15.

252. *A sword of Spain,* etc. "Spanish blades" (*R. and J.* i. 4. 84) were famous for their quality. Steel is *tempered* by plunging it red-hot into cold water.

263. *Your stop.* What you can do to stop me. Cf. *R. and J.* ii. 2. 69: "thy kinsmen are no stop to me," etc. Steevens quotes *Cor.* i. 1. 72:

"Cracking ten thousand curbs
Of more strong link asunder than can ever
Appear in your impediment."

265. *Weapon'd.* For participles formed from nouns, see Gr. 294, and cf. *woman'd* in iii. 4. 194 above. Lines 265-271 are not in the 1st quarto.

266. *Butt.* Goal, bound.

268. *Lost.* Wasted, groundless.

269. *A rush.* Often used as the symbol of weakness and inefficiency. Cf. *K. John*, iv. 3. 129, *Cor.* i. 1. 185, i. 4. 18, etc.

271. *Wench.* See on iii. 3. 313 above.

272. *Compt.* The last reckoning-day. The 1st quarto spells the word "count."

281, 282. *O Desdemona,* etc. The reading of the quartos, where, however, the two lines form but one. The 1st folio has "Oh. *Desdemon!*"

dead *Desdemon*: dead. Oh, oh!" For the variations in the later folios and the modern editions, the curious reader may refer to the Camb. ed.

286. *His feet*. To see if they are cloven.

292. *In the practice*. Into the snare. For *practice* = plot, cf. i. 3. 102 and iii. 4. 140 above. For *in*, see Gr. 159.

295. *All in honour*. See p. 27 above.

296. *Part*. For the adverbial use, cf. *Sonn.* 113. 3, *T. N.* iii. 4. 337, etc.

297. *Consent in*. Plan together, conspire with each other for.

301. *Demand*. Ask, question. See *Ham.* p. 243.

314. *Discontented*. "Full of dissatisfaction" (Schmidt).

317. *Belike*. Probably. See *Ham.* p. 225.

327. *Cast*. Dismissed, cashiered. Cf. i. i. 139 and ii. 3. 12 above.

Spake. Said. Cf. *M. for M.* v. i. 366: "What you have spoke I pardon," etc.

331. *Taken off*. Taken away; as in *A. W.* ii. i. 92: "May spend our wonder too, or take off thine," etc.

337. *Bring him away*. The quarto reading; the folio has "bring away," and the Coll. MS. "bring them away."

345. *Wrought*. That is, wrought upon. Cf. *W. T.* v. 3. 58:

"If I had thought the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you," etc.

See on i. 2. 6 above.

347. *Indian*. The reading of all the early eds. except the 1st folio, which has "Iudean." Theo. (followed by Warb. and Malone) maintained that "Iudean" was correct, and that it referred to Herod, who, in a fit of blind jealousy, threw away Mariamne, his "jewel" of a wife. On the other hand, Boswell cites in favour of *Indian* Habington's *Castara*:

"So the unskilfull Indian those bright gems
Which might adde majestie to diadems
'Mong the waves scatters;"

and Sir Edward Howard, *The Woman's Conquest*:

"Behold my queen—
Who with no more concern I 'le cast away
Than Indians do a pearl that ne're did know
Its value."

Coleridge remarks on Warburton's note as follows: "Thus it is for no-poets to comment on the greatest of poets! To make Othello say that he, who had killed his wife, was like Herod who had killed Mariamne! Oh, how many beauties, in this one line, were impenetrable to the ever thought-swarming Warburton! Othello wishes to excuse himself on the score of ignorance, and yet not to excuse himself—to excuse himself by accusing. This struggle of feeling is finely conveyed in the word *base*, which is applied to the rude Indian, not in his own character, but as the momentary representative of Othello's. *Indian*—for I retain the old reading—means American, a savage *in genere*."

350. *Drop tears*. "The sudden deviation from past tense to present tense here has impressive effect; it tends to make the weeping of the noble-natured man and brave soldier the more vividly actual and intense to the imagination of reader or spectator" (Clarke).

351. *Medicinal*. Medicinal. S. has the word in four other passages (*Much Ado*, ii. 2. 5, *T. and C.* i. 3. 91, iii. 3. 44, and *Cymb.* iii. 2. 33), in all = medicinal, and in all pronounced *med'cinable*, as here. Some editors adopt the "medicinal" of the 1st quarto, but that word, in the only instance in which S. uses it (*W. T.* ii. 3. 37: "Do come with words as medicinal as true"), is pronounced *med'cinal*, which would not suit the measure here.

352. *Aleppo*. Steevens says: "I am told that it is immediate death for a Christian to strike a Turk in Aleppo. Othello is boasting of his own audacity."

357. *Period*. Ending. Cf. *R. of L.* 380: "the period of their ill," etc. In the present passage there is a kind of play upon the word, to which Gratiano refers in the next speech.

362. *Spartan dog*. The dogs of Spartan breed were especially fierce and savage (Hanmer). See *M. N. D.* p. 175, note on 110.

369. *Censure*. Sentence, condemnation. Cf. *Cor.* iii. 3. 46: "To suffer lawful censure for such faults," etc.

ADDENDA.

THE "TIME-ANALYSIS" OF THE PLAY.—The action covers three days: the first for act i., the second for act ii., and the third for the rest of the play; with an interval (for the voyage to Cyprus) between the first and second.

The Sagittary (p. 158). We cannot find any evidence that the Arsenal at Venice was ever called "the Sagittary;" probably this is a mere conjecture of Knight's. His note, abbreviated on page 158, reads thus:

"This is generally taken to be an inn. It was the residence at the arsenal of the commanding officers of the navy and army of the republic. The figure of an archer, with his drawn bow, over the gates, still indicates the place. Probably Shakspeare had looked upon that sculpture."

The figure mentioned by K. is not "over the gates," but is one of four statues standing in front of the structure. It represents a man holding a bow (not "drawn") in his hand, but is in no respect more conspicuous than its three companions. If S. was ever in Venice he probably saw the statue (if it is as old as the gateway, which was built in 1460), but we cannot imagine why it should suggest to him to call the place *the Sagittary*. That word means, not an ordinary archer, but a *Centaur* with a bow, as in the familiar representations of the zodiacal sign Sagittarius. This is its sense in the only other passage in which S. uses it, *T. and C.* v. 5. 14: "the dreadful Sagittary," etc. That *the Sagittary* in the present passage cannot be the Arsenal is, however, sufficiently clear from i. 3. 121. The Arsenal was by far the largest and most prominent public building, or collection of buildings, in all Venice, its outer walls being nearly two miles in circuit. To suppose that anybody in the employ of the government would need the help of Iago in finding the place is absurd.

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